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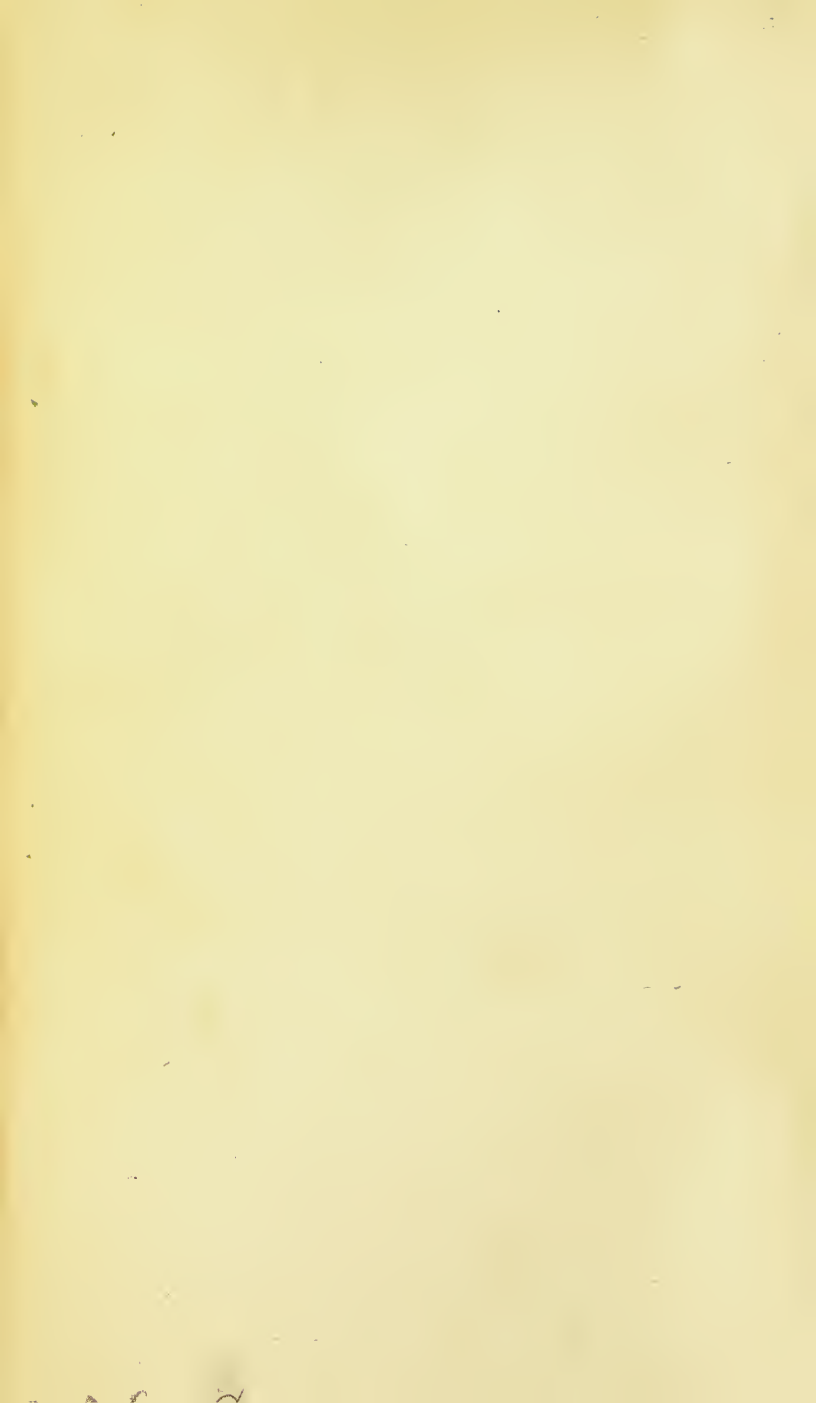
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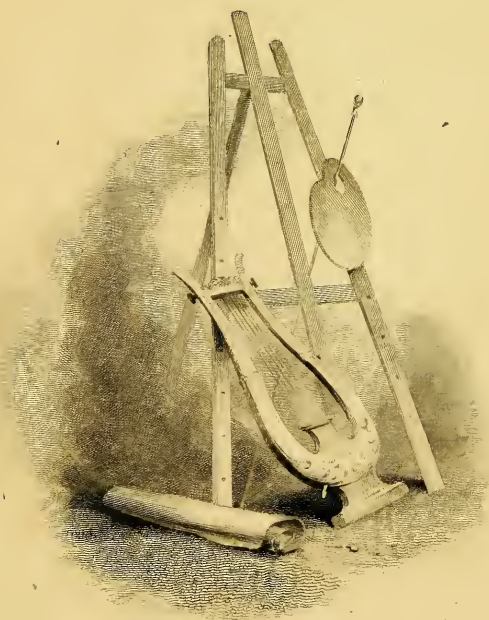




THE  
BOOK OF GEMS.

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THE POETS AND ARTISTS OF  
GREAT BRITAIN.



EDITED BY S. C. <sup>Samuel Carter</sup> HALL

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LONDON  
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET  
THOMAS WARDLE, PHILADELPHIA

1836

*am*





TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

ETC. ETC.

THESE SELECTIONS

FROM THE

W O R K S

OF THE POETS AND ARTISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.





## P R E F A C E.

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THE Editor of this Volume trusts that his attempt to extend the knowledge and appreciation of British Poetry and British Art will be favourably received by the Public. His object has been to collect and arrange, in a popular and attractive form, the most perfect specimens of the Poets, illustrated by the pencils of the Artists, of Great Britain.

The task was one in which success is more easy than failure; inasmuch as beauties so abound in our older Poets that the only difficulty lies in rejection.

The earliest age of English Poetry was one of sublime invention, and may here be traced in its course down to the days of agreeable imitation. It is not less instructive than delightful to follow such inquiries; and whether the reader is met by the inventive energy and luxurious rapture of the first Poets, by the various and abundant fancies that succeeded, by the nervous and manly style which rose upon their decline, or by the gay and graceful imitators who sought to restore them—in all he will recognise sources of distinct delight, and acknowledge with the greatest of their later followers, the gratitude we owe to men who have given us

“ nobler loves and nobler cares,  
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight :”

for such is the inheritance they bequeath to us, in the simplest exercise of their high privilege. What they receive, they do, indeed, bountifully distribute. “ Poetry,” says Lord Bacon, in the most perfect definition that was ever given, “ conforms the shows of things to the desires of the soul.” This power their works bestow in turn upon us all. May the present volume assist in extending the blessings of so divine an influence !

Among these specimens of the Poets there may be several with which general readers are already familiar ; but they are such as could not have been omitted from a collection of this nature. The volume will be found to contain much that has been hitherto condemned to comparative oblivion.

The Editor has sought by every possible means to give completeness to his work : — by consulting all



the approved authorities, collating the text with the best editions, and comparing the statements and opinions of the most skilful and judicious critics. Having had the advantage that results from the labours of many who have gone before him, it cannot be presumptuous in him to state that he has been enabled to correct numerous errors which had been transmitted from edition to edition.

His extracts have been made from the earliest copies of the several writers; he has therefore retained the peculiar orthography of each, and presented them as they were originally produced, rather than as their modern editors have transcribed them. He has thought it unadvisable to load his brief biographies with references to authorities; but trusts they have been compiled with care and accuracy, and that he has maturely weighed the slight criticisms he has ventured to append to them.

The Editor is bound to express his grateful thanks to the Artists who have aided him in his undertaking. To their kindness and liberality he is mainly indebted for the power to bring his volume within a reasonable rate of expense. It will be observed that he has given but one specimen of each Painter—his design being to supply examples of the Art as well as of the Poetry of Great Britain, and to obtain as much variety as was possible, in both.

The illustrations are now engraved for the first time. He has obtained the assistance of the most eminent engravers; and, he believes, the prints will be considered as among the most successful productions of the age.

In the confident anticipation of the plan of this work receiving the sanction of the public, it is proposed to issue a second part, which will contain the poets who follow Prior.

The autographs have been copied from authentic documents. Although the most unremitting exertions were used to render the series complete, it was found impossible to procure those of Chaucer, Lydgate, James the First, Hawes, Carew, Quarles, Shirley, Habington, and Lovelace; and it may be asserted with some confidence that their existence is unknown to collectors.

It only remains for the Editor to state, that the Publishers have co-operated with him in his endeavours to produce a work which shall be worthy of public patronage.

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THE  
POETS AND ARTISTS  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London in the year 1328. So little is known of his early history that his biographers have left us uncertain whether his father was "a nobleman," "a knight," "a vintner," or "a merchant." Indeed the only accounts of the great Poet on which any reliance can be placed are those which we gather from his writings. He was, doubtless, of gentle blood, and his family possessed sufficient means to obtain for him the advantages of education at Cambridge. Having improved his mind by travel, it is conjectured that he entered at the Temple; but his after-life was chiefly occupied about the brilliant court of Edward III.; by whose patronage and that of the ambitious John of Gaunt, he obtained profitable employments, and was sent on successive embassies to Genoa and to Rome. He was made comptroller of the customs of wool—under an injunction that "the said Geoffrey write with his own hand his rolls touching the said office;" and also comptroller of the customs of wine—with a grant of a pitcher of wine daily; and continued to live in honourable ease, until, in consequence of his alleged connexion with the followers of Wickliffe, he fell into difficulties and disgrace, endured a long and painful exile, a subsequent imprisonment, and suffered much from the treachery of friends and the malice of enemies. "The bliss of his joy that oft him mirthed was turned into gall;" he relinquished all connexion with courts, and amid the solitudes of Woodstock, enjoyed "the calm and solid pleasures which are the result of a wise man's reflections on the vicissitudes of human life." Here also, in his green old age, he composed the greatest of his immortal works. The usurpation of Henry IV. called him from his retirement, but the consequent "unlucky accession of business" probably hastened his end. He died on the 25th October, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was, in after years, erected to his memory.

Chaucer is described as one of the handsomest persons about the gallant court of the Plantagenets; of a complexion fair and beautiful; his lips very red and full; his size of a just proportion; his air very graceful and majestic. In his youth, he was "gay and loved pleasure;" but in reviewing such of his writings as "sounen unto sin," he is reported to have exclaimed "woe is me that I cannot recall and annul these things." In maturer life, he was grave and modest even to excess, and "very bashful and reserved in company."

The space to which we are necessarily limited compels us to omit all notice of his many noble poems; except those by which he is best known to posterity—the Canterbury Tales. These exhibit genius the rarest and most varied. It is, indeed, impossible to imagine a more perfect work, either in design or execution. It abounds in genuine humour and true pathos; it is full of sublime descriptions, and displays the minutest knowledge of life and manners. Objects the most familiar and events the most ordinary are described by the same pen that, with almost superhuman skill, depicts the passions and moves them. The characters are all distinctly drawn; each is apart from the other, yet together they represent the classes, customs, and humours of the whole English nation of his age:—all speaking as they would naturally speak, and never for a moment forgetting the positions they are appointed to occupy in the great drama.

If Italian literature had its influence upon his taste and style, and if the origins of his themes are generally to be found in Italy—the spirit is truly and essentially English: the touches of natural beauty were put in among our own green fields; the characters, from the highest to the lowest, are to be found within our own cities or upon our own plains. They belong to his country as much as do the banquets, the processions, and the tournaments which he commemorates in his pages as distinguishing the chivalrous court of the third Edward and his heroic son.

The peculiar characteristic of the genius of Chaucer may be described as an extraordinary union of the grand and the minute, of the most epic imagery with the most distinct detail. He was the first great improver and reformer of our language—the "well of English undefiled:" he wrote before printing had been discovered to preserve and multiply his works;—yet even now he maintains his reputation for those "ditees and songes glade," which, in his own day, "the londe full-filled," and through which he

"Made first to distylle and rayne  
The gold dew dropys of speche and eloquence  
Into our tounge."



CHAUCER.

FROM THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.

WHEN that Phœbus his chair of gold so hie  
Had whirled up the sterrie sky aloft,  
And in the Bole was entrid certainly;  
When shouris sote of rain descendid soft,  
Causing the ground fele timis and oft,  
Up for to give many an wholesome air;  
And every plain was yclothid faire

With newe grene ; and makith smale flours  
 To springin here and there in field and mede,—  
 So very gode and wholesom be the shours,  
 That they renewin that was old and dede  
 In wintir time ; and out of every sede  
 Springith the herbe ; so that every wight  
 Of this seson wexith richt glad and light.

And I so glade of the seson swete,  
 Was happid thus, Upon a certain night,  
 As I lay in my bed, slepe full unmete  
 Was unto me ; but why that I ne might  
 Rest, I ne wist ; for there n'as erthly wight  
 (As I suppose) had more of hertis ese  
 Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor disese ;

Wherfore I mervaille gretly of my self,  
 That I so long withoutin slepe lay,—  
 And up I rose thre houris after twelfe,  
 About the springing of the gladsome day,  
 And on I put my gear, and mine aray,  
 And to a plesaunt grove I gan to pas,  
 Long or the bright sonne uprisin was,

In which were okis grete, streight as a line,  
 Undir the which the grass, so freshe of hew,  
 Was newly sprong ; and, an eight fote or nine,  
 Every tre well fro his fellow grew,  
 With braunchis brode, ladin with levis new,  
 That sprongin out agen the sonne shene,—  
 Some very rede, and some a glad light grene.

Which (as me thought) was a right plesaunt sight ;  
 And eke the birdis songis for to here,  
 Would have rejoisid any erthly wight,  
 And I, that couth not yet in no manere  
 Herin the nightingale of all the yere,  
 Full busily herknid, with hert and ere,  
 If I her voice perceve could any where.

And, at the last, a path of litil brede,  
 I found, that gretly had not usid be ;  
 For it forgrowin was with grass and wede,  
 That well unnethis a wight might it se ;

Thought I, this path some whidir goth, parde ;  
 And so I followid ; till it me brought  
 To a right plesaunt herbir wel ywrought,

Which that benchid was, and with turfis new  
 Freshly turnid ; whereof the grene gras,  
 So small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hew,  
 That most like to grene woll, wot I, it was.  
 The hegge also—that yedin in compas,  
 And closid in alle the grene herbere—  
 With sycamor was set, and eglatere

Writhin in fere so well and cunningly,  
 That every braunch and lefe grew by mesure  
 Plain as a bord, of an height by and by ;—  
 I se nevir a thing (I you ensure)  
 So well ydone ; for he that toke the cure  
 It for to make, (I trowe) did all his peine  
 To make it pass all tho that men have seine.—

And shapin was this herbir, rofe and all,  
 As is a pretty parlour ; and also,  
 The hegge as thick as is a castil wall,  
 That who that list, without, to stond or go,  
 Thogh he wold all day pryin to and fro,  
 He should not se if there were any wight  
 Within or no ; but one within, well might

Perceve all tho that yedin there without  
 Into the field, that was on every side,  
 Cover'd with corn and grass, that, out of doubt,  
 Tho one would sekin all the worlde wide,  
 So rich a felde could not be espyde,  
 Upon no cost, as of the quantity ;  
 For of alle gode thing there was plenty.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

And as I stode, and cast aside mine eye,  
 I was ware of the fairist medler tre  
 That evir yet in all my life I se,  
 As full of blossomis as it might be ;  
 Therein a goldfinch leping pretily  
 Fro bough to bough, and, as him list, he ete  
 Here and there of buddis and flouris swete.

And to the herbir side was adjoyning  
 This fairist tre, of which I have you told,  
 And, at the last, the bird began to sing  
 (When he had etin what he etin wold)  
 So passing swetely, that, by many fold,  
 It was more plesaunt than I couth devise :  
 And whan his song was endid in this wise,

The nightingale, with so mery a note,  
 Answerid him, that alle the wode yrong  
 So sodainly, that, as it were a sote,  
 I stode astonied, and was, with the song,  
 Thorow ravishid ; that, till late and long,  
 I ne wist in what place I was, ne where ;  
 And ayen, methought, she song even by mine ere.

Wherefore I waitid about busily  
 On every side, if I hir might se ;  
 And, at the last, I gan full well aspy  
 Where she sate in a fresh grene lauryr tre,  
 On the furthir side, evin right by me,  
 That gave so passing a delicious smell,  
 According to the eglatere full well.

Whereof I had so inly grete plesure,—  
 As methought, I surely ravishid was  
 Into Paradise, wherein my desire  
 Was for to be, and no ferthir pas  
 As for that day, and on the sote grass  
 I sat me down ; for, as for mine entent,  
 The birdis song was more convenient,

And more plesaunt to me by many fold,  
 Than mete or drink, or any othir thing.  
 Thereto, the herbir was so fresh and cold,  
 The wholsome savours eke so comforting,  
 That (as I demid) sith the beginning  
 Of the worlde, was never seen, er than,  
 So plesaunt a ground of none erthly man.

And as I sat, the birdis herkening thus,  
 Methought that I herd voicis, suddainly,  
 The most swetist, the most delicious  
 That evir any wight, I trow trewly,

Herdin in ther life ; for the armony  
And swete accord, was in so gode musike,  
That the voicis to angels most were like.

At the last, out of a grove, evin by,  
(That was right godely and plesaunt to sight)  
I se where there came singing, lustily,  
A world of ladies ; but to tell aright  
Ther beauty grete, lyith not in my might,  
Ne ther array ; nevirththeless I shall  
Tell you a part, tho' I speke not of all :

The surcots, white, of velvet well fitting  
They werin clad ; and the semis eche one,  
As it werin a mannir garnishing,  
Was set with emeraudis, one and one,  
By and by, but many a riche stone  
Was set on the purfilis, out of dout,  
Of collours, sleeves, and trainis, round about ;

As of grete perlis, round and orient,  
And diamondis fine, and rubys red,  
And many othir stone, of which I went  
The namis now ; and everich on hire hede  
A rich fret of gold, which, withoutin drede,  
Was full of stately rich stonys set ;  
And every lady had a chapelet,

On ther hedis, of braunchis fresh and grene,  
So wele ywrought, and so marvelously,  
That it was a right noble sight to sene ;  
Some of laurir, and some full plesauntly,  
Had chapelets of wodebind ; and, sadly,  
Some of agnus castus werin also,  
Chaplets fresh, but there were many of tho,

That dauncid and, eke, song full sobirly ;  
But all they yede in maner of compace.  
But one there yede, in mid the company,  
Sole, by herself : but all follow'd the pace  
That she kept : whose hevinly figured face  
So plesaunt was, and hir wele shape person,  
That of beauty she past them everichone.



And more richly beseen, by many fold,  
 She was also, in every manir thing;  
 Upon hir hede, full plesaunt to behold,  
 A coron of gold rich for any king;  
 A braunch of agnus castus eke bering  
 In hir hand; and, to my sight, trewily,  
 She lady was of all the company.

\* \* \* \* \*

For then the nightingale, that all the day  
 Had in the laurir sete, and did hir might  
 The whole service to sing longing to May;  
 All sodainly began to take her flight;  
 And to the lady of the Lefe forthright,  
 She flew, and set her on hir hand softly;  
 Which was a thing I mervail'd at gretly.

The goldfinch, eke, that fro the medlar tre  
 Was fled, for hete, unto the bushis cold,  
 Unto the lady of the Flowre gan fle,  
 And on hir hond he set him, as he wold;  
 And plesauntly his wingis gan to fold.  
 And for to sing they peine them both as sore,  
 As they had do of all the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a grete pace,  
 And all the rout of knightis eke in fere,  
 And I, that had sene all this wondir case,  
 Thought that I would assay, in some manere,  
 To know fully the trouth of this mattere,  
 And what they were that rode so plesauntly;  
 And when they were the herbir passed by,

I drest me forth; and happid mete, anon,  
 A right fair lady, I do you ensure;  
 And she came riding by herself, alone,  
 Alle in white, with semblaunce full demure.  
 I hir salued, bad hir gode avinture  
 Mote hir befall, as I coud most humbly.  
 And she answerid, "My doughter! gramercy!"

"Madame!" (quoth I) "if that I durst enquire  
 Of you, I wold, fain, of that company  
 Wit what they be that passed by this harbere."  
 And she ayen answerid, right frendly:



“ My doughtir all tho, that passid hereby,  
In white clothing, be servants everichone,  
Unto the Lefe, and I myself am one.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ And as for hir that crounid is in grene,  
It is Flora, of these flouris goddesse.  
And all that here, on her awaiting, bene,—  
It are such folk that lovid idlenesse,  
And not delite in no kind besinesse  
But for to hunt, and hawke, and pley in medes,  
And many othir such like idle dedes.”

\* \* \* \* \*

For now I am ascertain'd thoroughly  
Of every thing I desirid to knowe.  
I am right glad that I have said, sothly,  
Ought to your plesure, if ye will me trow.  
(Quod she ayen.) “ But to whom do ye owe  
Your service, and which wollin ye honour  
(Pray tell me) this year, the Lefe or the Flour?”

“ Madam !” (quod I) “ although I lest worthy,  
Unto the Lefe I ow mine observaunce.”  
“ That is,” (quod she) “ right well done, certainly,  
And I pray God to honour you advance,  
And kepe you fro the wickid remembraunce  
Of Malebouch, and all his cruiltie ;  
And all that gode and well conditioned be.

“ For here I may no lengir now abide,  
But I must follow the grete company  
That ye may se yondir before you ride.”  
And forthwith, as I couth, most humily  
I toke my leve of hir. And she gan hie  
After them as fast as evir she might,  
And I drow homeward, for it was nigh night.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOHN LYDGATE—the Monk of Bury—was a native of Suffolk, and born, it is supposed, in 1375. He was educated at Oxford, and having travelled in France and Italy, acquired such complete mastery over the languages of those countries, that he was induced to open a school in his monastery—the Benedictine Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury. He died probably in 1461; having enjoyed during his long life a high reputation, and “found favour” in the sight of kings and people.

A list of his works would be a very long catalogue of publications in every shape and on every subject to which poetry can be made subservient—ballads, hymns, humorous tales, allegories, romances, legends, chronicles, histories, lives of saints, and records of heroes, masques for kings, may-games for lord mayors, pageants for holy festivals, carols for coronations, and “disguisings” for trades-companies:—“cart-loads” of rubbish, according to a modern critic, who had more learning than taste, and who has enumerated his works, genuine and supposititious, to the almost incredible number of two hundred and fifty-one. He was not only a poet, but a skilful rhetorician, an astronomer, a theologian, a geometrician, and a philosopher—and in these various arts as well as those of composition and versification, instructed the sons of the nobility and the monastic students.

Although the immediate successor—indeed the contemporary—of Chaucer, he is infinitely below the immortal poet in strength of intellect, richness of fancy, and purity of style; yet he is the only writer of his age, if we except Gower, to whom the English language is indebted for the maintenance of its vigour. His poetry is heavy and diffuse, and for the most part languid and elaborately tedious;—a great story he compares to a great oak, which is not to be attacked with a single stroke, but by “a longe processe;” and he disclaims the notion of composing in “a stile briefe and compendious.” Nevertheless, it would be easy to find among his lengthened and numerous productions passages of exceeding beauty, descriptions natural and true, characters finely conceived and ably developed, and verse smooth, even to elegance.

His principal poems are “the Fall of Princes”—which undoubtedly suggested to Sackville the idea of “the Mirrour for Magistrates;” “the Story of Thebes,” written as a continuation of the Canterbury Tales of “his Master;” “the Lyfe of our Lady;” and “the Boke of Troy, being the onely trewe and syncere Chronicle of the Warres betwixt the Grecians and Troyans.” They are all translations, or rather adaptations, from the Italian and French.

A few extracts may serve to satisfy the reader. A perusal of any one of his productions would scarcely compensate for the necessary labour. He is now almost forgotten; although in his own day his popularity was unbounded, and his fame continued unimpaired for nearly two centuries. It is somewhat singular that an age which had received and read the poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, should have so devoutly admired the writings of John Lydgate; for although by no means “the prosaic and drivelling monk,” or the “stupid poetaster,” which some recent annotators have described him, he is, compared with his great predecessor, as a dull, gloomy and unproductive day, to a spring morning of alternate sun and shower.

His works were originally printed by Caxton, Thynne and Pinson; and although many of them were written in early life, he appears not to have attained his highest eminence until nearly sixty years old.

After Lydgate, if we except Hawes and Skelton, who whimsically but accurately described his own rhymes as

“ragged,  
Tattered and jagged,  
Rudely rain-beaten,  
Rusty and moth-eaten,”

the history of our poetry is that of a barren plain, until we receive the greeting of those twin-brothers in fame and affection—Wyat and Surrey; and are led by them into a garden, limited indeed in extent, but of exceeding richness and beauty. The Muse appears meanwhile to have quitted the South and to have sojourned, for a time, in the cold North. James the First, it is true, can scarcely be set aside from the list of English Poets—inasmuch as in England he acquired the “lore” in which he so greatly excelled, but Scotland, after this period, contended for superiority, and attained it.



## LYDGATE.

FROM THE LYFE OF OUR LADYE.

AND sayng after on the next nyght  
Whyle they slepte at thir lodgyng place,  
Came an Aungel, appearyng with grete light,  
And warned them that they mought ne trace  
By Herodes, but that they should pace  
Withouten tarrying, in al the haste they may,  
To her kyngdome by another waye.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Faders voyce, as clerkes oft endyte,  
Cam down to erthe that men myght here;  
And lyke a dove with fayr federis whyte,  
The Holy Ghoost also dyd appere,  
And Crest Jesu the Faders sone entere,  
This day apperyng in our mortal kynde,  
Was of Saynt John baptyst as I fynde.

And for as moche as they al thre  
 This day were sene by sothfast apparence,  
 They beyng one in parfyte unyte;  
 Wherfour this day of moste reverence  
 Namyd is trewly in this sentence  
 Theophanos, for God in treble wyse,  
 Therin apperyd as ye have herde devyse.

For *theos* is as moche for to mene  
 As God in Englysshe, yf ye list to see,  
 And *phanos*, as shewyng withouten were,  
 As ye have herde afore rehersyd of me;  
 For on erthe a God in trynyte  
 This day apperyd withouten ony lye,  
 Ye truly may it calle Theophanye.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM THE BOKE OF TROYE.

VENUS.

AND she stant naked in a wavy sea,  
 Environ her with goddesses three,  
 That be assign'd with busy attendance  
 To wait on her and do her observance.  
 And floures freshe, blue, red, and white,  
 Be her about, the more for to delight.  
 And on her heade she hath a chaplet  
 Of roses red full pleasantly yset,  
 And from the heade down unto her foot  
 With sundry gums and ointementes soote  
 She is enointe, sweeter for to smell.  
 And all alofte, as these poets tell,  
 Be doves white, fleeing, and eke sparrows,  
 And her beside Cupyde with his arrows.

FORTUNE.

And thus this lady, wilful and reckless,  
 As she that is froward and perverse,  
 Hath in her cellar drinkes full diverse.  
 For she to some, of fraud and of fallas,  
 Ministreth piment, bawme, and ypocras;

And suddenly, when the soote is past,  
 She of custome can give him a cast,  
 For to conclude falsely in the fine,  
 Of bitter eysell and of eager wine;  
 And corrosives that fret and pierce deep;  
 And narcotics that cause men to sleep.

## MEDEA.

For as he sat at meat tho in that tide,  
 Her father next, and Jason by her side,  
 All suddenly her fresh and rosen hue  
 Full ofte-time gan changen and renew,  
 An hundred sithes in a little space.  
 For now, the bloode from her goodly face  
 Unto her heart unwarely gan avale:  
 And therewithal she waxeth dead and pale.  
 And eft anon (who thereto gan take heed)  
 Her hue returneth into goodly red:  
 But still among, t' embellish her colour,  
 The rose was meynt aye with the lily flower;  
 And though the rose some dele gan to pace,  
 Yet still the lily bideth in his place,  
 Till nature made them eft again to meet.

\* \* \* \* \*

For now she brent, and now she gan to cold.  
 And aye the more that she gan behold  
 This Jason young, the more she gan desire  
 To look on him; so was she set a-fire  
 With his beautè, and his semelyness,  
 And every thing she inly gan impress.  
 What that she sawe, both in mind and thought  
 She all imprinteth, and forgetteth nought.  
 For she considereth every circumstance,  
 Both of his port and his governance;  
 His sunnish hair, crisped like gold wire,  
 His knightly look, and his manly cheer.

\* \* \* \* \*

JAMES THE FIRST, King of Scotland, was the second son of Robert the Third, and was born in 1395. In 1405, while on his way to France, the ship in which he sailed was taken by an English squadron, and the young Prince, with a numerous train of attendants, were sent to London as prisoners of war. Notwithstanding that a peace between the two countries was concluded very soon after his capture, he was detained in captivity, chiefly, it is said, in consequence of the intrigues of his uncle, the Duke of Albany, who thus held, during his life, the Regency of Scotland. Henry the Fourth, however, although he kept him in confinement, gave him every advantage it was possible for him to bestow. Under apt and skilful tutelage he became a proficient in all the accomplishments of the age,—excelling in music, oratory, jurisprudence, philosophy, and poetry, and attaining to unrivalled excellence in all manly sports. His prison became, therefore, his study; he had leisure to cultivate his mind; and gave such early proofs of its honourable bias, that King Henry is said to have exclaimed, “Happy shall be the subjects of a king who, in his tender years, shows himself to be endowed with so much wisdom.” He subsequently fought in France, under the banner of England. He continued eighteen years in durance; but, during his seclusion at Windsor Castle, his thralldom was “made light” by his intimacy with the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, to whom he was subsequently married, in 1434, and in whose praise he composed his principal poem, “The King’s Quair.” Upon the death of his uncle, the Scottish nobility turned their attention towards their captive sovereign, and entered into serious negotiations for the purchase of his liberty. A heavy ransom having been exacted, the king took possession of his throne, and after a reign of twelve years, honourable to himself and beneficial to his country, he perished by the hands of assassins, at Perth, in 1437.

Besides “The King’s Quair”—(the King’s Book)—James the First has left to us “Christ’s Kirk on the Green,” and “Pebles to the Play,” the former being composed in the northern, and the latter in the southern, dialect of Scotland. “Christ’s Kirk on the Green” is full of genuine wit and humour, and especially valuable as a picture of the customs and manners of the Scottish people four centuries ago. It is perhaps one of the finest pieces of rustic painting in the whole compass of our literature; the images are all vivid; the characters well relieved; and there is such a happy dance of words, as none of the northern bards, except Burns, has at all equalled. The authorship of “Pebles to the Play,” however, is not a settled matter. “The King’s Quair” consists of one hundred and ninety-seven stanzas; it abounds in allegorical machinery, is a record of the young monarch’s life and love, and contains passages so full of strength and pathos, that it would not be derogatory to Chaucer to compare them with the happiest productions of our great English Bard, whom he acknowledges as his “master.” It is at once elegant, natural, and uncommonly rich in language; the leading sentiments are eminently pure and beautiful; and there is a polish and a flow about the whole composition, surpassing any thing in our earlier poets.

Of this poem, only one manuscript is known to exist. It is a small folio, in the Bodleian Library; and it was not in print until so late as the year 1773, when Mr. Tytler, after a long and patient search, succeeded in rescuing it from oblivion. The MS. copy bears the following title,—“The Quair, maid be King James of Scotland, the first, callit the King’s Quair. Maid qn his Mā was in England.” The Poem is an allegory, to commemorate his love for the Lady Jane, the mistress of his heart, who is described by the historians of the time as of exceeding beauty and goodness. The Poet dreams a dream, and relates his early misfortunes, his long captivity, and the purity, constancy, and happy issue of his love, together with the incident that first called it into existence. Having heard a bell, that bids him “Tell on man, quat the befell,” he at once commences, and proceeds with his task:—

“His pen in hand he take  
And made a + and thus begouth his buke.”

He first relates his earlier adventures, then details the circumstances which led to his acquaintance with the Lady Jane: after which he is transported to the sphere of Love, conducted to the palace of Minerva, and goes a journey in quest of Fortune, until at length a Turtle Dove brings him “newis glad,” which he reads with “hertfull gladnesse.”





## JAMES I.

FROM THE KING'S QUAIR.

THE long dayes and the nyghtes eke,  
I wold bewaille my fortune in this wise,  
For quhich again distresse confort to seke,  
My custum was on mornis for to rise  
Airly as day, O happy exercise !  
By the come I to joye out of turment,  
Bot now to purpose of my first entent.

Bewailing in my chamber thus allone,  
Despeired of all joye and remedye,  
For-tirit of my tho<sup>t</sup> and wo-begone,  
And to the wyndow gan I walk in hye,  
To see the warld and folk y<sup>t</sup> went forbye

As for the tyme though I of mirthis fude,  
My<sup>t</sup> have no more, to luke it did me gude.

Now was there maid fast by the Touris wall  
A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set,  
Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small,  
Railit about, and so w<sup>t</sup> treis set  
Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,  
That lyf was non walkyng there forbye,  
That my<sup>t</sup> w<sup>in</sup> scarce any wight aspye.

So thick the beuis and the leves grene  
Bescadit all the allyes y<sup>t</sup> there were,  
And myddis every herbere my<sup>t</sup> be sene  
The scharp grene suete jenepere,  
Growing so fair w<sup>t</sup> branchis here and there,  
That, as it semyt to a lyf w<sup>out</sup>,  
The beuis spred the herbere all about.

And on the small grene twistis sat  
The lytil suete nyghtingale, and song  
So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat  
Of luvys use, now soft now lowd among,  
That all the gardynes and the wallis rong  
Ry<sup>t</sup> of thaire song, and on the copill next  
Of thaire suete armony, and lo the text.

Worschippe ze y<sup>t</sup> loveris bene this May,  
For of zour bliss the kalendis are begonne,  
And sing w<sup>t</sup> us, away winter away,  
Come somer come, the suete seson and soune,  
Awake, for schame! ye have zour hevynis wonne,  
And amorously lift up zour hedis all,  
Thank lufe y<sup>t</sup> list zou to his merci call.

\* \* \* \*

And therew<sup>t</sup> kest I doun myn eye ageyne,  
Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure,  
Full secretely, new cumyn hir to pleyne,  
The fairest or the freschest zoung floure  
That ever I sawe, metho<sup>t</sup>, before that houre,  
For quhich sodayne abate, anon astert,  
The blude of all my body to my hert.

And though I stood abaiset tho a lyte,  
No wonder was; for quhy? my wittis all



Were so ouercome w<sup>t</sup> plesance and delyte,  
 Only through latting of myn eyen fall,  
 That sudaynly my hert become hir thrall,  
 For ever of free wyll, for of menace  
 There was no takyn in hir suete face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of hir array, the form gif I sal write,  
 Toward hir goldin haire, and rich atyre,  
 In fretwise couchit w<sup>t</sup> perlis quhite,  
 And grete balas lemyng as the fyre,  
 W<sup>t</sup> mony ane emerant and faire saphire,  
 And on hir hede a chaplet, fresch of hewe,  
 Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe.

\* \* \* \* \*

About hir neck, quhite as the fyre amaille,  
 A gudelie cheyne of small orfeverye,  
 Quhare by there hang a ruby w<sup>t</sup>out faille  
 Like to ane hert schapin verily,  
 That, as a sperk of lowe so wantonly  
 Semyt birnyng upon her quhite throte,  
 Now gif there was gud perlye, God it wote.

And for to walk that fresche Mayes morowe,  
 Ane huke she had upon her tissew quhite,  
 That gudelaire had not bene sene to forowe,  
 As I suppose, and girt sche was alyte;  
 Thus halflyng lowse for haste, to suich delyte,  
 It was to see her zouth in gudelihed  
 That for rudenes to speke thereof I drede.

In her was zouth, beautee, w<sup>t</sup> humble apourt,  
 Bountee, richesse, and womanly faiture,  
 God better wote than my pen can report,  
 Wisdome, largesse estate, and conyng sure  
 In every point, so guydit hir mesure,  
 In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,  
 That nature my<sup>t</sup> no more hir childe avance.

\* \* \* \* \*

STEPHEN HAWES was born, it is conjectured, in Suffolk, in 1480. He was educated at Oxford. Having improved his mind by travel, and acquired an accurate knowledge of the Poetry of Italy and France, he was appointed Groom of the Chamber to King Henry the Seventh; by whom, according to Wood, he was "much esteemed for his facetious discourse and prodigious memory." The year of his death has not been ascertained; and the few facts we have stated contain all that is known of the personal history of the Poet.

He has been introduced into this volume, chiefly because he is the only strong link between Chaucer and his contemporaries, and the Poets who flourished during the reign of Henry the Eighth. Hawes had unquestionably studied the lore of the Provençals, and successfully exerted himself to release Poetry from the dull precincts of the cloister to which his more immediate predecessors had confined it; they were, for the most part, mere chroniclers or translators,—but Hawes, although he had neither the fire of the earlier bards, nor the fancy of those who succeeded him, deserves at least the praise of having dared to be original.

His most important production is the *Pastime of Pleasure*, originally printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1517, accompanied by wooden cuts, "to make the reader understand the story better." It was reprinted in 1554, and again by Tottel, in 1555, under the following title:—"The History of Graund Amoure and La bell Pucell, called the Pastime of Plesure, conteyning the knowledge of the seven sciences, and the course of man's lyfe in this worlde." It is now almost forgotten; and long ago it was a lament of Anthony Wood, that "this book, which in the time of Henry the Seventh and Eighth was taken into the hands of all ingenious men, is now thought but worthy of a ballad-monger's stall."

The Poem is one of pure allegory; the hero is Graund Amoure, True Gallantry; and the heroine La bell Pucell, Perfect Beauty; and the "knowledge" is conveyed "under a coloure."

"As was the guise, in olde antiquyte  
Of the Poetes olde."

Graund Amoure receives from Fame a report of the Fayre Lady, La bell Pucell, to obtain whom he is directed to encounter and overcome all dangers and difficulties—such as gyaunts with seven heads, monsters of seven mettailles; and, in especial, he is to win his way to favour by the acquirement of perfect knowledge in the seven sciences—Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry and Astronomy. In his attempts he is assisted by two greyhounds, Governance and Grace, and encouraged by Fortitude, Perseverance and Counsaile. In the end, the labours of Graund Amoure succeed in achieving a marriage with La bell Pucell, with whom he lives long and happy, until arrested by Age, who brings unto him Polycy and Avaryce. Death at length visits him, Remembrance makes his epytaphy, and Fame, Time and Eternity do honour to his name.—And then comes "the Excusation of the Authoure," who sends forth his "little boke," with the prayer, that God it save—

"From misse metryng, by wrong impression  
And who that euer, list the for to haue  
That he perceyue, well thyne intencion  
For to be grounded, wythout presumption  
As for to eschue, the synne of ydlenes  
To make such bokes, I apply my busines."

The general reader will perhaps be satisfied with the brief extract we have given from this long and tedious poem. It contains unquestionably some striking passages, displays considerable knowledge, and is entitled to rank high as an "inventive" work; but to read it through has been a labour scarcely inferior to that of the hero's encounter with the gyaunts: his dolorous disputations are dolorous in a double sense; and his seven sciences, although represented by seven beautiful ladies, are as uninviting as would have been their realities to the school-boy, who abhors Logyc, Gramar and Geometrye, as unconquerable obstacles to "the Pastime of Pleasure."

Hawes speaks more than once in his lengthened poem of "his master, Lydgate"—

"The most dulcet spryng  
Of famous rethoryke, wyth ballade royall—  
The chef origiuall of my learnyng "



HAWES.

FROM THE PASTIME OF PLESURE.

HOWE GRAUND AMOURE WAS RECEIVED BY LOGYKE AND RETHORYKE.

So by I went unto a chamber bryght  
Where was wont, to be a ryght fayre lady  
Before whom then, it was my hole delite  
I kneled adowne, full well and mekely  
Besechyng her, to enstruct me shortly  
In her noble science, whiche is expedient  
For man to knowe, in many an argument.

You shall quod she, my scyence well learne  
In time and space, to your great utilitye  
So that in me lokyng, you shal then discern

A frende from foe, and good from iniquitie  
 Ryght from wrong, ye shall knowe in certaintye  
 My scyence is, all the yll to eschewe  
 And for to knowe, the false from the true.

Who will take payne, to folowe the trace  
 In this wretched worlde, of trouth and ryghteousnes  
 In heven above, he shal have dwelling place  
 And who that walketh, the way of darkenes  
 Spendyng his tyme, in worldely wretchednes  
 A myddes the earth, in hell most horrible  
 He shal have payne, nothyng extinguyssyble.

So by Logyke, is good perceveraunce  
 To devide the good, and the evyl a sunder  
 It is alwaye, at mannes pleasaunce  
 To take the good, and cast the evyl under,  
 If God made hell, it is therof no wonder  
 For to punyshe man, that had intelligence.  
 To know good from yll, by true experience

Logyke alway, dothe make probacion  
 Provyng the pro, well from the contrary  
 In sundry wise, by argumentation  
 Grounded on reason, well and wondersly  
 Who understode, all logike truely  
 Nothyng by reason, myght be in pleadynge  
 But he the trouthe, shoulde have in knowlegyng.

Her wise doctrine, I marked in memory  
 And toke my leave, of her hye person  
 Because that I myght, no lenger tary  
 The yere was spent, and so farre then gone  
 And of my ladye, yet syght had I none  
 Whiche was abidyng, in the tower of Musyke  
 Wherefore anone, I went to Rethoryke.

\* \* \* \* \*

Than above Logike, up we went a stayre  
 Into a chamber, gaylye glorified  
 Strowed w' flowers, of al goodly ayre  
 Where sate a lady, greatly magnified  
 And her true vesture, clearly purified  
 And over her heade, that was bryght and shene  
 She had a garlande, of the laurell grene

Her goodly chamber, was set all about  
 With depured mirroures, of speculation  
 The fragraunt fumes, did well encense out  
 All misty vapours, of perturbacion  
 More liker was, her habitation  
 Unto a place which is celestially  
 Then to a terrayne, macion fatall.

Before whom then, I did knele a downe  
 Saying, O starre of famous eloquence  
 O gilted goddess, of the hyghe renowne  
 Enspired, with the heavenly influence  
 Of the dulcet well, of complacence  
 Upon my mynde, with dewe aromatike,  
 Distyll adowne, thy lusty Rethoryke.

And depaynt my tonge, w' thy royall flowers  
 Of delicate odours, that I may ensue  
 In my purpose, to glad my auditours  
 And with thy power, that thou me endue  
 To morallise, thy litterall censes true  
 And clense away, the mist of ignoraunce  
 With depured beames, of goodly ordinaunce.

With humble eares, of parfite audience  
 To my request, she did then encline  
 Saying she woulde, in her goodly science  
 In short space, me so well indoctrine  
 That my dull mynde, it shoulde enlumyne  
 With golden beames, for ever to oppresse  
 My rude language, and all my symplenes.

I thanked her, of her great gentlenes,  
 And axed her, after this question  
 Madame I saied, I woulde knowe doubtles  
 What Rethoryke is, wythout abusyon  
 Rethoryke she saied, was founde by reason  
 Man for to governe, well and prudently  
 His wordes to order, his speache to purifye.

\* \* \* \* \*

SIR THOMAS WYAT was born at Allington Castle, Kent, in the year 1503. He received his education both at Cambridge and Oxford, and having been recommended by his personal accomplishments and "wittie jests," to the favour of Henry the Eighth, he was frequently employed by that monarch on foreign missions; improving and strengthening his taste and his mind by travel, and familiar intercourse with the learned of other lands. He lost the confidence of his master in consequence of a suspicion of undue intimacy with Queen Anne Boleyn, and was imprisoned on a charge of treasonable commerce with Cardinal Pole. He recovered, however, both his liberty and the favour of the king; but retired to Allington, and only occasionally visited the court—because that

"A clogge did yet hang at his heele."

In one of his epistles, he has contrasted the pure enjoyments of a country life with the fawning and flattery of a court—"living thrall under the awe of lordly lookes"—using "wyles for wit"—and making "the crow in singing as the swan:"—

"At home to hunt and hawke,  
And in fowle wether at my booke to sit;  
In frost and snowe then with my bow to stalke;  
No man doth marke whereso I ride or go:  
In lusty leas at liberty I walke."

Wyat died early. Having been sent to conduct the ambassador of Charles the Fifth from Falmouth to London, he caught a fever on the road, by riding too hard on a hot day, and died at Sherborn, where he was buried, in 1542.

Wyat is styled by Wood "the delight of the Muses and of mankind." The portrait of the man, and the character of the Poet, have been given by his friend the Earl of Surrey. "A visage sterne and milde"—"a tong whose courteous talke to vertue did inflame"—"an eye whose piercing looke did represent a mynde with vertue fraught"—

"A hart where dreade was never so imprest  
To hyde the thought that might the trouth avavance."

This is however but one of the many panegyrics of his contemporaries; all of whom describe him, and generally with more of truth than poetry, as one of the most excellent, accomplished, and upright of human kind. The graces of his person were in keeping with those of his mind. His countenance was of manly beauty; he was tall, elegantly formed, and of a commanding presence.

His poems, chiefly consisting of "songes and sonettes," were originally printed by Tottel in 1557, together with the works of Lord Surrey. Wyatt has, with his friend Surrey, the merit of having "polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie;"—he was "one of the chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennees." According to the quaint old author, Puttenham, "their conceits were lofty, their styles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their meetre sweet and well proportioned." If, however, Wyatt did "very naturally and studiously" imitate "his master, Francis Petrarch," he has been caught by the faults as well as the merits of the Italian Poet. The genius of Wyatt was more didactic than fanciful. His love-verses abound in affectations; their meaning is frequently obscured by fantastic incongruities; and they have generally an artificial character, as if resulting from the studies of the courtier, rather than the impulse of the heart. His satiric epistles are his best productions; he is far less at home in "fabricating fine speeches" to an obdurate mistress, than in moralising on the felicities of retirement, or exposing the vices and vanities of a court. We love to find him

"in Kent and Christendome  
Among the muses where I read and ryme."

and give to him far more of our love and sympathy than when comparing lovers' lives with the Alps—describing his restless state—excusing himself of woordes wherewith he was unjustly charged—mistrusting allurements—or even when by a kiss he found both life and death. Sir Thomas Wyatt appears to have wooed an "unkinde and unpiteous" love, but, from the tenor of his verse, it is little likely that he took the matter much to heart;—he was rather "the lover who waxeth wyser, and will not dye for affection," than one who yields to despair, and will not be comforted even by the muse. It is to his praise that "the legacy of rhyme" he left posterity, is altogether free from impurities of word or thought.





WYAT.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

My Lute, awake, perform the last  
Labour that thou and I shall wast:  
And ende that I have now begunne,  
And when this song is song and past,  
My lute be styll for I have done.

As to be heard where eare is none,  
As leade to grave in marble stone,  
My song may pearce her hart as soon!  
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,  
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly,  
Repulse the waves continually,

As she my suite and affection :  
So that I am past remedy,  
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte,  
Of simple hearts through Loves shot,  
By whome unkind thou hast them wonne,  
Think not he hath his bow forgott,  
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine  
That makest but game of earnest payne,  
Think not alone under the sunn,  
Unquit to cause thy lovers playne,  
Although my lute and I have done.

May chaunce thee lye withred and old,  
In winter nights that are so cold,  
Playning in vaine unto the moon :  
Thy wishes then dare not be told !  
Care then who list for I have done.

And then may' chaunce thee to repent,  
The time that thou hast lost and spent,  
To cause thy lovers sighe and swone :  
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,  
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last,  
Labour that thou and I shall wast,  
And ended is that we begonne,  
Now is this song both song and past.  
My lute be still for I have done.

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THE LOVER DETERMINETH TO SERVE FAITHFULLY.

SINCE Love will needs, that I shall love,  
Of very force I must agree :  
And since no chaunce may it remove,  
In wealth and in adversitie,  
I shall alway myselfe apply  
To serve and suffer patiently.



Though for good will I finde but hate,  
And cruelly my life to wast,  
And though that still a wretched state,  
Should pyne my days unto the last :  
Yet I profess it willingly  
To serve and suffer patiently.

For since my hart is bound to serve,  
And I not ruler of myne owne,  
Whatsoe befall, tyll that I sterve,  
By prooffe full well it shall be knowne,  
That I shall still myself apply  
To serve and suffer patiently.

Yet though my grieve finde noe redress,  
But still encrease before myne eyes,  
Though my reward be cruellnesse,  
With all the harme, happs can devyse,  
Yet I profess it willingly  
To serve and suffer patiently.

Yea though fortune her pleasant face,  
Should shew, to set me up aloft,  
And straight my wealth for to deface,  
Should wrythe away, as she doth oft,  
Yet would I still my self apply,  
To serve and suffer patiently.

There is no grieve, no smert, no woe,  
That yet I feel, or after shall,  
That from this minde may make me goe,  
And whatsoever me befall,  
I do profess it willingly  
To serve and suffer patiently.

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HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, the son and grandson of two Lords Treasurers, Dukes of Norfolk, was born in 1516 or 1518, probably at Framlingham, in Suffolk; but neither the year nor the place of his birth has been precisely ascertained. His name is, as it were, a synonym for chivalry; the story of his life is a chapter of romance—of poetical Knight-errantry; we can only associate with his memory ideas of heroic grandeur and devoted love. His youth was passed at Windsor—where he

“ in lust and joy

Wyth a kynges sonne his chyldysh yeres dyd passe,”

— with this “kynges sonne,” a natural son of Henry the Eighth, Surrey formed a beautiful friendship—studying together, together enjoying manly sports, together travelling abroad,—until the young Duke of Richmond having wedded the sister of his chosen “fere,” unhappily died soon after the ceremony had been performed, at the early age of seventeen. After the loss of this beloved friend, Surrey made the tour of Europe, proclaiming, it is said, the unparalleled charms of the Lady Geraldine; issuing a defiance against any knight who should presume to question her superiority; and proving his prowess and knightly skill, by overcoming aspersers of her beauty, in tournaments at Florence and at Windsor. So, at least, assert some of his biographers; but there is reason to believe that their statements are exaggerated. She was a daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare;

“ Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest,

Her sire an Erle.”

It is, however, satisfactorily shown that she was but the ideal mistress of his heart—that his love was purely Platonic—put on like the armorial bearings of his shield—and that before he celebrated her charms and maintained her supremacy, he was himself married to a daughter of the Earl of Oxford—and was an attached and faithful husband. The devoirs of the lover and the soldier did not even at this time altogether occupy the mind of Surrey; in cultivating the literature of the Italians, he was laying the foundation of his after-fame. On his return to England, his name was conspicuous in all the military achievements of the age;—and in 1544 he commanded as Field Marshal the English army in an expedition against Boulogne. But the tide of his success was on the ebb. The despot Henry became jealous of the talents and popularity of the Earl; certain frivolous and groundless charges were brought against him; the result was a mock trial at Guildhall, and, notwithstanding his eloquent and manly defence, his execution on Tower Hill, on the 21st of January 1547. The judicial murder of Surrey is one of the foulest blots upon humanity. The tyrant survived the victim but a few days; and posterity, while it execrates the memory of the one, reverences that of the other.

The “Songes and sonettes, written by the right honorable Lorde Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey,” were first printed by Tottel in 1557, accompanied by a quaint preface, intreating the gentle reader that he “thynke it not evil done, to publysh to the honour of the Englysh tong, and for the profite of the studiouse of Englysh Eloquence those woorkes whiche the ungentle horders up of suche treasure have heretofore envyed” him—exhorting also the unlearned “by reading to learne to be more skylfull, and to purge that swinlike grossnesse that maketh the sweet majerome not to smell to theyr delyght.” Notwithstanding this desire on the part of the collector to preserve the writings of Surrey, many of them were lost. He translated the Ecclesiastes of Solomon, and a few of the Psalms of David, into rhyme; and is the author of the first compositions, in blank verse, in the English language. They are translations from the 2d and 4th books of the *Æneid*.

The chivalrous character of the man is evident from his writings. He orders lovers to give place before his mistress, as if he spoke with lance in rest. His love “songes and sonettes” are accordingly more gallant and sentimental than amatory; of exceeding elegance and chastity,—and in construction and versification so smooth and graceful, as to vie, in this quality, with the productions of a more advanced period. The poems of the Earl of Surrey are, indeed, far more modern and simple in their style than those of the great age which succeeded his. He had taste to study and enjoy the Italian poets, but his judgment was sound enough to avoid their faults; and his mind was not too much overlaid by learning.



## SURREY.

PRISONER IN WINDSOR,

HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruell prison howe could betyde, alas !  
As proude Windsor : Where I in lust and joye,  
Wyth a kynges sonne, my chyldysh yeres dyd passe,  
In greater feast, than Priam's sonnes of Troye :  
Where eche swete place returnes a tastfull sower :  
The large grene where we were wont to rove,  
Wyth eyes cast up into the Maydens tower,  
And easy sighes, such as folkes draw in Love :  
The stately seates, the ladies brighte of hewe ;  
The daunces short, long tales of greate delight  
Wyth woordes and lookes, that tygers could but rewe.

Where eche of us dyd pleade the others ryghte.  
The palme play, where despoyled for the game,  
With dazed eyes oft we by gleames of love,  
Have myst the ball, and gote sighte of our dame  
To bayte her eyes, whyche kept the leads above.  
The gravel ground, wythe sleeves tyde on the helme  
On foamyng horse, with swordes and frendly hartes;  
Wythe chere as though one should another whelme  
Where we have fought, and chased oft wyth dartes.  
With silver droppes the meade yet spreade for ruthe,  
In active games of nimbleness and strength,  
Where we did strayne trayned with swarmes of youthe  
Our tender limmes, that yet shot up in lengthe.  
The secrete groves which oft we made resounde,  
Of pleasant playnte, and of our Ladies prayse,  
Recordyng oft what grace eche one had founde,  
What hope of spede, what dreade of long delayes.  
The wyld forrest, the clothed holtes with grene,  
With raynes availed and swiftly breathed horse;  
Wyth cry of houndes and merry blastes betwene,  
Where we did chase the feareful harte of force.  
The wyde vales eke, that harborde us eche nyghte,  
Wherewyth, (alas) reviveth in my breste  
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delyt,  
The pleasant dreames the quyete bed of rest;  
The secret thoughtes imparted with such trust,  
The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of playe;  
The friendship sworne, eche promise kept so fast,  
Wherewith we past the winter nyghte away.  
And wyth thys thoughte, the bloud forsakes the face,  
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,  
The whyche as soone as sobbyng sighes, (alas!)  
Upsupped have, thus I my playnt renewe:  
O place of blisse! renewer of my woes!  
Give me accompt where is my noble fere,  
Whom in thy walles thou doest eche nyghte enclose,  
To other leefe, but unto me most dere:  
Eccho (alas!) that doth my sorrow rewe,  
Returns thereto a hollowe sounde of playnt;  
Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,  
In pryson pyne, withe bondage and restraynt:  
And with remembrance of the greater grieve,  
To banish the lesse, I fynd my chief reliefe.

## DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHEREIN ECHE THING RENEWES, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

THE soote season that bud and bloome forth bringes,  
 With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale;  
 The nightingall with fethers new she singes;  
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale;  
 Somer is come, for every spray now springes;  
 The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale;  
 The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges;  
 The fishes flete with newe repayred scale;  
 The adder all her slough away she flynges;  
 The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smalle;  
 The busy bee her honey how she mynges;  
 Winter is worne that was the floures bale.  
 And thus I see among these pleasant thynges  
 Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges.

## A PRAISE OF HYS LOVE,

WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

GIVE place ye lovers here before,  
 That spent your boastes and bragges in vain!  
 My ladies beuty passeth more,  
 The best of yours I dare well sayne,  
 Then doth the sunne the caundle-lyght,  
 Or bryghtest day the darkest nyght.

And thereto hath a troth as just  
 As had Penelope the fayre;  
 For what she sayeth ye may it trust,  
 As it by wrytyng sealed were:  
 And virtues hath she many moe,  
 Than I wyth pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse, if that I would,  
 The whole effecte of Natures playnt,  
 When she had lost the perfect mould,  
 The lyke to whome she could not paynte:  
 With wringeing hands, how she did cry,  
 And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with rageing mynde,  
 Her kyngdome only set apart,  
 There was no losse by law of kynde,  
 That could have gone so nere her hearte;  
 And this was chiefly all her payne,  
 She could not make the lyke agayne.

Syth Nature thus gave her the prayse,  
 To be the chiefest worke she wroughte;  
 In fayth me thynke some better wayes,  
 On your behalfe myghte well be soughte,  
 Then to compare (as you have done)  
 To matche the caundle with the sunne.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER,

WITH SUTE TO HIS LADY, TO RUE ON HIS DIEING HART.

THE Sunne hath twyse brought forth his tender grene,  
 Twyse cladde the earth in lyvely lustinesse;  
 Ones have the wyndes the trees dyspoled clene,  
 And once agayne begynnes theyr cruellnesse,  
 Synce I have hyd under my brest the harme,  
 That never shall recover healthfulnesse.  
 The wynters hurt recovers with the warme,  
 The parched grene restored is with shade:  
 What warmth, alas! may serve for to dysarme  
 The frosen hart that myne in flame hath made?  
 What colde agayne is able to restore  
 My fresh grene yeares, that wither thus and fade?  
 Alas! I see nothing hath hurt so sore  
 But Tyme, in tyme reduceth a returne:  
 In tyme my harme encreaseth more and more  
 And seemes to have my cure allwayes in scorne;  
 Strange kindes of death, in lyfe that I doe trye  
 At hand to melt, farre off in flame to burne:  
 And lyke as tyme lyst to my cure applye,  
 So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.  
 All things alive, that seeth the heavens with eye,  
 With cloke of night may cover, and excuse  
 Itself from travayle of the dayes unrest,  
 Save I, alas! against all others use,

That then styrre up the tormentes of my breaste,  
 And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.  
 And when the sunne hath eke the darke opprest,  
 And brought the day, it doth nothing abate  
 The travayles of myne endless smarte and payne :  
 For then as one that hath the light in hate,  
 I wish for night more covertly to playne ;  
 And me withdrawe from every haunted place,  
 Lest by my chere my chaunce appeare to playne :  
 And in my mynde I measure pace by pace,  
 To seeke the place where I my self had lost,  
 That day that I was tangled in the lace,  
 In semyng slacke, that knitteth ever most.  
 But never yet the travayll of my thought  
 Of better state, could catche a cause to bost :  
 For if I founde sometime that I have sought,  
 Those sterres by whom I trusted of the port,  
 My sayles do fall, and I advaunce right nought ;  
 As ankred fast, my sprites do all resort  
 To stand agazed, and sink in more and more  
 The deadly harme which she doth take in sport.  
 Lo ! if I seek, how do I find my sore !  
 And if I flee, I cary with me styll  
 The venomd shaft which doth hys force restore  
 By hast of flight ; and I may plaine my fill  
 Unto my self, unless this carefull song  
 Print in your hart some parcell of my tene.  
 For I, alas ! in silence all too long  
 Of myne olde hurt yet feele the wound but grene.  
 Rue on my lyfe, or else your cruel wronge  
 Shall well appeare, and by my death be sene.

---

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS ESTATE OF A LOVER.

WHEN youth had led me halfe the race  
 That Cupides scourge had made me runne ;  
 I looked back to meet the place,  
 From whence my weary course begunne :  
 And then I saw howe my desyre  
 Misguiding me had led the waye,  
 Myne eyne too greedy of theyre hyre,  
 Had made me lose a better prey.



For when in sighes I spent the day,  
 And could not cloake my grief with game;  
 The boyling smoke dyd still bewray,  
 The present heate of secret flame:  
 And when salt teares do bayne my breast,  
 Where love his pleasent traynes hath sowed,  
 Her beauty hath the fruytes opprest,  
 Ere that the buddes were spronge and blowne.  
 And when myne eyen dyd still pursue,  
 The flying chase of theyre request;  
 Theyre greedy looks dyd oft renew,  
 The hydden wounde within my breste.  
 When every loke these cheekes might stayne,  
 From dedly pale to glowing red;  
 By outward signes appeared playne,  
 To her for helpe my hart was fled.  
 But all too late Love learneth me,  
 To paynt all kynd of colours new;  
 To blynd theyre eyes that else should see  
 My speckled chekes with Cupids hew.  
 And now the covert brest I clame,  
 That worshipt Cupide secretely;  
 And nourished hys sacred flame,  
 From whence no blairing sparkes do flye.

---

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF SUSPECTED CHANGE.

THOUGH I regarded not  
 The promise made by me,  
 Or passed not to spot  
 My faith and honestie;  
 Yet were my fansie strange,  
 And wilful will to wite;  
 If I soughte now to change  
 A falkon for a kite.  
 All men might well dispraise  
 My wit and enterprise,  
 If I esteemed a pese  
 Above a pearle in price:



Or judged the owle in sight,  
The sparhauke to excell;  
Which flyeth but in the night  
As all men know righte well.  
Or if I soughte to saile,  
Into the brittle porte;  
Where anker hold doth faile,  
To such as do resort;  
And leave the haven sure,  
Where blowes no blustering winde;  
Nor ficklenesse in ure  
So farforth as I finde.  
No, think me not so lighte,  
Nor of so churlish kinde,  
Though it lay in my mighte,  
My boundage to unbinde:  
That I woulde leave the hinde  
To hunt the ganders foe.  
No, no, I have no minde  
To make exchanges soe;  
Nor yet to change at all;  
For thinke it may not be  
That I shoulde seke to fall  
From my felicitie.  
Desirous for to win,  
And loth for to forgoe,  
Or new change to begin;  
How may all this be soe?  
The fire it cannot frese,  
For it is not his kinde;  
Nor true love cannot lese  
The constancye of minde:  
Yet as sone shall the fire,  
Want heate to blase and burne,  
As I, in such desire,  
Have once a thought to turne.

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THOMAS SACKVILLE, the first Lord Buckhurst, was born in the year 1536, at Buckhurst, in the parish of Witham, Sussex. He studied at Oxford, but afterwards removed to Cambridge, where he took his degree. Having been distinguished at both Universities by his compositions in Latin and in English verse, he entered at the Inner Temple and was called to the Bar; but was soon afterwards returned to Parliament as one of the members for Buckinghamshire. His eminent abilities procured for him the esteem and confidence of Queen Elizabeth, and he was knighted in her presence, in 1567, by the Duke of Norfolk, and at the same time promoted to the peerage; was sent as ambassador to the States-General, was made a Knight of the Garter, elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and on the death of Burleigh succeeded him as Lord High Treasurer. On the accession of James the First, he continued to hold this office, and in 1603, was created Earl of Dorset. He died suddenly at the council table at Whitehall, on the 19th of April, 1608, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. As a statesman his character is untarnished. He preserved his integrity amid all the intrigues of a court; and although living, and exercising mighty power, at a time when murder was frequently preceded only by a form of trial, and personal or political opponents were dispatched by a simple process dignified by the term Law, the name of Sackville Lord Buckhurst has descended to us without spot or blemish.

His character was drawn by his friend and chaplain Dr. Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury—"How many rare things were in him! Who more loving unto his wife? Who more kind unto his children? Who more fast unto his friend? Who more moderate unto his enemy? Who more true to his word?" "He was a scholar," adds another friend, "and a person of a quick dispatch; and they say of him that his secretaries did little for him by way of inditement, wherein they could seldom please him, he was so facete in his phrase and style."

His poetical reputation rests upon his being the author of the first English tragedy; and upon his two short but noble poems, "the Induction to a Mirrour for Magistrates," and "the Complaynt of Henrye Duke of Buckingham." His tragedy, in which, it is said by Wood, he was assisted by Norton, is entitled *Gorboduc*. The dialogue is dignified, and the language pure, and it is praised by Sidney for its "notable moralitie;" but the uninteresting nature of the plot, and its long and tedious speeches, together with a total absence of pathos, deprived it of popularity in his own age, and now it is altogether forgotten. It was acted in 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. The plot is thus briefly described by Rymer. "Here is a king and queen and their two sons; the king divides his realm between them. They quarrel, the elder rules the younger, which provokes the mother to kill the elder. Thereupon the king kills the mother, and then to make a clear stage, the people rise and despatch old *Gorboduc*." But the fame of Sackville rests upon a surer foundation. A design having been formed to commemorate "the Great Unfortunate" of our English History, he wrote for this the *Induction* and the *Complaynt of Henrye Duke of Buckingham*. The Poet, who undoubtedly imitated Dante, feigns a descent into hell, under the guidance and guardianship of Sorrow,—where the various personages to be introduced pass in review before him—each telling his own sad story of his errors and misfortunes:—

"Whence come I am, the dreery destinie  
And luckeles lot for to bemone of those,  
Whom fortune in this maze of miserie  
Of wretched chaunce most woful mirrours chose."

The work was printed under the title of "a Mirrour for Magistrates, being a true Chronicle Historie of the untimely falles of such unfortunate Princes and Men of Note as have happened since the first entrance of Brute into this island, until this our age;" it was added to, from time to time, by various contributors, and an edition published in 1610, contains eighty-six lives.

These poems of Sackville are to the highest degree vigorous and fine. The versification is smooth and harmonious; the shadowy inhabitants of *Averne* are pictured with fearful reality, strong feeling, and deep interest;—and it is surmised that they awakened the imagination of Spenser, who has scarcely surpassed his predecessor in the grander attributes by which the poet is distinguished.



## SACKVILLE.

FROM THE INDUCTION TO A MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES.

THE wrathfull winter proching on a pace,  
With blustering blastes had al ybared the treen,  
And olde Saturnus with his frosty face  
With chilling colde had pearst the tender green ;  
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been  
The gladsom groves that nowe laye overthrowen,  
The tapets torne, and every blome down blowen

The soyle that erst so seemly was to seen,  
Was all despoyled of her beauties hewe :  
And soot freshe flowers (wherewith the sommers queen  
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blastes downe blew

And small fowles flocking, in their song did rewe  
The winters wrath, wherewith eche thing defaste  
In woful wise bewayled the sommer past.

Hawthorne had lost his motley lyverye,  
The naked twigges were shivering all for colde;  
And dropping downe the teares abundantly;  
Eche thing (me thought) with weping eye me tolde  
The cruell season, bidding me witholde  
My selfe within, for I was gotten out  
Into the felde whereas I walkte about.

And strayt forth stalking with redoubled pace  
For that I sawe the night drewe on so fast,  
In blacke all clad there fell before my face  
A piteous wight, whom woe had al forwaste,  
Furth from her iyen the cristall teares outbrast,  
And syghing sore her handes she wrong and folde,  
Tearing her heare, that ruth was to beholde.

Her body small forwithered and forespent,  
As is the stalk that sommers drought opprest;  
Her wealked face with woful tears besprent,  
Her colour pale, and (as it seemd her best)  
In woe and playnt reposed was her rest.  
And as the stone that droppes of water weares;  
So dented wer her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her iyes swollen with flowing streames aflote,  
Wherewith her lookes throwen up full piteouslie,  
Her forceles handes together ofte she smote,  
With doleful shrikes, that echoed in the skye:  
Whose playnt such sighes dyd strayt accompany,  
That in my doome was never man did see  
A wight but halfe so woe-begon as she.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hydeous hole al vaste, withouten shape,  
Of endless depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,  
Wyth ougly mouth, and grisly jawes doth gape,  
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.  
Here entred we, and yeding forth, anone  
An horrible lothly lake we might discerne  
As blacke as pitche, that cleped is Auerne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbishe grows,  
 With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumpes lyes,  
 Which up in the ayer such stinking vapors throwes  
 That over there, may flye no fowle but dyes,  
 Choakt with the pestilent savours that aryse.  
 Hither we cum, whence forth we still dyd pace,  
 In dreadful feare amid the dreadfull place.

And first within the portche and jawes of hell  
 Sate diepe Remorse of Conscience, al besprent  
 With teares : and to her selfe oft would she tell,  
 Her wretchednes, and cursing never stent  
 To sob and sigh : but ever thus lament,  
 With thoughtful care, as she that all in vayne  
 Would weare and waste continually in payne.

Her iyes unstedfast rolling here and there,  
 Whurld on eche place, as place that vengeauns brought,  
 So was her minde continually in feare,  
 Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought  
 Of those detested crimes which she had wrought :  
 With dreadful cheare and lookes thrown to the skye,  
 Wyshyng for death, and yet she could not dye.

Next sawe we Dread al tremblyng how he shooke,  
 With foot uncertayne proferd here and there :  
 Benumde of speache, and with a gastly looke  
 Searcht evry place al pale and dead for feare,  
 His cap borne up with starting of his heare,  
 Stoynde and amazde at his owne shade for dreed,  
 And fearing greater daungers than was nede.

And next within the entry of this lake  
 Sate fell Revenge gnashing her teeth for yre,  
 Devising means howe she may vengeaunce take,  
 Never to rest tyll she have her desire :  
 But frets within so farforth with the fyre  
 Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,  
 To dye by death, or vengde by death to be.

When fell Revenge with bloudy foule pretence  
 Had showed herselfe as next in order set,  
 With trembling limmes we softly parted thence,  
 Tyll in our iyes another sight we met :

When fro my hart a sigh forthwith I fet,  
Rewing, alas, upon the wofull plight  
Of Miserie, that next appeared in sight.

His face was leane, and sum deale pyned away,  
And eke his handes consumed to the bone,  
But what his body was I cannot say,  
For on his carkas rayment had he none,  
Save cloutes and patches pieced one by one.  
With staffe in hande, and skrip on shoulder cast,  
His chiefe defence agaynst the winters blast.

His foode for most, was wylde fruytes of the tree,  
Unles sumtimes sum crummes fell to his share :  
Which in his wallet long, God wote, kept he,  
As on the which full daynty would he fare.  
His drinke the running streame : his eup the bare  
Of his palme closed : his bed the hard colde groundle.  
To this poore life was Miserie ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well behelde  
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,  
In thoughtful cares, furth then our pace we helde;  
And by and by, another shape apperes,  
Of greedy Care, stil brushing up the breres,  
His knuckles knob'd, his fleshe depe dented in,  
With tawed handes, and hard ytanned skyn.

The morrowe graye no sooner had begunne  
To spreade his light even peping in our iyes,  
When he is up and to his worke yrunne :  
But let the nightes blacke mistye mantels rise,  
And with fowle darke never so much disguyse  
The fayre bright day, yet ceaseth he no whyle,  
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By him lay heavy Slepe, cosin of Death,  
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,  
A very corps, save yelding forth a breath.  
Small kepe took he whom Fortune frowned on,  
Or whom she lifted up into the trone  
Of high renowne, but as a living death,  
So dead alyve, of lyfe he drewe the breath.



The bodyes rest, the quyete of the hart,  
The travayles ease, the still nightes fere was he.  
And of our life in earth the better parte,  
Reuen of sight, and yet in whom we see  
Thinges oft that tide, and ofte that never bee.  
Without respect esteeming equally  
Kyng Cresus pompe, and Irus povertie.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,  
His beard all hoare, his iyes hollow and blynde,  
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,  
As on the place where nature him assinde  
To rest, when that the sisters had untwynde  
His vitall threde, and ended with theyr knyfe  
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken hollow playnt,  
Rewe with himselfe his ende approaching fast,  
And all for nought his wretched minde torment  
With swete remembraunce of his pleasures past,  
And freshe delites of lusty youth forwaste.  
Recounting which, how woulde he sob and shrike,  
And to be yong againe of Jove beseke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed be  
That time forpast cannot retourne agayne,  
This one request of Jove yet prayed he :  
That in such withered plight, and wretched paine,  
As elde (accompanied with his lothsome trayne)  
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grieve,  
He might a while yet linger forth his lief;

And not so soone descend into the pit,  
Where death, when he the mortall corps hath slayne,  
With retchles hande in grave doth cover it,  
Thereafter never to enjoye agayne  
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylayne  
In depth of darknes waste and weare to nought,  
As he had nere into the world been brought.

But who had seene him sobbing, howe he stoode  
Unto himselfe, and howe he would bemone  
His youth forpast, as though it wrought hym good  
To talke of youth, al wer his youth forgone,

He would have mused, and mervayled muche whereon  
This wretched age should life desyre so fayne,  
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his payne.

Crookebackt he was, tooth shaken, and blere eyed,  
Went on three feete, and sometime crept on foure,  
With olde lame bones, that ratled by his syde,  
His skalpe all pilde, and he with elde forlore :  
His withered fist stil knocking at deathes dore,  
Fumbling and driveling as he drawes his breth ;  
For brieve, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Maladie was plaste,  
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all forgone,  
Bereft of stomake, savor, and of taste,  
Ne could she brooke no meat but brothes alone.  
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one  
Abhorring her, her sicknes past recure,  
Detesting phisicke, and all phisickes cure.

But oh the doleful sight that then we see ;  
We turnde our looke, and on the other side  
A griesly shape of Famine mought we see,  
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth that cryed,  
And roard for meat as she should there have dyed :  
Her body thin and bare as any bone,  
Wharto was left nought but the case alone ;

And that alas was knawen on every where  
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrayne  
From teares to see how she her armes could teare,  
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vayne :  
When all for nought she fayne would so sustayne  
Her starven corps, that rather seemde a shade,  
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force whom stonewall could not stay,  
Her tearyng nayles scratching at all she sawe :  
With gaping jawes that by no means ymay  
Be satisfyed from hunger of her mawe,  
But eates her selfe as she that hath no lawe :  
Gnawing alas her carkas all in vayne,  
Where you may count eche sinow, bone, and vayne.



On her while we thus firmly fixt our iyes,  
 That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,  
 Loe sodaynelye she shryght in so huge wyse,  
 As made hell gates to shyver with the myght.  
 Wherewith a dart we sawe howe it did lyght  
 Ryght on her breast, and therewithal pale death  
 Enthrylling it to rave her of her breath.

And by and by a dum dead corps we sawe,  
 Heavy and colde, the shape of death aryght,  
 That dauntes all earthly creatures to his lawe :  
 Agaynst whose force in vayne it is to fyght  
 Ne pieres, ne princes, nor no mortall wyght,  
 No townes, ne realmes, cities, ne strongest tower,  
 But al perforce must yeeld unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,  
 And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)  
 With great triumphe eftsones the same he shooke,  
 That most of all my feares affrayed me :  
 His bodie dight with nought but bones perdye,  
 The naked shape of man there sawe I playne,  
 All save the fleshe, the synowe, and the vayne.

Lastly stooode Warre in glitteryng armes yclad,  
 With visage grym, sterne lookes, and blackely hewed ;  
 In his right hand a naked sworde he had,  
 That to the hiltes was al with bloud embrewed :  
 And in his left (that kinges and kingdomes rewed)  
 Famine and fyre he held, and therewythall  
 He razed townes, and threwe downe towers and all.

Cities he sakt, and realmes that whilom flowered,  
 In honour, glory, and rule above the best,  
 He overwhelnde, and all theyr fame devowred,  
 Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceast,  
 Tyll he theyr wealth, their name, and all opprest.  
 His face forehewed with woundes, and by his side  
 There hunge his terge with gashes depe and wyde.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDWARD VERE, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was born in 1534, and succeeded to the title and estates of his father in 1562. He was a pensioner of St. John's, Cambridge; spent several years in travel; sate as Great Chamberlain of England upon the trial of Mary Queen of Scots; and was one of the most distinguished officers employed against the Spanish Armada. In youth he was remarkable, says Wood, for his wit, adroitness in exercises, and valour and zeal for his country; but he is said to have returned from Italy a finished coxcomb, and it is recorded that he was the first who introduced into England embroidered gloves and perfumes. In consequence of his continually aping Italian dress and manners, he was nicknamed "the Mirrour of Tuscanismo." Some discreditable anecdotes of his life have been preserved. The story of his quarrel with Sir Philip Sidney is little to his repute, and shows the length to which aristocratic privilege was at that time carried. The Earl being one day at play in the Tennis Court, took offence at some remark of Sidney's, ordered him to leave the room, and, on his refusal, applied to him an epithet of contempt. Sir Philip gave his lordship the lie direct, and quitted the place, expecting to be followed by the peer. But Lord Oxford very prudently waited, until the Queen had time to command the peace. Her Majesty then reminded Sir Philip of the difference between earls and gentlemen,—superiors and inferiors. The gallant Sidney, however, boldly protested against such a distinction in such a matter, and refused to obey her Majesty's directions that he should "make submission" to his opponent. Lord Oxford died in 1604.

His Poems, which were greatly extolled by his contemporaries, have never been published in a volume; and are only to be found scattered among various "collections." "All that I have seen of them," says Anthony Wood, "are certain Poems on several subjects, thus entitled:—1. His good Name being blemished, he bewaileth. 2. The Complaint of a Lover wearing Black and Tawnie. 3. Being in Love he complaineth. 4. A Lover rejected complaineth. 5. Not attaining his desire, he complaineth. 6. His mind not being quietly settled, he complaineth: with many such." The most graceful of his productions is that entitled "Fancy and Desire," which Dr. Percy extracted from the "Garland of Good Will," and which is praised by Puttenham for its "excellencie and wit." It was originally published in Breton's "Bower of Delights," edit. 1597, and is to be found in "England's Helicon,"—a volume from which we have also extracted "the Shepheard's Commendation of his Nimph." From "the Paradise of Dayntie Devises" we have copied the poem, entitled, "A Lover disdained, complaineth;" and from these two rare collections of Fugitive poetry, we have borrowed "the Judgement of Desire," and the "Lines attributed to the Earl of Oxford," from a MS. in the Bodleian. In transcribing both, however, we have availed ourselves of copies printed for private circulation by the late Mr. Haslewood—which differ slightly from those that had previously been in print.

Lord Oxford is a fair example of a race of minor poets, who obtained large notoriety which they considered fame, by the occasional production of a few lines in verse, giving utterance to some quaint thought, or absurd conceit, or imaginary grievance, of which "Being in Love he complaineth" was the cuckoo note.

Compositions of this description were doubtless passed from hand to hand, found patrons enough in doleful lovers, under similar circumstances, and were thus frequently fathered upon persons who had no claim to the creation, while some of the best and sweetest of such productions have remained, even to our own day, among the class "anonymous." The age of Queen Elizabeth is particularly rich in these anonymous productions; it forms no part of our plan to include them in this volume, but we must regret that we are therefore compelled to omit many that would adorn any collection of English Poetry.

Lord Oxford, like the greater number of the lesser "wits" of his age, is full of conceit and antithesis, and labours hard to render his thoughts obscure. Yet we may refer our readers to the extracts we have given for proof that he scarcely merits the sarcasm of Dr. Percy—that his reputation has lost nothing in consequence of his writings not having been preserved. The few of his compositions which now exist, lead us, rather, to regret that the other—perhaps the better—productions of his muse have not been transmitted to us. If he acquired fame, while he lived, far beyond his deserts, posterity has too much neglected him.



VERE.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

COME hither, shepherd's swayne :

“Sir, what do you require?”

I pray thee, shewe to me thy name.

“My name is Fond Desire.”

When wert thou borne, Desire ?

“In pompe and pryme of May.”

By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot ?

“By fond Conceit men say.”

Tell me who was thy nurse ?  
 " Fresh Youth in sugred joy."  
 What was thy meate and dayly foode ?  
 " Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke ?  
 " Unsavoury lovers teares."  
 What cradle wert thou rocked in ?  
 " In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe ?  
 " Sweete speech, which likes me best."  
 Tell me, where is thy dwelling place ?  
 " In gentle hartes I rest."

What thing doth please thee most ?  
 " To gaze on beautye stille."  
 Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe ?  
 " Disdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye displease ?  
 " Yea, surelye, many one."  
 Where doth Desire delight to live ?  
 " He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age  
 Bring him unto decaye ?  
 " No, no, Desire both lives and dyes  
 Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewell,  
 Thou art no mate for mee ;  
 I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle  
 With such a one as thee.

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THE JUDGEMENT OF DESIRE.

THE lively larke stretch't forthe her wyng  
 The messenger of mornyng bright,  
 And with her cherefull voyce dyd syng  
 The daie's approche, dischargyng night :  
 When that Aurora, blushyng redd,  
 Discride the gilt of Thetis bedd.

I went abroad to take the aire,  
 And in the meadds I mett a knight,  
 Clad in carnation colour faire:  
 I did salute the youthfull wight,  
 Of him I did his name enquire,  
 He sigh'd and saied it was Desire.

Desire I did desire to staie,  
 Awhile with him I craved talke:  
 The courteous wight said me no naie,  
 But hande in hande with me did walke.  
 Then of Desire I ask'te againe,  
 What thing did please and what did pain.

He smil'd, and thus he answered than;  
 Desire can have no greater paine,  
 Then for to see an other man  
 The thyng desired to obtaine:  
 Nor greater joye can be then this,  
 That to injoye that others misse.

THE SHEPHEARD'S COMMENDATION OF HIS NIMPH.

WHAT shepherd can expresse  
 The favour of her face?  
 To whom in this distresse  
 I doe appeale for grace;  
     A thousand cupids flye  
     About her gentle eye;

From which each throwes a dart  
 That kindleth soft sweet fire  
 Within my sighing heart,  
 Possessed by desire  
     No sweeter life I trie  
     Than in her love to die.

The lilly in the field  
 That glories in his white  
 For purenesse now must yeeld  
 And render up his right.  
     Heaven pictur'd in her face  
     Doth promise joy and grace.

Faire Cynthiae's silver light  
 That beates on running streames,  
 Compares not with her white;  
 Whose haire are all sun-beames.  
     So bright my nimph doth shine  
     As day unto my eyne.

With this there is a red,  
 Exceedes the damaske rose:  
 Which in her cheekes is spred  
 Where every favour growes;  
     In skie there is no starre  
     But she surmounts it farre.

When Phœbus from the bed  
 Of Thetis doth arise,  
 The morning blushing red,  
 In faire carnation wise:  
     He shewes in my nimphs face,  
     As Queene of every grace.

This pleasant lilly white,  
 This taint of roseate red,  
 This Cynthiae's silver light,  
 This sweet faire Dea spred,  
     These sun-beames in mine eye,  
     These beauties make me die.

---

A LOVER DISDAINED, COMPLAINETH.

If ever man had love too dearly bought,  
 So I am he that plaies within her maze:  
 And finds no waie, to get the same I sought,  
 But as the Dere are driven unto the gaze.  
 And to augment the grief of my desire,  
 Myself to burne, I blowe the fire:  
     But shall I come ny you,  
     Of forse I must flie you.

What death, alas, may be compared to this?  
 I plaie within the maze of my swete foe:  
 And when I would of her but crave a kis,  
 Disdainie enforceth her awaie to goe.

Myself I check : yet doe I twiste the twine :  
 The pleasure hers, the paine is myne :  
     But shall I come ny you,  
     Of forse I must flie you.

You courtly wights, that want your pleasant choise,  
 Lende me a floud of teares to waile my chaunce :  
 Happie are thei in love that can rejoyse,  
 To their greate paines, where fortune doeth advance.  
 But sith my sute, alas, can not prevaile !  
 Full freight with care in grief still will I waile :  
     Sith you will needs flie me,  
     I maie not come ny you.

---

LINES ATTRIBUTED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

IF woemen coulde be fayre and yet not fonde,  
 Or that theyre love were firme not fickle still,  
 I would not mervaylle that they make me bonde  
 By servise longe to purchase theyre good will :  
     But when I se how frayll those creatures are,  
     I muse that men forget them selves so farr.

To marcke the choyse they make, and how they change,  
 How oft from Phoebus they do flee to Paun,  
 Unsettled still, like haggardes wild theye range,  
 These gentle byrdes that flye from man to man :  
     Who woulde not scorne and shake them from the fyste,  
     And let them flye, fayre fooles, whiche waye they lyste.

Yet for disporte we fawne and flatter bothe,  
 To pass the tyme when nothinge else can please,  
 And trayne them to our lure with subtylle othe,  
 Till wearye of theyre wiles, our selves we easse :  
     And then we saye, when we theyre fancye trye,  
     To playe with fooles, oh ! what a foole was I.

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GEORGE GASCOIGNE was born at Walthamstow, in Essex, and, according to Wood, in 1540. But the great antiquary is certainly in error, for the poet, who died in 1577, speaks of his "crooked age and hoary heares," and describes the crow's foot as having grown under his eyes. He was educated at Cambridge—"whereof he was unworthy member once"—and entered at Gray's Inn; but his father Sir John Gascoigne, "of an honourable family in Essex," having disinherited him for his thoughtless prodigality, he was compelled to seek employment abroad, and served with distinction in the army of Holland, under the command of the Prince of Orange. Here he became, according to old Puttenham, "as painful a soldier in the affairs of his Prince and Country as he was a witty poet in his writing." The most valuable of his poems details his adventures in the Dutch war; one of these relates to a lady at the Hague, who, while the town was in possession of the enemy, sent him a letter which was intercepted in the camp. Reports were, in consequence, circulated against the loyalty of the soldier-poet, who, at once, laid the affair before the Prince; his jealous and envious accusers were discomfited, and Gascoigne received a passport which enabled him to visit his female friend. He was afterwards made prisoner by the Spaniards, endured a tedious imprisonment, and, on his release, returned to England, resided chiefly at Walthamstow, and resumed the study of the Law. In 1575, he accompanied Queen Elizabeth in one of her progresses to Kenilworth, and recited before her a masque he had composed for her amusement. He died at Stamford, where his declining health had induced his friends to convey him; one of them speaks of himself as being "an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end." "Falling into a lingering and wasting disease, he was taken to Stamford, and there being almost worn to a skeleton, but in a religious, calm, and happy state of mind, he expired without a struggle, recommending his wife and only child to the Queen's bounty." Whatever might have been the follies of his earlier years, he lived to establish a good reputation as a man, and to obtain high and enduring fame as a poet.

Gascoigne is the author of the first prose comedy in our language, the "Supposes," which he partly translated from Ariosto; and his *Jocasta*, also in part a translation, from Euripides, is the second of our tragedies in blank verse. According to Nash, he "first beat the path to that perfection which our best poets have conspired to since his departure;" by another ancient critic he is classed among "the lesser poets—whose works may be endured;" and by another, he is praised for "a goode meetre, and a plentiful wayne." More modern critics have as widely differed in estimating his merits. Mr. Headly states that "though he exhibits few marks of strength, he is not destitute of delicacy," and Mr. Ellis, although he lauds his comedy for "uncommon ease and elegance of dialogue," condemns his "smaller poems" as certainly too diffuse and full of conceit; while Mr. Warton is of opinion that he "has much exceeded all the poets of his age in smoothness and harmony of versification."

His longest production is "the Fruites of Warre"—"written by peecemeal at sundrye tymes, as the Authour had vacaunt leysures from service." "The verse is roughe," he continues in his dedication to the Lord Greye of Wylton, "and a good reason, sithence it treateth of roughe matters." In this, and in his other extended poem, "the Steele Glas," the reader will find many noble thoughts, conveyed in an easy and graceful style; but they are, we think, by no means so rich in fancy as some of his minor compositions. The leading characteristic of his writing is sound good sense; he had studied human nature, had seen the evils of a sinful course in youth, had learned how much of wisdom there is in virtue, and gave to the world his observations and the results of his experience in the form of verse.

His poems were first collected and published in 1587, as "The Pleasauntest Workes of George Gascoigne, Esquyre, newlye compyled into one volume, that is to saye: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of Warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Trajedie of Jocasta, the Steele-Glasse, the Complaint of Phylomene, the Story of Ferdinando Jeronimi, and the Pleasure of Kenelworth Castle." The volume bears the imprint of "Abel Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore Street, without Creeppegate, neere unto Grub-streete." During his life, however, in 1572, he had sent forth a work in Quarto,—"A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres, bound up in one small Posie; gathered partly in fyne outlandish gardens; and partly out of our owne fruitefull orchardes in Englande."





## GASCOIGNE.

FROM A VOYAGE INTO HOLLANDE.

At last the keele which might endure no more,  
Gan rende in twayne and suckt the water in :  
Then might you see pale lookes and wofull cheare,  
Then might you heare loude cries and deadly dinne :  
Well noble minds in perils best appeare,  
And boldest harts in bale will never blinne.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some other cried to cleare the shipboate free,  
To save the chiefe and leave the rest in dust.  
Which word once spoke (a wondrous thing to see)  
All hast post hast, was made to have it done :  
And up it comes in hast much more than speede.

There did I see a wofull worke begonne,  
 Which now (even now) doth make my hart to bleede.  
 Some made such hast that in the boate they wonne,  
 Before it was above the hatches brought.  
 Straunge tale to tell, what hast some men shall make  
 To find their death before the same be sought.  
 Some twixt the boate and shippe their bane do take,  
 Both drownd and slayne with braynes for hast crusht out.

\* \* \* \*

And eare the boate farre from our sight was gon,  
 The wave so wrought, that they (which thought to flee  
 And so to scape) with waves were overronne.  
 Lo how he strives in vain that strives with God!  
 For there we lost the flowre of the band,  
 And of our crew full twentie soules and odde,  
 The Sea sucks up, whils we on hatches stand  
 In smarting feare to feele that selfe same rodde.

\* \* \* \*

#### THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,  
 When false suspect accused mee,  
 George (quod the Judge) holde up thy hande,  
 Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:  
 Tell therefore howe thou wylt bee tryde:  
 Whose judgement here wylt thou abyde?

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,  
 Whome I esteeme above the rest,  
 Doth knowe my guilte if any were:  
 Wherefore hir doome shall please me best  
 Let hir bee Judge and Jurour boathe,  
 To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Quod Beautie, no, it fitteth not  
 A Prince hir selfe to judge the cause:  
 Wyll is our Justice well you wot,  
 Appointed to discusse our Lawes:  
 If you wyll guiltlesse seeme to goe,  
 God and your countrey quitte you so.

Then Crafte the cryer cal'd a quest,  
Of whome was Falshoode formost feere,  
A pack of pickethankes were the rest,  
Which came false witenesse for to beare,  
The Jurye suche, the Judge unjust,  
Sentence was sayde I should be trust.

Jelous the Jayler bound mee fast,  
To heare the verdite of the byll,  
George (quod the Judge) nowe thou art cast,  
Thou must goe hence to heavie hill,  
And there be hangde all bye the head,  
God rest thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then upon my knee,  
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,  
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mee,  
Which here appeale unto your grace,  
You knowe if I have beene untrue,  
It was in too much praysing you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,  
To shead with shame my guiltlesse blood :  
Yet let your pittie first bee plaste,  
To save the man that meant you good,  
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,  
And I maye bee your servaunt seene.

(Quod Beautie) well : bicause I guesse,  
What thou dost meane hencefoorth to bee,  
Although thy faultes deserve no lesse,  
Than Justice here hath judged thee,  
Wylt thou be bounde to stynte all strife,  
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe ?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall,  
Loe Fayth and Trueth my suerties :  
Why then (quod shee) come when I call,  
I aske no better warrantise.  
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,  
At hir commaunde when shee doth call.

---

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born at Hayes-Farm, near East Budeleigh, Devon, in 1552. In 1568, he entered at Oriel College, Oxford, and afterwards at the Middle Temple. But the times were such as to call for action rather than thought; the pursuits of Alma Mater, and the sober study of the law, were soon deserted; the genius of Raleigh eagerly sought and found a more accessible road to fame. He fought during six years, as a volunteer, under the Protestant banner, in France; subsequently served a campaign in the Netherlands; acquired reputation for skill and courage in Ireland, during the rebellion of 1580; and, on his return to England, obtained, "through a piece of gallantry," the favour of Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was knighted, and raised to high honours, "having gotten the Queen's ear in a trice," and alarmed the jealousy of the favourite, Leicester. Yet, "far from sucking in the luxuries and vanities of a court, while he enjoyed the smile of it, both his thoughts and his purse were employed in preparations to leave it for a very different course of life."

The various chances and changes of his eventful career—his attempt to colonize Virginia, his participation in the destruction of the "invincible" Armada, his expedition against Panama, his capture of San Joseph, his parliamentary conduct as knight of the shire for his native county, his co-operation in the taking of Cadiz, his share in "the Island Voyage," his serious or absurd contests with the Earl of Essex, his appointments to profitable places by the Queen, his disgrace under the reign of her successor, his trial and condemnation upon an ill-sustained charge of high treason, his imprisonment of fifteen wearisome years, his subsequent disastrous voyage to Guiana, his return, and his unjust execution, under his old and almost forgotten sentence—are matters at which we can but, in passing, glance. The mention of them supplies an outline of the full life of one who was distinguished as "the noble and valorous knight," a man of astonishing energy, who combined almost every variety of talent, whose acquirements in science were marvellous, whose heroic courage and indomitable perseverance are almost without parallel, whose enterprize was unchecked by difficulties and unchilled by failure, and who, while excelling in feats of arms and in strength of counsel, surpassed also in those arts which are the more exclusive produce of retirement and peace,—history, oratory, philosophy, politics, and poetry. His death took place on the 29th October, 1618.

Raleigh is described as always making a very elegant appearance, both in splendor of attire and politeness of address; as "having a good presence, a handsome and well-compacted person, a strong natural wit and a better judgment, with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage."

The poetical remains of Sir Walter Raleigh are few, but they suffice to show how greatly he could have excelled in this art of peace, had circumstances enabled him, and inclination prompted him, to devote to it the energies of his capacious mind. In his minor writings, as in his stupendous plans, he was original, bold, and adventurous; and although it is difficult, according to old Puttenham, "to find out and make public his doings"—many poems being attributed to him upon unsatisfactory evidence—there is proof enough in those which are undoubtedly his, to sustain a very high reputation. Spenser, his personal friend, speaking of his poetry, styles him "the summer nightingale," who was "Himself as skilful in that art as any."

Among other specimens, we have inserted one to which has been given the several titles of "the Lye," "the Soul's Errand," and "the Soul's Farewell." It is doubtful whether Raleigh was really the writer of it; it is, at least, certain that the tradition is erroneous which describes it as having been "penned down" by him on the night before his execution, as it was printed in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsodie" ten years previous to that event. Mr. Ellis assigns it to Joshua Sylvester, "until a more authorised claimant shall appear;" but it is so vastly superior to the known compositions of this author, that we are inclined to withhold from him the merit of having produced it, and prefer the authority of the collector of "Ancient Reliques," who assigns it to Raleigh, and surmises that it might have been written in 1603, after his condemnation, when he was in hourly anticipation of death. The poem is so transcendently vigorous, that we think few of his contemporaries could have produced it; the style, moreover, greatly resembles that of Raleigh, — a blending of mature reflection, forcible thought, and striking metaphor.



## RALEIGH.

### THE SHEPHEARD TO THE FLOWERS.

SWEET violets, Love's paradise, that spread  
Your gracious odours, which you couched beare  
Within your palie faces,  
Upon the gentle wing of some calme breathing winde,  
That playes amidst the plaine,  
If by the favour of propitious starres you gaine  
Such grace as in my ladie's bosome place to finde,  
Be proud to touch those places !  
And when her warmth your moysture forth doth weare,  
Whereby her daintie parts are sweetly fed,  
Your honours of the flowrie meades I pray,

You pretty daughters of the earth and sunne,  
 With milde and seemely breathing straite display  
 My bitter sighs, that have my hart undone !

Vermillion roses, that with new dayes rise,  
 Display your crimson folds fresh looking faire,  
 Whose radiant bright disgraces  
 The rich adorned rayes of roseate rising morne !  
 Ah, if her virgin's hand  
 Do pluck your purse, ere Phœbus view the land,  
 And vaile your gracious pompe in lovely Nature's scorne,  
 If chaunce my mistresse traces  
 Fast by your flowers to take the Sommer's ayre,  
 Then wofull blushing tempt her glorious eyes  
 To spread their teares, Adonis' death reporting,  
 And tell Love's torments, sorrowing for her friend,  
 Whose drops of blood, within your leaves consorting,  
 Report fair Venus' moanes to have no end !  
 Then may Remorse, in pittying of my smart,  
 Drie up my teares, and dwell within her hart !

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THE SHEPHEARD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

MELIBEUS.

SHEPHEARD, what's Love, I pray thee tell ?

FAUSTUS.

It is that fountaine, and that well,  
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell :  
 It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell,  
 That toules all into heaven or hell :  
 And this is Love, as I heard tell.

MELIBEUS.

Yet what is Love, I prethee say ?

FAUSTUS.

It is a worke on holy-day,  
 It is December match'd with May,  
 When lustie bloods in fresh aray  
 Heare ten months after of the play :  
 And this is Love, as I heare say.



MELIBEUS.

Yet what is Love, good Shepheard saine ?

FAUSTUS.

It is a sun-shine mixt with raine ;  
It is a tooth-ach ; or like paine :  
It is a game, where none doth gaine.  
The lass saith no, and would full faine :  
And this is Love, as I heare saine.

MELIBEUS.

Yet, Shepheard, what is Love, I pray ?

FAUSTUS.

It is a yea, it is a nay,  
A pretty kind of sporting fray,  
It is a thing will soone away ;  
Then Nymphs take 'vantage while ye may ;  
And this is Love, as I heare say.

MELIBEUS.

Yet what is Love, good Shepheard show ?

FAUSTUS.

A thing that creepes, it cannot goe ;  
A prize that passeth to and fro,  
A thing for one, a thing for moe,  
And he that prooves shall find it so,  
And, Shepheard, this is Love I trow.

---

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are likened best to floods and streames ;  
The shallow murmur, but the deepe are dumb.  
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems  
The bottom is but shallow whence they come :  
They that are rich in words must needs discover,  
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.



Wrong not, sweet mistresse of my heart,  
The merit of true passion,  
With thinking that he feels no smart,  
Who sues for no compassion !

Since, if my plaints were not t' approve  
The conquest of thy beautie,  
It comes not from defect of love,  
But fear t' exceed my dutie.

For, knowing that I sue to serve  
A sainte of such perfection,  
As all desire, but none deserve  
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want reliefe  
Than venture the revealing :  
Where glory recommends the griefe,  
Despaire disdains the healing !

Thus those desires that boil so high  
In any mortal lover,  
When Reason cannot make them die,  
Discretion them must cover.

Yet when Discretion doth bereave  
The plaintes that I should utter,  
Then your Discretion may perceive  
That Silence is a Suitor.

Silence in Love bewrays more woe  
Than words, though nere so witty ;  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pitty !

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart !  
My love for secret passion ;  
He smarteth most that hides his smart,  
And sues for no compassion !

---

## A VISION UPON THE FAIRY QUEEN.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave, where Laura lay  
 Within that temple, where the vestal flame  
 Was wont to burn; and, passing by that way,  
 To see that buried dust of living fame,  
 Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept:  
 All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen;  
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,  
 And, from thenceforth, those Graces were not seen;  
 For they this Queen attended; in whose stead  
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:  
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,  
 And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce:  
 Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,  
 And curs'd the access of that celestial thief!

## THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH.

EVEN such is Time, that takes on trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with age and dust;  
 Who in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wandered all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days!  
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

## THE LYE.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,  
 Upon a thankelesse arrant;  
 Feare not to touche the best,  
 The truth shall be thy warrant:  
 Goe, since I needs must dye,  
 And give the world the lye.

Goe, tell the court it glowes  
And shines like rotten wood ;  
Goe, tell the church it showes  
What's good, and doth no good ;  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live  
Acting by others actions ;  
Not lov'd unlesse they give,  
Not strong but by their factions ;  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practise onely hate ;  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost  
Seek nothing but commending ;  
And if they make reply,  
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion ;  
Tell love, it is but lust ;  
Tell time, it is but motion ;  
Tell flesh, it is but dust ;  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth ;  
Tell honour, how it alters ;  
Tell beauty, how she blasteth ;  
Tell favour, how she falters ;  
And as they shall reply,  
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of nicenesse ;

Tell wisdom, she entangles  
Herselfe in over-wisenesse ;  
And if they do reply  
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse ;  
Tell skill, it is pretension ;  
Tell charity of coldnesse ;  
Tell law, it is contention ;  
And as they yield reply,  
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse ;  
Tell Nature of decay ;  
Tell friendship of unkindnesse ;  
Tell justice of delay ;  
And if they dare reply,  
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,  
But vary by esteeming ;  
Tell schooles they want profoundnesse ;  
And stand too much on seeming ;  
If arts and schooles reply,  
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie ;  
Tell how the country erreth ;  
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie,  
Tell, vertue least preferreth ;  
And, if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
Although to give the lye  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soule can kill.

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EDMUND SPENSER, descended from the ancient family of the Spensers in Northamptonshire, was born in London, probably about the year 1553. He was sent, as a sizar, to Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, and matriculated in 1569. Here he wrote poetry, and won the friendship of the celebrated Gabriel Harvey, but was disappointed, perhaps fortunately, in his desire of university distinction. He retired into the north of England, fell in love, became the "baby of a girl," and she rejected his addresses and his pastorals. From this life of indolence, of poverty, and hopelessness, his friend Harvey recalled him to London, and procured him the patronage of Sir Philip Sidney. The Laureatship followed, bestowed by Sir Philip's admiring queen. This however was a barren gift, made more barren by the disfavour of Burleigh. Spenser was seldom allowed to enjoy even his good fortune. But not the less was the fortune his, who could interdict the great but ungracious earl from the Muses for ever!

"O let not those of whom the muse is scorn'd  
Alive or dead, be by the Muse adorn'd!"

The exertions of Spenser's noble and gentle patron however were unceasing, and shortly after this a life of activity was struck out for him. In 1580 he was sent to Ireland in the office of secretary to the new Lord Deputy, and discharged its duties with able and faithful integrity. Soon after his recall, the queen presented him with a grant of land in Ireland from the forfeited estate of Desmond. Plunged in grief from the death of his beloved Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser gladly took refuge in this new scene. Four years of happy tranquillity here passed away, bearing for the world the glorious fruit of the first three books of the Faery Queen. Spenser carried these to London in the year 1590, in company with Sir Walter Raleigh, who had visited him at Kilcolman. Here he was doomed again to encounter the frowns of Burleigh. On his return to Ireland he abjured his old love by marriage with a new one, a country lass of mean birth, as he tells, whose name was Elizabeth. In an interval of six years which succeeded he paid several visits to England; wrote many poems, among them the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the Fairy Queen; and published a very able and statesmanlike view of the condition of Ireland. A dreadful calamity now awaited him—the fatal corroboration of his opinions respecting that unhappy country. The Tyrone rebellion broke out, his estate was plundered, his house and one of his children burnt by the rebels, and he was driven into England with his wife and remaining children, a poor and wretched exile. He never recovered this misery. In 1599 he died at an obscure lodging in London, in extreme indigence and want of bread. The Earl of Essex had made an effort for him which came too late. It was the fate of the Poet, while feeling bitterly the ill intentions of his foes, seldom to realize the good intentions of his friends. But it is easy to repay suffering during life with honours after it, and Spenser had a great funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Edmund Spenser possessed the abstract faculty of poetry, in a higher degree than any other poet of England. He occupies in common with three other illustrious men, the first rank of poetical fame in his country; but in the truest sense of the term poetry, he stands before all, unapproachably alone. When we wish to be removed altogether from the actual world, to take up our residence in the exclusive poetical region, to be laid in the bosom of a more quiet and more lovely nature than that of earth, we must resort to the works of Spenser. Himself a man of action, his poetry is the expression of perfect luxuriousness and relaxation; of a fairy land of voluptuous sentiment and fancy, where the pathos, that is there, does not act with tears, and the passion and strength, that are there also, influence us through a medium of visionary sublimity, and by associations of preternatural power. The controlling presence of the poetry of Spenser is a love of beauty and a sense of pleasure. We have them equally in his description of a lonely solitude, or of a scene of more than Eastern magnificence; in his picture of a withered old man in his cave, or of the wanton beauties of an enchanted lake. Spenser's imagination is inexhaustible, and his command of language the most copious and various. And though his genius is, as we have said, steeped in pleasure, all it sends forth may rank in the very first order of refinement, and moral truth. If a fault could be urged, indeed, against his great poem, it would be perhaps that its moral design is even obtrusive.



SPENSER.

FROM THE FAERIE QUEENE.

IN which amazement when the miscreaunt  
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,  
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,  
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;  
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,  
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine  
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,  
And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine  
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismayd,  
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,  
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,  
 By righteous sentence of th' Almighty law.  
 Then gan the villain him to overcraw,  
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,  
 And all that might him to perdition draw;  
 And bad him choose, what death he would desire:  
 For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,  
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,  
 And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake  
 And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,  
 And troubled blood through his pale face was seene  
 To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,  
 As it a running messenger had beene.  
 At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,  
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine  
 The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,  
 As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,  
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,  
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,  
 And to him said; "Fie, fie, faint hearted knight,  
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?  
 Is this the battaile, which thou vauntst to fight  
 With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?"

"Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,  
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy many hart,  
 Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:  
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?  
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?  
 Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,  
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,  
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:  
 Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arrive  
 Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;  
 A place pickt out by choyce of best alive,



That natures worke by art can imitate :  
 In which whatever in this worldly state  
 Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,  
 Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,  
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,  
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,  
 As well their entred guestes to keep within,  
 As those unruly beasts to hold without ;  
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin ;  
 Nought feard their force that fortilage to win,  
 But Wisedomes powre, and Temperaunces might,  
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin :  
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,  
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,  
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt ;  
 And therein all the famous history  
 Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt ;  
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt ;  
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,  
 His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt ;  
 The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece  
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry  
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,  
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,  
 Or yvory into the waves were sent ;  
 And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent  
 With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,  
 A piteous spectacle did represent ;  
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled  
 Yt seemd th' enchaunted flame, which did Crëusa wed.

All this and more might in that goodly gate  
 Be red, that ever open stood to all  
 Which thether came : but in the porch there sate  
 A comely personage of stature tall,  
 And semblaunce pleasing, more than naturall,  
 That traueilers to him seemd to entize ;  
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,

And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,  
Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

They in that place him Genius did call :  
Not that celestiaall powre, to whom the care  
Of life, and generation of all  
That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,  
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,  
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware :  
That is our selfe, whom though we do not see,  
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee :

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity  
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call :  
But this same was to that quite contrary,  
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,  
That secretly doth us procure to fall  
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see :  
He of this gardin had the governall,  
And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,  
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With divers flowres he daintily was deckt,  
And strowed rownd about ; and by his side  
A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,  
As if it had to him bene sacrificide ;  
Wherewith all new-come guests be gratyfide :  
So did he eke sir Guyon passing by ;  
But he his ydle curtesie defide,  
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,  
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

Thus being entred, they behold arownd  
A large and spacious plaine, on every side  
Strowed with pleasauns ; whose fayre grassy grownd  
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide  
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,  
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne  
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride  
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,  
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

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Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspéct  
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight  
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect;  
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,  
 Brydling his will and maystering his might:  
 Till that he came unto another gate;  
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight  
 With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate  
 Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

So fashioned a porch with rare device,  
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,  
 Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice  
 All passers-by to taste their lushious wine,  
 And did themselves into their hands incline,  
 As freely offering to be gathered;  
 Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,  
 Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,  
 Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,  
 So made by art to beautify the rest,  
 Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,  
 As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,  
 That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest  
 Did bow adowne as overburdened.  
 Under that porch a comely dame did rest  
 Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered,  
 And garments loose that seemd unmeet for womanhed:

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,  
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,  
 Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach  
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,  
 That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:  
 Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,  
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:  
 It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast;  
 Who, taking it out of her tender hond,  
 The cup to ground did violently cast,  
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,

And with the liquor stained all the lond :  
 Whereat Excesse exceedinly was wroth,  
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,  
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth ;  
 Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie paradise on ground  
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,  
 And none does others happinesse envye ;  
 The painted flowres ; the trees upshooting hye ;  
 The dales for shade ; the hilles for breathing space ;  
 The trembling groves ; the christall running by ;  
 And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,  
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude  
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine),  
 That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude  
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
 So striving each th' other to undermine,  
 Each did the others worke more beautify ;  
 So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :  
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,  
 This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,  
 Of richest substance that on Earth might bee,  
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood  
 Through every channell running one might see ;  
 Most goodly it with curious ymageree  
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,  
 Of which some seemd with lively jollitee  
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
 Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all of purest gold was spread  
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew :  
 For the rich metall was so coloured,  
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,  
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew ;  
 Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,  
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew  
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,  
 Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well  
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
 The which into an ample laver fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
 That like a litle lake it seemd to bee,  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,  
 All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,  
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was sett  
 With shady laurell trees, thence to defend  
 The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,  
 And those which therein bathed mote offend.  
 As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,  
 Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,  
 Which therein bathing seemed to contend  
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde  
 Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight  
 Above the waters, and then downe againe  
 Her plong, as over-maystered by might,  
 Where both awhile would covered remaine,  
 And each the other from to rise restraine;  
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,  
 So through the christall waves appeared plaine:  
 Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,  
 And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,  
 His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:  
 Or as the Cyprian goddessse, newly borne  
 Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:  
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare  
 Christalline humor dropped downe apace.  
 Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,  
 And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;  
 His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton maidens him espying, stood  
 Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;  
 Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,  
 Abasht that her a straunger did avise:  
 But th' other rather higher did arise,

And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,  
 And all, that might his melting hart entyse  
 To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;  
 The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

With that the other likewise up arose,  
 And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd  
 Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,  
 Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,  
 And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:  
 So that faire spectacle from him was reft,  
 Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd:  
 So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,  
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,  
 That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,  
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.  
 Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace  
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face  
 The secrete signs of kindled lust appeare,  
 Their wanton merriments they did encrease,  
 And to him beckned to approach more neare,  
 And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare.

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Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,  
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,  
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee;  
 For all that pleasing is to living eare  
 Was there consorted in one harmonee;  
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
 Their notes unto the voice attemptred sweet;  
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
 To th' instruments divine respondence meet;  
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
 With the base murmure of the waters fall;  
 The waters fall with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;  
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,  
 Was the faire witch herselfe now solacing  
 With a new lover, whom, through sorceree  
 And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring :  
 There she had him now laid a slombering  
 In secret shade after long wanton joyes ;  
 Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing  
 Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,  
 That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

And all that while right over him she hong  
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,  
 As seeking medicine whence she was stong,  
 Or greedily depasturing delight ;  
 And oft inclining downe with kisses light,  
 For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,  
 And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,  
 Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd ;  
 Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewld.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay ;  
 “ Ah ! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,  
 In springing flowre the image of thy day !  
 Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee  
 Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,  
 That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may !  
 Lo ! see soone after how more bold and free  
 Her bared bosome she doth broad display !  
 Lo ! see soone after how she fades and falls away !

“ So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
 Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre ;  
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,  
 That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre  
 Of many a lady and many a paramowre !  
 Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,  
 For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre :  
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,  
 Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.”

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SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, the eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney, was born on the 29th of November, 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent. His life was one scene of romance from its commencement to its close. His early years were spent in travel, and on his return he was married to the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, a lady of many accomplishments, and of "extraordinary handsomenesse," but his heart was given to another. The Lady Penelope Devereux won it, and kept it till he fell on the field of Zutphen. Family regards had forbad their marriage, but she was united to the immortal part of him, and that contract has not been yet dissolved. She is still the Philoclea of the *Arcadia*, and Stella in the poems of *Astrophel*. It is unnecessary to follow, in detail, the course of Sir Philip Sidney's life. There is no strange inconsistency in it to reason off, no stain to clear, no blame to talk away. We describe it when we name his accomplishments. We remember it as we would a dream of uninterrupted glory. His learning, his beauty, his chivalry, his grace, shed a lustre on the most glorious reign recorded in the English annals. England herself, by reason of the wide-spread fame of Sir Philip Sidney, rose exalted in the eyes of foreign nations. He was the idol, the darling, of his own. For, with every sort of power at his command, it was his creed to think all vain but affection and honour, and to hold the simplest and cheapest pleasures the truest and most precious. The only displeasure he ever incurred at court, was, when he vindicated the rights and independence of English commoners in his own gallant person, against the arrogance of English nobles in the person of the Earl of Oxford. For a time, then, he retired from the court, and sought rest in his loved simplicity. He went to Wilton, and there, for the amusement of his dear sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke, he wrote the "*Arcadia*." "My great uncle," says Aubrey, "Mr. T. Browne, remembered him; and said that he was wont to take his table-book out of his pocket, and write down his notions as they came into his head, when he was writing his *Arcadia*, as he was hunting on our pleasant plains." Again, however, he returned to court, and his Queen seized every opportunity to do him honour. He received her smiles with the same high and manly gallantry, the same plain and simple boldness, with which he had taken her frowns. In the end, Elizabeth—who, to preserve this "jewel of her crown," had forcibly laid hands on him when he projected a voyage to America with Sir Francis Drake, and laid her veto on his quitting England, when he was offered the crown of Poland—could not restrain his bravery in battle, when circumstances called him there. At Zutphen, on the 22d of September, 1586, he received a mortal wound. He had a noble mourning. Kings clad themselves in dresses of grief, and universities poured forth their classical tributes of learning and of love.

It is impossible to look through an impartial medium at the genius of Sir Philip Sidney. It has the same privileges that adorned his life. "His wit and understanding," says his friend Lord Brooke, "beat upon his heart, to make himself and others, not in word or opinion, but in life and action, good and great." This beating upon the heart includes almost all that we would say. The sweetness of his poetry, its exquisite and pensive softness, its delicacy, and fanciful richness, may be all referred to this, and to this alone, for in no other poet are they felt, as we feel them in Sidney, joined in immediate and most subtle union with the personal refinement of the poet's nature. Its main defects arise, as we apprehend, from the occasional ill-harmonised connexion which is seen in it between the high heroic and the simple pastoral. His sonnets we consider exquisite. They express, in the highest and most perfect way, the lofty Sidnean love. For in this, as in all things else, we are thrown again upon a personal reference. We must remember that it is the love of Sir Philip Sidney, a love which did not feed upon, and exhaust itself, but which pervaded and illustrated his life, his actions, his pursuits, and made the glorious vanities and graceful hyperboles of the passion

" Things not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

Let us be careful, then, in accusing Sir Philip Sidney of conceit. The images which lay at his feet, and were to him most natural, live far away from the thoughts of more ordinary men. Judge him in all things by his own standard, and he will be found in all things more than worthy of his undying fame.



SIDNEY.

FROM ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.

IN truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind  
Thou doest proceed, in thy most serious wayes?  
That when the heav'n to thee his best displays,  
Yet of that best, thou leav'st the best behinde  
For like a childe that some faire booke doth find,  
With gilded leaves or colour'd velume playes,  
Or, at the most on some fine picture staves,  
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind:

So when thou saw'st, in nature's cabinet  
Stella, thou straight look'tst babies in her eyes,

In her cheekes' pit, thou did'st thy pitfould set,  
 And in her breast, bo-peepe, or couching, lies,  
 Playing, and shining in each outward part;  
 But, foole, seek'st not to get into her heart.

---

BECAUSE I oft, in darke abstracted guise,  
 Seeme most alone in greatest company;  
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awrie,  
 To them that would make speech of speech arise:  
 They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,  
 That poison foule of bubbling pride doth lie  
 So in my swelling breast, that only I  
 Fawne on myselfe, and others do despise:

Yet pride, I thinke, doth not my soule possesse,  
 Which looks too oft in his unflattering glasse:  
 But one worse fault, ambition, I confesse,  
 That makes me oft my best friends overpasse,  
 Unseene, unheard, while thought to highest place  
 Bends all his power, even unto Stella's grace.

---

WITH how sad steps, O moone, thou climb'st the skies!  
 How silently, and with how wanne a face!  
 What! may it be, that ev'n in heav'nly place  
 That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries?  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
 I reade it in thy lookes, thy languish't grace  
 To me, that feele the like, thy state describes.

Then, ev'n of fellowship, O moone, tell me,  
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?  
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
 Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet  
 Those lovers scorne, whom that love doth possesse?  
 Do they call vertue there ungratefulnesse?

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COME, sleepe; O sleepe! the certaine knot of peace,  
 The baiting place of wit, the balme of woe,  
 The poore man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
 Th' indifferent judge betweene the high and low;

With shield of prooffe, shield me from out the prease  
Of those fierce darts, despaire at me doth throw :

O make in me those civil warres to cease ;  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.

Take thou of me, smooth pillowes, sweetest bed ;  
A chamber deafe to noise, and blind to light ;  
A rosie garland, and a weary hed :  
And if these things, as being thine by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

---

HAVING this day my horse, my hand, my launce,  
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,  
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,  
And of some sent from that sweet enemy Fraunce ;  
Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advaunce ;  
Town-folkes my strength ; a daintier judge applies  
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise :  
Some luckie wits impute it but to chaunce :

Others, because of both sides I doe take  
My blood from them who did excell in this,  
Thinke nature me a man of armes did make ;  
How farre they shot awrie ! the true cause is,  
Stella look't on, and from her heav'nly face,  
Sent forth the beames which made so faire my race.

---

O EYES ! which do the spheares of beautie move,  
Whose beames be joyes, whose joyes all vertues be,  
Who, while they make love conquer, conquer love,  
The schooles where Venus hath learn'd chastitie.

O eyes ! where humble lookes most glorious prove,  
Onely, lov'd tyrants, just in cruelty,  
Do not, O do not, from poore me remove,  
Keep still my zenith, ever shine on me :

For though I never see them, but straightwayes  
My life forgets to nourish languish't sprites,  
Yet still on me, O eyes, dart downe your rayes ;  
And if, from majestie of sacred lights  
Oppressing mortall sense, my death proceed,  
Wrackes triumphs be, which love, high set, doth breed.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to ev'ry one,  
 Nor do not use set colours for to weare ;  
 Nor nourish speciall locks of vowed hair ;  
 Nor give each speech a full point of a grone ;  
 The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the mone  
 Of them, who, in their lips, Love's standerd beare ;  
 What he ? say they of me, now dare I sweare,  
 He cannot love : no, no ; let him alone.

And thinke so still, so Stella knowe my minde,  
 Professe, indeed, I do not, Cupid's art ;  
 But you, faire maides, at length this true shall finde,  
 That his right badge is but worne in the hart :  
 Dumbe swannes, not chat'ring pies, do lovers prove,  
 They love indeed who quake to say they love.

---

SONG.

WHO is it that this darke night,  
 Underneath my window playneth ?  
 It is one, who from thy sight  
 Being (ah !) exil'd, disdayneth  
 Ev'ry other vulgar light.

Why, alas ! and are you he ?  
 Be not yet those fancies changed ?  
 Dere, when you find change in me,  
 Though from me you be estranged,  
 Let my chaunge to ruine be.

Well, in absence this will dy ;  
 Leave to see, and leave to wonder.  
 Absence sure will helpe, if I  
 Can learne, how myselfe to sunder  
 From what in my heart doth ly.

But time will these thoughts remove :  
 Time doth work what no man knoweth ;  
 Time doth as the subject prove ;  
 With time still affection groweth  
 In the faithfull turtle-dove.

What if ye new beauties see,  
 Will not they stir new affection?  
 I will thinke thy pictures be,  
 (Image-like, of saints perfection)  
 Poorely counterfeting thee.

But your reason's purest light,  
 Bids you leave such minds to nourish.  
 Dere, do reason no such spite;  
 Never doth thy beauty flourish  
 More then in thy reason's sight.

But the wrongs love beares, will make  
 Love at length leave undertaking.  
 No, the more fooles it do shake,  
 In a ground of so firme making,  
 Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace! I think that some give eare;  
 Come no more, lest I get anger.  
 Blisse, I will my blisse forbeare;  
 Fearing (sweete) you to endanger;  
 But my soule shall harbour there.

Well, begone; begone, I say,  
 Lest that Argus eyes perceive you.  
 O unjust is fortune's sway!  
 Which can make me thus to leave you;  
 And from lowts to run away.

---

SONG.

HAVE I caught my heav'nly jewell,  
 Teaching sleepe most faire to be?  
 Now will I teach her that she,  
 When she wakes, is too too cruell.

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charm'd,  
 The two only darts of Love;  
 Now will I, with that boy, prove  
 Some play, while he is disarm'd.

Her tongue, waking, still refuseth,  
 Giving frankly niggard *no*:  
 Now will I attempt to know,  
 What *no* her tongue, sleeping, useth.

See the hand which, waking, gardeth,  
 Sleeping, grants a free resort :  
 Now will I invade the fort ;  
 Cowards Love with losse rewardeth.

But, O foole ! thinke of the danger  
 Of her just and high disdaine :  
 Now will I, alas ! refraine ;  
 Love feares nothing else but anger.

Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,  
 Do invite a stealing kisse :  
 Now will I but venture this,  
 Who will read, must first learne spelling.

Oh ! sweet kisse ! but ah ! she's waking ;  
 Low'ring beautie chastens me :  
 Now will I away hence flee :  
 Foole ! more foole ! for no more taking.

## SONG.

O you that heare this voice,  
 O you that see this face,  
 Say whether of the choice  
 Deserves the former place :  
 Feare not to judge this bate,  
 For it is void of hate.

This side doth beauty take,  
 For that doth musike speake,  
 Fit oratours to make  
 The strongest judgements weake :  
 The barre to plead their right,  
 Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,  
 These gentle lawyers wage,  
 Like loving brothers case,  
 For fathers heritage :  
 That each while each contends,  
 It selfe to other lends.



For beautie beautifies,  
With heavenly hew and grace,  
The heavenly harmonies ;  
And in this faultlesse face,  
The perfect beauties be  
A perfect harmony.

Musike more loftly swels  
In speeches nobly placed :  
Beauty as farre excels,  
In action aptly graced :  
A friend each party drawes,  
To countenance his cause :

Love more affected seemes,  
To beauties lovely light,  
And wonder more esteemes  
Of musikes wondrous might,  
But both to both so bent,  
As both in both are spent.

Musike doth witnesse call  
The eare his truth to trie :  
Beauty brings to the hall,  
Eye-judgement of the eye.  
Both in their objects such,  
As no exceptions tutch.

The common sense, which might  
Be arbiter of this,  
To be forsooth upright,  
To both sides partiall is :  
He layes on this chiefe praise,  
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

Then reason princesse try,  
Whose throne is in the mind,  
Which musike can in sky  
And hidden beauties find,  
Say whither thou wilt crowne  
With limitlesse renowne.

---

FULKE GREVILLE, Lord Brooke, "servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney," was born at Alcester, Warwickshire, in 1554. He was educated both at Oxford and at Cambridge, and obtained the favour of Queen Elizabeth, of whose court he was one of the brightest ornaments, and by whom he was rewarded with many profitable employments. He was created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of James the First, was afterwards appointed sub-treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and elevated to the Peerage in 1621. He was suddenly stabbed by one of his own retainers, who had served him long and faithfully, and who perhaps committed the act in a moment of madness, for he immediately afterwards destroyed himself. Lord Brooke died of the wound on the 30th of September, 1628.

The memorable epitaph we have quoted, and which he ordered to be inscribed on his tomb-stone, has rendered his name more familiar to the general reader than his many poems. He was the relative as well as the "friend" of Sir Philip Sidney; with whom he lived in "familiar exercise," and of whose friendship he boasts as the highest honour in the life of one who lived in favour with crowned Monarchs and was the "Counsellor" of Kings.

His Poems consist of various long and uninviting "Treatises" on Humane Learning, Warres, Monarchie, and Religion:—and an Inquisition upon Fame and Honour. The Treatise on Monarchie is divided into fifteen sections, each section discussing such topics as "Strong Tyrants," "the excellency of Monarchy" compared with "Aristocracy," "Democracy," and both "joyntly," and including the subjects of Peace, War, the Church, Commerce, Crown Revenue, &c. They were first published in 1633; and there are twenty-two pages wanting in all the copies that have yet been examined. They were doubtless cancelled, after the work was printed, because of something that was deemed censurable in their contents. It is probable, however, that these "erasures" may yet be recovered.

"His writings," observes Dr. Southey, "have an additional value, if (as may be believed) they represent the feelings and opinions of Sir Philip Sidney as well as his own:—and, perhaps, we may be justified in imagining that the friendship between the two great men and great Poets was recorded by Sidney in the following exquisite lines:—

"My true love hath my heart and I have his,  
By just exchange one for another given,  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven;  
My true love hath my heart and I have his.  
His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guide,  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,  
I cherish his, because in me it hides;  
My true love hath my heart and I have his."

We may observe that it was usual for the older poets to address their friends by such endearing epithets as are now only applied to women. Portia calls Antonio the "bosom lover" of her lord; and the rough Menenius boasts of Coriolanus as his "lover." A more remarkable instance in illustration of this, mingling the real and the imaginative, will be found in the extracts from the poems of Shakspeare.

Learning, sound judgment, and good intentions in the writer, are more apparent than poetry in the "Poems" and "Remains" of the statesman and the scholar. At times his meaning is so obscure as to be absolutely unintelligible. Now and then, however, he breaks forth in a strain of impassioned eloquence. His versification, though occasionally harsh and uncouth, is more often easy, and even harmonious. It is evident, at the same time, that he gave deeper consideration to the matter than to the manner of his writing; and was more anxious to impress upon the minds of his readers the weight and value of momentous truths than to please the fancy or even to interest the feelings;—

"His polish'd lines  
Are fittest to accomplish high designs."

The Poems of Lord Brooke, although by no means attractive as a whole, contain enough to establish his character as a poet, and afford abundant proof that he was an enlightened statesman, a good citizen, and an upright man—one, in short, worthy to bear the title he so much coveted—"the friend of Sir Philip Sidney."



## BROOKE.

FROM A TREATISE OF WARRES.

THUS see we how these ugly furious spirits,  
Of warre, are cloth'd, colour'd, and disguis'd,  
With stiles of vertue, honour, zeale, and merits,  
Whose owne complexion, well anatomis'd,  
A mixture is of pride, rage, avarice,  
Ambition, lust, and every tragicke vice.

Some love no equals, some superiours scorne,  
One seekes more worlds, and he will Helene have,  
This covets gold, with divers faces borne,  
These humours reigne, and lead men to their grave :  
Whereby for bayes, and little wages, we  
Ruine our selves, to raise up tyranny.

And as when winds among themselves doe jarre,  
 Seas there are tost, and wave with wave must fight :  
 So when pow'rs restlesse humours bring forth warre,  
 There people beare the faults, and wounds of might :  
     The error, and diseases of the head  
     Descending still, untill the limmes be dead.

Yet are not peoples errors, ever free  
 From guilt of wounds they suffer by the warre ;  
 Never did any publike misery  
 Rise of it selfe ; Gods plagues still grounded are  
 On common staines of our humanity :  
     And to the flame, which ruineth mankind,  
     Man gives the matter, or at least gives wind.

Nor are these people carried into blood  
 Onely, and still with violent giddy passion,  
 But in our nature, rightly understood,  
 Rebellion lives, still striving to disfashion  
 Order, authority, lawes, any good,  
     That should restraine our liberty of pleasure,  
     Bound our designes, or give desire a measure.

So that in man the humour radicall  
 Of violence, is a swelling of desire ;  
 To get that freedome, captiv'd by his fall ;  
 Which yet falls more by striving to clime higher :  
     Men would be tyrants, tyrants would be gods,  
     Thus they become our scourges, we their rods.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

FROM A TREATISE OF RELIGION.

FOR what else is religion in mankind,  
 But raising of Gods image there decay'd ?  
 No habit, but a hallowed state of mind  
 Working in us, that he may be obey'd ;  
     As God by it with us communicates,  
     So we by duties must with all estates :

With our Creator, by sincere devotion ;  
 With creatures, by observance and affection ;  
 Superiors, by respect of their promotion,

Inferiors, with the nature of protection :  
 With all, by using all things of our own  
 For others good, not to our selves alone.

And ev'n this sacred band, this heavenly breath  
 In man his understanding, knowledge is ;  
 Obedience, in his will ; in conscience, faith ;  
 Affections, love ; in death it self a bliss ;  
 In body, temp'rance ; life, humility,  
 Pledge to the mortal of eternity.

Pure onely, where God makes the spirits pure ;  
 It perfect grows, as imperfection dies ;  
 Built on the rock of truth, that shall endure ;  
 A spirit of God, that needs must multiply ;  
 He shews his glory, cleerly to the best,  
 Appears in clouds and horror to the rest.

\* \* \* \*

Offer these truths to pow'r, will she obey ?  
 It prunes her pomp, perchance ploughs up the root ;  
 It pride of tyrants humors doth allay,  
 Makes God their lord, and casts them at his foot,  
 This truth they cannot wave, yet will not do,  
 And fear to know because that binds them too.

Shew these to arts ; those riddles of the sin  
 Which error first creates, and then inherits ;  
 This light consumes those mists they flourish in,  
 At once deprives their glory and their merit ;  
 Those mortal forms, moulded of humane error,  
 Dissolve themselves by looking in this mirror.

Shew it to laws ; God's law, the true foundation,  
 Proves how they build up earth, and loose the heaven ;  
 Gives things eternal, mortal limitation,  
 Ore-ruling him from whom their laws were given :  
 God's laws are right, just, wise, and so would make us ;  
 Mans, captious, divers, false, and so they take us.

\* \* \* \*

ROBERT SOUTHWELL was born in the year 1560, at St. Faith's in Norfolk, and received his early education in the English College at Douay. At the age of sixteen, while residing in Rome, he was admitted into the Society of the Jesuits. In 1584, he returned, as a missionary priest, to his native country, but he appears to have been disheartened by the vainness of his attempts to stay the progress of the Reformation, "living like a foreigner, finding among strangers that which in his nearest blood, he presumed not to seek." In England, notwithstanding, he continued to reside, labouring diligently and with sincerity, until the year 1592, when he was arrested on a charge of sedition, and committed to a dungeon, in the Tower, so noisome and filthy, that his father was induced, successfully, to petition Queen Elizabeth that "his son being a gentleman he might be treated as such." He continued three years in prison, and, it is said, was ten several times put to the rack. At length, death appearing more easy and welcome than such continued torture, he applied to the Lord Treasurer Cecil, that he might be brought to trial; the brutal answer of the Lord Treasurer is recorded: "If he was in such haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire." On the 20th February, 1595, he was tried at Westminster, on a charge of High Treason, "in that he being a Popish Priest born in the dominions of the crown of England, had come over thither from beyond sea, and had tarried there longer than three days without conforming and taking the oaths." He was found guilty on his own confession, and was executed at Tyburn, according to the horrible practice of the age, on the day following his trial—meeting death, as the giver of a crown of martyrdom, with calmness and intrepidity; and adding one to the long list of victims sacrificed to the inveterate and unchristian spirit which characterized the early stages of the Reformation.

The poems of Southwell are all upon sacred subjects; he was, undoubtedly, a sincere, fervent, and zealous believer in the faith he preached, and for which he suffered. The uncertainty of life, the hollowness of human pleasures, the consolations of religion, the anticipations of future glory,—such are the leading themes that filled his heart and occupied his pen. There is an impassioned energy in his verse which shows that he was deeply in earnest—that he had devoted an enlarged mind to the spread of principles in which alone he trusted for salvation. If he was a Papist and a Jesuit, he was also a man and a Christian; and though because of his "much zeal," during a season of strong excitement and general agitation, he was considered dangerous and doomed to perish in the prime of life, his biographer must bear testimony to the holiness of his thoughts, the purity of his verse, and the kindness and benignity of his nature. The longest of his poems is "St. Peter's Complaint"—the Apostle's lamentation over the weakness that induced him to deny and desert his master. But there is more poetry and a deeper interest in some of his shorter compositions. His declared object was to bring back the Poets from "the follies and feignings of love" in which they so continually indulged, to those "solemn and devout matters, to which, in duty, they owe their abilities:"—to accomplish this end, he was induced "to weave a new web of their own loom." The themes he selected generally harmonized with the melancholy character of his mind—for the most part, according to his own quaint expression, his "tunes are teares;"—but they are such as cannot fail to receive a welcome from all by whom the consolations of religion are appreciated, and who agree with the Poet Cowley, that "amongst all holy and consecrated things which the Devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity, there is none which he so universally and so long usurpt as Poetry." That Southwell had genius of a very rare order is undeniable—genius worthy of the high and ennobling themes of which he wrote, and in the treatment of which he has been seldom if ever uncharitable. They consist of "St. Peter's Complaint and St. Mary Magdalen's Funeral Teares, with sundry other selected and devout Poems"—"Mæoniæ, or certain excellent Poems and Spiritual Hymns"—and "The Triumphs over death, or a Consolatory Epistle for afflicted minds, on the affects of dying friends: first written for the consolation of one, but now published for the good of all."

It is remarkable, observes Mr. Ellis, that the few copies of his works which now exist, are the remnant of at least twenty-four different editions, of which eleven were printed between 1593 and 1600. They must therefore have obtained considerable popularity, although now but little known and rarely read.





## SOUTHWELL.

### LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

Love, mistresse is of many minds,  
Yet few know whom they serve;  
They reckon least how little Love  
Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,  
The sense from reason's lore;  
Shee is delightfull in the rynde,  
Corrupted in the core.

Shee shroudeth vice in vertue's veil,  
Pretending good in ill;



Shee offereth joy, affordeth grieve,  
A kisse where she doth kill.

A honie-showre raines from her lips,  
Sweet lights shine in her face ;  
Shee hath the blush of virgin minde,  
The minde of viper's race.

Shee makes thee seeke, yet fear to finde ;  
To finde, but not enjoy :  
In many frownes some gliding smiles  
Shee yeelds to more annoy.

Shee wooes thee to come neere her fire,  
Yet doth she draw it from thee ;  
Farre off she makes thy heart to fry,  
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall some luring baits  
For fooles to gather up ;  
Too sweet, too sowre, to everie taste  
Shee tempereth her cup.

Soft soules she binds in tender twist,  
Small flyes in spinner's webbe ;  
Shee sets afloat some luring streames,  
But makes them soone to ebbe.

Her watrie eyes have burning force ;  
Her flouds and flames conspire :  
Teares kindle sparkes, sobs fuell are,  
And sighs doe blow her fire.

May never was the month of love,  
For May is full of flowres ;  
But rather April, wet by kind,  
For love is full of showres.

Like tyrant, cruell wounds she gives,  
Like surgeon, salve she lends ;  
But salve and sore have equall force,  
For death is both their ends.

With soothing words intralld soules  
Shee chaines in servile bands ;

Her eye in silence hath a speech  
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sowres,  
Short hap immortall harmes ;  
Her loving lookes are murdring darts,  
Her songs bewitching charmes.

Like winter rose and summer ice  
Her joyes are still untimely ;  
Before her Hope, behind Remorse :  
Faire first, in fine unseemely.

Moodes, passions, fancies jealous fits,  
Attend upon her traine :  
She yeeldeth rest without repose,  
And heaven in hellish paine.

Her house is Sloth, her doore Deceit,  
And slipperie Hope her staires ;  
Unbashfull Boldnesse bids her guests,  
And everie vice repaires.

Her dyet is of such delights  
As please till they be past ;  
But then the poyson kills the heart  
That did intice the taste.

Her sleep in sinne doth end in wrath,  
Remorse rings her awake ;  
Death calls her up, Shame drives her out,  
Despaires her upshot make.

Plow not the seas, sowe not the sands,  
Leave off your idle paine ;  
Seeke other mistresse for your mindes,  
Love's service is in vaine.

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SAMUEL DANIEL was born near Taunton, in the year 1562. His father was a music-master; but the youth appears to have been early patronized by the Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," — "the fosterer of him and his muse," at whose charge he was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1579. He quitted college at the end of three years, without a degree—the studies of History and Poetry being more congenial to his taste than the dryer pursuits of Alma Mater. He afterwards became tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford, and succeeded Spenser as Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth. The title, however, was then a mere compliment, and conferred no pecuniary advantages. He was subsequently appointed Groom of the Chamber to the Queen of James the First; rented a small house and garden in Old-street, "near London;" and towards the end of his life, retired to a farm either at Philip's Norton in Somersetshire, or Devises in Wiltshire—his biographers are divided as to which—where "after some time spent in the enjoyment of the Muses and religious conversation," he died in October 1619—and where a tablet was erected to his memory, "in gratitude," by the lady to whom he was tutor—his popularity having greatly lessened—so much so that he himself says, he "had outlived the date of former grace, acceptance, and delight:"

"But years have done this wrong  
To make me write too much and live too long."

His poetical works consist of fifty-seven sonnets; the Complaint of Rosamond; the Letter of Octavia to Mark Anthony; Hymen's Triumph and the Queen's Arcadia, two pastoral tragi-comedies; Cleopatra and Philotas, two tragedies; Musophilus, or a general defence of learning; the History of the Civil Wars, and various miscellaneous poems.—It is however upon some of the latter, and his sonnets, that his reputation principally depends. His most elaborate work, "the Civil Wars," in the composition of which he spent many years, and on which he mainly rested his hopes of fame, is dull, heavy, and prosaic. Although he is at times elevated into enthusiasm, and assumes the garb and tone of the true poet, it is in general little more than a dry chronicle in measured lines—rarely offending against good sense or good taste, but neither stirred by passion nor enlivened by description. His dramatic poems have the same faults. His "treading in the steps of the ancients in the modelizing of his fable and the conduct of his morals" is attributed to him as a merit—but to attain this object he sacrificed reality, nature, and life. His tragedies are written in alternate rhymes. The whole of his works were collected by his brother, and printed in 4to, in 1623.

In the writings of Daniel, however, there is much to praise: his diction is easy, his language natural; and there is a fine, weighty, and philosophic vein flowing through them all: he is never guilty of pedantry or conceit, and though rarely sublime he is often pathetic. If there is little to praise—comparatively little in so voluminous a writer—there is much less to censure. His ambition appears not to have carried him far beyond the desire to be intelligible. Timidity was his great fault. So completely did he distrust his own powers as to have dreaded the danger of a single step beyond the narrowest bounds of propriety. He has thus recorded his own character: "irresolution and a self-distrust were the most apparent faults of my nature." Unfortunately the principal topics he selected were calculated to increase this diffidence; had he cultivated fancy more and knowledge less, a mind so great as his must have achieved that fame for which he so devoutly longed, and which he lived to see withheld from him—although he continued to enjoy the friendship and receive the praise of the greatest men of his age.

In his dedication of Philotas, he alludes with much feeling to his own poetry and its want of success:—

"Never had my harmless pen at all  
Destined with any loose immodesty,  
Nor ever noted to be touched with gall,  
To aggravate the worst man's infamy,  
But still have done the fairest offices  
To virtue and the time, yet nought prevails  
And all our labours are without success,  
For either favour or our virtue fails."



DANIEL.

TO THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

UNTO the tender youth of those faire eies  
The light of judgement can arise but new,  
And yong, the world appeares t' a yong conceit,  
Whil'st thorow the unacquainted faculties  
The late invested soule doth rawly view  
Those objects which on that discretion wait.

Yet you that such a faire advantage have  
Both by your birth and happy-pow'rs, t'out go,  
And be before your yeeres can fairely guesse  
What hue of life holdes surest without staine,  
Having your well-wrought heart full furnish't so  
With all the images of worthinesse,

As there is left no roome at all t' invest  
 Figures of other forme but sanctitie :  
 Whilst yet those cleane-created thoughts, within  
 The garden of your innocencies rest,  
 Where are no motions of deformitie,  
 Nor any doore at all to let them in.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO THE LADIE MARGARET, COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND.

HE that of such a height hath built his minde,  
 And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,  
 As neither feare nor hope can shake the frame  
 Of his resolved pow'rs, nor all the winde  
 Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong  
 His settled peace, or to disturbe the same ;  
 What a faire seate hath he, from whence he may  
 The boundlesse wastes and weilds of man surway.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe  
 Upon these lower regions of turmoyle,  
 Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat  
 On flesh and bloud, where honour, pow'r, renowne  
 Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle,  
 Where greatnesse stands upon as feeble feet  
 As frailty doth, and onely great doth seeme  
 To little minds, who doe it so esteeme.

He lookes upon the mightiest monarchs warres  
 But onely as on stately robberies,  
 Where evermore the fortune that prevailes  
 Must be the right, the ill-succeeding marres  
 The fairest and the best-fac't enterprize :  
 Great pirat Pompey lesser pirats quailles,  
 Justice, he sees, as if seduced, still  
 Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appeare as manifolde  
 As are the passions of uncertaine man,  
 Who puts it in all colours, all attires,  
 To serve his ends and make his courses holde :  
 He sees, that let deceit worke what it can,  
 Plot and contrive base wayes to high desires,  
 That the all-guiding Providence doth yet  
 All disappoint, and mocks this smoake of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks  
 Of tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow  
 Of Power, that proudly sits on others crimes,  
 Charg'd with more crying sinnes then those he checks;  
 The stormes of sad confusion, that may grow  
 Up in the present, for the comming times,  
 Appall not him, that hath no side at all  
 But of himselfe, and knowes the worst can fall.

Although his heart so neere allied to earth,  
 Cannot but pittie the perplexed state  
 Of troublous and distrest mortalitie,  
 That thus make way unto the ougly birth  
 Of their owne sorrowes, and doe still beget  
 Affliction upon imbecillitie:  
 Yet seeing thus the course of things must runne,  
 He lookes thereon, not strange; but as foredone.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses  
 And is incompast, whil'st as craft deceives  
 And is deceived, whil'st man doth ransacke man,  
 And builds on bloud, and rises by distresse,  
 And th' inheritance of desolation leaves  
 To great expecting hopes, he lookes thereon  
 As from the shore of peace with unwet eie,  
 And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd  
 A rest for his desires, and sees all things  
 Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,  
 Full of the notes of frailty, and compar'd  
 The best of glory with her sufferings,  
 By whom I see you labour all you can  
 To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as neare  
 His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned  
 By that cleere judgement that hath carryed you  
 Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde,  
 As they can stand against the strongest head  
 Passion can make, inur'd to any hue  
 The world can cast, that cannot cast that minde  
 Out of her forme of goodnesse, that doth see  
 Below what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befall  
 You in the region of your selfe remaine,  
 Where no vaine breath of th' impudent molests,  
 That hath secur'd within the brasen walles



Of a cleere conscience, that without all staine  
Rises in peace, in innocencie rests,  
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,  
Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoyce more in revenge  
Then women use to doe, yet you well know,  
That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd  
Then being pursu'd leaving to him t' avenge  
To whom it appertaines; wherein you show  
How worthily your cleerenesse hath condemn'd  
Base Malediction, living in the darke,  
That at the raies of goodnesse still doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
The centre of this world, about the which  
These revolutions of disturbances  
Still roule, where all th' aspects of miserie  
Predominate, whose strong effects are such  
As he must beare, being pow'rlesse to redresse;  
And that unlesse above himselfe he can  
Erect himselfe, how poore a thing is man!

And how turmoyl'd they are, that leuell lie  
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;  
That never are at peace with their desires,  
But worke beyond their yeeres, and even denie  
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispence  
With death: that when ability expires,  
Desire lives still: so much delight they have  
To carry toyle and travell to the grave.

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best  
They reach unto, when they have cast the summe  
And reckonings of their glory, and you know  
This floting life hath but this port of rest,  
A heart prepar'd, that feares no ill to come:  
And that mans greatnesse rests but in his show,  
The best of all whose dayes consumed are  
Either in warre, or peace conceiving warre.

This concord, madame, of a well-tun'd minde  
Hath beene so set, by that all-working hand  
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst  
To put it out, by discords most unkinde,  
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand  
With God and man, nor ever will be forc't  
From that most sweet accord, but still agree  
Equall in fortunes inequality.



And this note (madame) of your worthinesse  
 Remaines recorded in so many hearts,  
 As time nor malice cannot wrong your right  
 In th' inheritance of fame you must possesse,  
 You that have built you by your great deserts,  
 Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisit  
 And glorious dwelling for your honoured name  
 Then all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

---

TO HENRY WRIOTHESLY, EARLE OF SOUTHAMPTON.

HE who hath never warr'd with miserie,  
 Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distresse,  
 Hath had n' occasion nor no field to trie  
 The strength and forces of his worthinesse :  
 Those parts of judgement which felicitie  
 Keepes as conceal'd, affliction must expresse ;  
 And onely men shew their abilities,  
 And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note  
 Of what thou art, hadst thou not bene undone,  
 And onely thy affliction hath begot  
 More fame, then thy best fortunes could have done ;  
 For ever, by adversitie are wrought  
 The greatest workes of admiration.  
 And all the faire examples of renowne  
 Out of distresse and miserie are growne.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,  
 Did make the miracles of faith and zeale,  
 Exile renown'd, and grac'd Rutilius ;  
 Imprisonment and poyson did reveale  
 The worth of Socrates ; Fabritius  
 Povertie did grace that common-weale  
 More then all Syllaes riches got with strife ;  
 And Catoes death did vie with Cæsars life.

Not to b' unhappy is unhappynesse ;  
 And misery not t' have knowne miserie :  
 For the best way unto discretion, is  
 The way that leades us by adversitie.

And men are better shew'd what is amisse,  
 By th' expert finger of calamitie,  
 Then they can be with all that fortune brings,  
 Who never shewes them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have indur'd,  
 With a reposed cheere, wrong and disgrace;  
 And with a heart and countenance assur'd  
 Have lookt sterne Death and horror in the face!  
 How should we know thy soule had beene secur'd  
 In honest counsels and in way unbase!  
 Hadst thou not stood to shew us what thou wert,  
 By thy affliction, that discri'd thy heart.

It is not but the tempest that doth show  
 The sea-mans cunning; but the field that tries  
 The captaines courage: and we come to know  
 Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies:  
 For lo, how many have we seene to grow  
 To high renowne from lowest miseries,  
 Out of the hands of death, and many a one  
 T' have beene undone, had they not beene undone.

He that indures for what his conscience knowes  
 Not to be ill, doth from a patience hie  
 Looke onely on the cause whereto he owes  
 Those sufferings, not on his miserie:  
 The more h' endures, the more his glory growes,  
 Which never growes from imbecillitie:  
 Onely the best compos'd and worthiest harts  
 God sets to act the hardest and constant'st parts.

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SONNET.

RESTORE thy tresses to the golden ore,  
 Yeeld Cithereas sonne those arkes of love;  
 Bequeath the heavens the starres that I adore,  
 And to th' orient do thy pearles remove.  
 Yeeld thy hands pride unto th' ivory white,  
 T' Arabian odors give thy breathing sweete;  
 Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,  
 To Thetis give the honour of thy feete.

Let Venus have thy graces, her resign'd,  
 And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheares :  
 But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind,  
 To Hyrcan tygres, and to ruthles beares.  
 Yeeld to the marble thy hard hart againe ;  
 So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

---

## SONNET.

CARE-CHARMER Sleepe, sonne of the sable Night,  
 Brother to Death, in silent darknes borne :  
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light,  
 With darke forgetting of my care returne.  
 And let the day be time enought to mourne  
 The shipwracke of my ill adventred youth :  
 Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,  
 Without the torment of the nights untruth.  
 Cease dreames, th' images of day desires,  
 To modell forth the passions of the morrow :  
 Never let rising sunne approve you liers,  
 To adde more griefe to aggravate my sorrow.  
 Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,  
 And never wake to feele the dayes disdaine.

---

## A PASTORAL.

O HAPPY golden age,  
 Not for that rivers ranne  
 With streames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees,  
 Not that the earth did gage  
 Unto the husband-man  
 Her voluntary fruites, free without fees :  
 Not for no cold did freeze,  
 Nor any cloud beguile,  
 Th' eternall flowring spring  
 Wherein liv'd every thing,  
 And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile,  
 Not for no ship had brought  
 From forraine shores, or warres or wares ill sought.

But onely for that name,  
That idle name of wind :  
That idoll of deceit, that empty sound  
Call'd Honor, which became  
The tyran of the minde :  
And so torments our nature without ground,  
Was not yet vainly found :  
Nor yet sad griefes imparts  
Amidst the sweet delights  
Of joyfull amorous wights.  
Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts.  
But golden lawes like these  
Which Nature wrote. That's lawfull which doth please !  
Then amongst flowres and springs  
Making delightfull sport,  
Sate lovers without conflict, without flame,  
And nymphs and shepheards sings  
Mixing in wanton sort  
Whisp'rings with songs, then kisses with the same  
Which from affection came :  
The naked virgin then  
Her roses fresh reveales,  
Which now her vaile conceales,  
The tendèr apples in her bosome seene,  
And oft in rivers cleere  
The lovers with their loves consorting were.  
Honor, thou first didst close  
The spring of all delight :  
Denying water to the amorous thirst ;  
Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose  
The glory of their light,  
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves reverst.  
Thou in a lawne didst first  
Those golden haire incase,  
Late spred unto the wind ;  
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind,  
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.  
O Honour it is thou  
That mak'st that stealth, which love doth free allow.  
It is thy worke that brings  
Our griefes, and torments thus :  
But thou fierce lord of Nature and of Love,  
The quallifier of kings,  
What doest thou here with us

That are below thy power, shut from above?  
 Goe and from us remove,  
 Trouble the mighties sleepe,  
 Let us neglected, base,  
 Live still without thy grace,  
 And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keepe;  
 Let's love, this life of ours  
 Can make no truce with time that all devours.

Let's love, the sun doth set, and rise againe,  
 But when as our short light  
 Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.

---

 AN ODE.

Now each creature joyes the other,  
 Passing happy dayes and howers,  
 One bird reports unto another,  
 In the fall of silver showers,  
 Whilst the earth (our common mother)  
 Hath her bosome deckt with flowers.  
 Whilst the greatest torch of heaven,  
 With bright rayes warmes Floras lap,  
 Making nights and dayes both even,  
 Chearing plants with fresher sap:  
 My field of flowers quite bereven,  
 Wants refresh of better hap.  
 Eccho, daughter of the aire,  
 (Babbling guest of rocks and hils,)  
 Knows the name of my fierce faire,  
 And sounds the accents of my ils.  
 Each thing pitties my dispaire,  
 Whilst that she her lover kills.  
 Whilst that she (O cruell mayd)  
 Doth me and my love despise,  
 My lives florish is decayed,  
 That depended on her eyes:  
 But her will must be obeyed,  
 And well he ends for love who dies.

---

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born at Harsull, Warwickshire, in 1563;—the descendant of an “ancient and worthy” family. “In his tender age he was blessed with a forwardness of genius, a sweetness of aspect, temper and deportment;” and when only ten years old was placed as page to “some person of honour.” His mind appears to have had an early bias towards poetry, and it is recorded of him that while yet a child, he was anxious to know what “kind of creatures those Poets were”—beseeching his tutor “of all things to make him one.” He studied at Oxford; and afterwards probably held some post in the army of Elizabeth. In 1593, he first appeared before the world as an author; a collection of “Pastorals,” was soon followed by the “Barons Wars.” In 1613, he published the first part of the *Poly-olbion*; and the second part in 1622; and in 1626, the addition of Poet Laureat was affixed to his name. In 1631, he “exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory,” and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His monument, it is said, was erected by the Countess of Dorset,—and his epitaph was written either by Ben Jonson or Quarles\*—both of whom were his personal friends. The epitaph is a fine model of this style of composition.

“Doe pious marble, let thy Readers know  
What they and what their children owe  
To Drayton's name; whose sacred dust  
We recommend unto thy trust;  
Protect his memory and preserve his story,  
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;  
And when thy ruins shall disclaime  
To be the treasurer of his name;  
His name, that cannot fade, shall be  
An everlasting monument to thee.”

Of the numerous works of Drayton—including Congratulatory Odes, Divine Odes, Elegies, Fables, Legends, Heroical Epistles, and Historical Poems—there are but two that have maintained their popularity—*Nymphidia*, or the Court of Fayrie, and the *Poly-olbion*. The *Nymphidia*, which Dr. Anderson characterises as a fine “Prelude” to the Witch's Cauldron in *Macbeth*—forgetting that Drayton flourished long after the retirement of the great Bard—is manifestly founded on the Midsummer Night's Dream. It is one of the most spirited and fanciful compositions in the language—“a master-piece in the grotesque kind.” The *Poly-olbion* he has himself described as “a strange Herculean toil”—but it exhibits the writer's large and accurate knowledge as an historian, an antiquary, a naturalist, and a geographer; and although somewhat too heavy for the general reader, burthened as it is by the nature of the subject and the measure employed, it presents frequent examples of the rich fancy of the Poet, and is written throughout with untiring vigour and freshness. It is a topographical register in verse, containing descriptions of the several parts of England, interspersed with episodes concerning the Roman Conquest, the coming of the Saxons, the influx of the Danes, &c. &c., and intermixed with accounts of our Island rivers, mountains, forests, castles, &c. &c., and biographical sketches of our great men. The volume consists of thirty “songs,” the first eighteen of which were illustrated by notes of the learned Selden, accompanied by maps, representing the various cities, woods, &c. by figures of men and women. The poem must be read for information rather than pleasure; to peruse it, indeed, from beginning to end would be a task almost as difficult as the “Herculean toil” of the writer. If his knowledge is so acute and accurate as to have rendered him “an authority” among geographers and historians, his learning has not rendered his work valuable to the lovers of that less rugged lore which is studied by the heart. Some of the lesser poems of Drayton, however, are full of fire; they have a bold and lofty tone; and flow as freely as if the Poet was unconscious of the restraints which rhyme and measure imposed upon him—while the versification is exceedingly correct and harmonious. Among his “sonnets” may be found some of the most perfect in the language. Although invariably containing in each fourteen lines, he appears to have been aware that they were not formed upon the rules to which it is understood the sonnet is subjected, and gave to them the title of Ideas.

\* In a manuscript note on the Life of Daniel, Coleridge says, “A noble epitaph, more sweet and rhythmical than Jonson commonly is, and more robust and dignified than Quarles.”





## DRAYTON.

FROM POLY-OLBION.

HERE then I cannot choose but bitterly exclaime  
 Against those fools that all antiquity defame,  
 Because they have found out, some credulous ages laid  
 Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth or rumour staid ;  
 And that one forward time (perceiving the neglect  
 A former of her had) to purchase her respect,  
 With toys then trimm'd her up, the drowsy world t' allure,  
 And lent her what it thought might appetite procure  
 To man, whose mind doth still varietie pursue ;  
 And therefore to those things whose grounds were very true,  
 Though naked yet and bare (not having to content  
 The wayward curious ear), gave fictive ornament ;  
 And fitter thought, the truth they should in question call,



Than coldly sparing that, the truth should go and all.  
 And surely I suppose, that which this froward time  
 Doth scandalize her with to be her heinous crime,  
 That her most preserv'd : for, still where wit hath found  
 A thing most clearly true, it made that fiction's ground :  
 Which she suppos'd might give sure colour to them both :  
 From which, as from a root, this wondred error grow'th,  
 At which our critics gird, whose judgments are so strict,  
 And he the bravest man who most can contradict  
 That which decrepit age (which forced is to leane  
 Upon tradition) tells ; esteeming it so meane,  
 As they it quite reject, and for some trifling thing  
 (Which time hath pinn'd to truth) they all away will fling.  
 These men (for all the world) like our precisians be,  
 Who for some crosse or saint they in the window see  
 Will pluck down all the church : soul-blinded sots that creepe  
 In dirt, and never saw the wonders of the deepe :  
 Therefore (in my conceit) most rightly serv'd are they  
 That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)  
 Our truth from him to learn, as ignorant of ours  
 As we were then of his ; except 'twere of his powers :  
 Who our wise Druyds here unmercifully slew ;  
 Like whom, great Nature's depths no men yet ever knew,  
 Nor with such dauntless spirits were ever yet inspir'd ;  
 Who at their proud arrive th' ambitious Romans fir'd,  
 When first they heard them preach the soul's immortal state ;  
 And even in Rome's despite, and in contempt of fate,  
 Grasp'd hands with horrid death : which out of hate and pride  
 They slew, who through the world were revered beside.

To understand our state, no marvail then though we  
 Should so to Cæsar seek, in his reports to see  
 What anciently we were ; when in our infant war,  
 Unskilful of our tongue but by interpreter,  
 He nothing had of ours which our great bards did sing,  
 Except some few poor words ; and those again to bring  
 Unto the Latin sounds, and easiness they us'd,  
 By their most filed speech, our British most abus'd.  
 But of our former state, beginning, our descent,  
 The wars we had at home, the conquests where we went,  
 He never understood. And though the Romans here  
 So noble trophies left, as very worthy were  
 A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,  
 Long rear'd ere they arriv'd.

IDEAS.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kisse and part,  
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;  
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
 That thus so cleanly I myselfe can free ;  
 Shake hands for ever, cancell all our vowes ;  
 And when we meet at any time againe,  
 Be it not seen in either of our browes  
 That we one jot of former love retaine.  
 Now at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath,  
 When his pulse failing, passion speechlesse lies,  
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
     Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,  
     From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

---

LOVE banish'd heaven, in earth was held in scorne,  
 Wand'ring abroad in need and beggery ;  
 And wanting friends, though of a goddesse borne,  
 Yet crav'd the almes of such as passed by :  
 I, like a man devout and charitable,  
 Cloth'd the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,  
 With sighes and teares still furnishing his table,  
 With what might make the miserable blest ;  
 But this ungratefull, for my good desert,  
 Intic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,  
 Who gave consent to steale away my heart,  
 And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.  
     Well, well, my friends, when beggers grow thus bold,  
     No marvell then though charity grow cold.

---

As Love and I late harbour'd in one inne  
 With proverbs thus each other entertaïne :  
 In love there is no lacke, thus I begin ;  
 Faire words make fooles, replieth he againe ;  
 Who spares to speake, doth spare to speed, (quoth I) ;  
 As well (saith he) too forward, as too slow :  
 Fortune assists the boldest, I reply ;  
 A hasty man (quoth he) ne'er wanted woe :

Labour is light, where love (quoth I) doth pay ;  
 (Saith he) Light burthens heavy, if far borne:  
 (Quoth I) The maine lost, cast the by away ;  
 Y' have spun a faire thred, he replies in scorne.  
 And having thus awhile each other thwarted,  
 Fooles as we met, so fooles again we parted.

## TO HIMSELFE AND THE HARPE.

AND why not I, as hee  
 That's greatest, if as free,  
 (In sundry strains that strive,  
 Since there so many be)  
 Th' old Lyrick kind revive ?

I will, yea, and I may ;  
 Who shall oppose my way ?  
 For what is he alone,  
 That of himselfe can say,  
 Hee's heire of Helicon ?

Apollo, and the Nine,  
 Forbid no man their shrine,  
 That commeth with hands pure ;  
 Else they be so divine,  
 They will him not indure.

For they be such coy things,  
 That they care not for kings,  
 And dare let them know it ;  
 Nor may he touch their springs,  
 That is not borne a Poet.

The Phoecean it did prove,  
 Whom when foule lust did move,  
 Those mayds unchaste to make,  
 Fell, as with them he strove,  
 His neck, and justly, brake.

That instrument ne'r heard,  
 Strooke by the skilfull bard,  
 It strongly to awake ;  
 But it th' infernalls skar'd,  
 And made Olympus quake.

As those prophetike strings  
 Whose sounds with fiery wings  
     Drave fiends from their abode,  
 Touch'd by the best of kings,  
     That sang the holy ode:

So his, which women slue,  
 And it int' Hebrus threw,  
     Such sounds yet forth it sent,  
 The bankes to weepe that drue,  
     As downe the streame it went.

That by the tortoyse-shell,  
 To Maya's sonne it fell,  
     The most thereof no doubt,  
 But sure some power did dwell  
     In him who found it out.

The wildest of the field,  
 The ayre, with rivers t' yeeld,  
     Which mov'd; that sturdy glebes,  
 And massie oakes could weeld  
     To rayse the pyles of Thebes.

And diversly though strung,  
 So anciently we sung  
     To it, that now scarce knowne,  
 If first it did belong  
     To Greece or if our owne.

The Druydes imbrew'd  
 With gore, on altars rude  
     With sacrifices crown'd  
 In hollow woods bedew'd,  
     Ador'd the trembling sound.

Though we be all to seeke  
 Of Pindar that great Greeke,  
     To finger it aright,  
 The soule with power to strike,  
     His hand retain'd such might.

Or him that Rome did grace,  
 Whose ayres we all imbrace,

That scarcely found his peere,  
 Nor giveth Phœbus place  
 For strokes divinely cleere.

The Irish I admire,  
 And still cleave to that lyre,  
 As our musike's mother,  
 And thinke, till I expire,  
 Apollo's such another.

As Britons, that so long  
 Have held this antike song,  
 And let all our carpers  
 Forbeare their fame to wrong,  
 Th' are right skilfull harpers.

Southerne, I long thee spare,  
 Yet wish thee well to fare,  
 Who me so pleased'st greatly,  
 As first, therefore more rare,  
 Handling thy harpe neatly.

To those that with despight  
 Shall terme these numbers slight,  
 Tell them their judgment's blind,  
 Much erring from the right,  
 It is a noble kind.

Nor is't the verse doth make,  
 That giveth or doth take,  
 'Tis possible to clyme,  
 To kindle, or to slake,  
 Although in Skelton's ryme.

---

AN ODE WRITTEN IN THE PEAKE.

THIS while we are abroad,  
 Shall we not touch our lyre?  
 Shall we not sing an Ode?  
 Shall that holy fire,  
 In us that strongly glow'd,  
 In this cold ayre expire?

Long since the summer layd  
 Her lustie brav'ry downe,  
 The autumnne halfe is way'd,  
 And Boreas 'gins to frowne,  
 Since now I did behold  
 Great Brute's first builded towne.

Though in the utmost Peake  
 A while we doe remaine,  
 Amongst the mountaines bleake  
 Expos'd to sleet and raine,  
 No sport our houres shall breake  
 To exercise our vaine.

What though bright Phœbus' beames  
 Refresh the southerne ground,  
 And though the princely Thames  
 With beauteous nymphs abound,  
 And by old Camber's streames  
 Be many wonders found ;

Yet many rivers cleare  
 Here glide in silver swathes,  
 And what of all most deare,  
 Buckston's delicious bathes,  
 Strong ale and noble cheare,  
 T' asswage breeme winter's scathes.

Those grim and horrid caves,  
 Whose looks affright the day,  
 Wherein nice Nature saves  
 What she would not bewray,  
 Our better leisure craves,  
 And doth invite our lay.

In places farre or neare,  
 Or famous, or obscure,  
 Where wholesome is the ayre,  
 Or where the most impure,  
 All times, and every-where,  
 The muse is still in ure.

---

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the son of a woolstapler, in Stratford-on-Avon, was born in that town on the 23d of April, 1564. In 1582, he married Anne Hathaway. In 1586, he left his home, his wife, and the three children she had borne him, and started alone for London. Until 1591 he passed the life of a player in the theatre at Blackfriars. About this time he began to write, but modestly occupied himself for two years in altering the plays of others. It was not until 1593 that he circulated his own. Thenceforward, through the space of twenty years, he realized the most wonderful destiny as a writer that has yet fallen to any of the sons of men. During half that period he continued a player. In 1603, having accomplished the purchase of a tolerably large share in the Globe theatre, he left the stage. In 1613, he disposed of his property, and retired to Stratford. He died on his fifty-second birth-day—on the 23d of April, 1616—ending life, as he began it, with the soft flowings of his native Avon murmuring near him. Such is the sum of our absolute knowledge of the public history of Shakspeare, for his genius was only rivalled by that wonderful modesty which kept him, through all the changes of his life, an unassuming and unobtrusive man. Unable as we are, however, to follow him through his great public career, we can pursue him into the solitude of his heart and home.

His sonnets are altogether personal. A portion of those we have arranged illustrate, the reader will at once see, two passages in the life of Shakspeare, one of friendship and the other of love, and the story they tell is a strange one. It is only necessary here to make this reference to it. Of their characteristics, as poems, it is impossible to speak too highly. In the profoundest thought, the truest refinement, and the most exquisite feeling of natural loveliness, they have never been excelled. Moving through the two main springs of existence, Love and Sorrow, "Comfort and Despair;" to the one they add glory, and the other they redeem by beauty. Their versification is sweet and flowing.

The rest of the sonnets we have quoted will be found to illustrate as many various characteristics in the life and personal thoughts of this greatest of writers, all of them inexpressibly interesting and touching, and all of them dashed with pathos the sweetest and most profound. It is unnecessary to request the reader to study them with this view. He will see with what a jealous self-watchfulness Shakspeare distrusted even his high gifts, with what a noble modesty he expresses his own defects, and how affectingly he alludes to his profession of a player, as one that had hurt his mind. His feelings on the question of fame possess deep interest. Struggling against the poverty and reproach of the present, he does not appear to have thought it worth his while to obtain for himself a more secure reversion in the future. He is conscious of his power, but careless of the personal glory it might associate with his name. Knowing himself the creator of immortal things, he does not care to survive along with them. In his moments of greatest despondency, to be the idol of posterity never struck him as a recompense for the slander of the living. Wooing love and the fortunes of the world unsuccessfully, he never rewarded his failure by taking immortality as a secret bride. The reason of this we believe to have been the extreme universality of his genius. No after personal consideration of any sort would mix itself with what belonged only to the great heart of the WORLD.

Shakspeare died, as we have seen, when his life was what is usually considered a little past the prime. Thought, however, would seem to have done the work of years. He talks of his days as "past the best" a considerable time before he died; of his face as shown him in his glass, "bated and chopp'd by tann'd antiquity;" and of hours having "drained his blood and fill'd his brow with lines and wrinkles." The stanza which anticipates a "confid'd doom" will also be noticed, and that profoundly pathetic cry for restful death, which seems to us to fix the paternity of Hamlet. Of his general personal appearance we have no authentic account; but this may be gathered, perhaps, from some of these quotations. It is clear, we think, that he was afflicted with lameness, or at least a weakness in the legs. In proof of this we equally rely on the sonnets in which the circumstance itself is alluded to, as in those which so plainly intimate his frequent habit of riding on horseback. In connexion with the latter another anecdote will be observed, somewhat startling at first, but redeemed by a pretty touch of tenderness.





## SHAKSPEARE.

### SONNETS.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and mens eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
And trouble deafe heaven with my bootlesse cries,  
And looke upon my selfe, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most injoy contented least :  
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,  
Haply I thinke on thee, and then my state,  
(Like to the larke, at breake of day arising

From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;  
 For thy sweet love remembred, such welth brings,  
 That then I scorne to change my state with kings.

Let me confesse that we two must be twaine,  
 Although our undevide loves are one :  
 So shall those blots that do with me remaine,  
 Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone,  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a seperable spight,  
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steale sweet houres from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Least my bewailed guilt should doe thee shame ;  
 Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,  
 Unlesse thou take that honour from thy name :  
     But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
     As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child doe deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spight,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;  
 For whether beautie, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Intituled in their parts do crowned sit,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store :  
 So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispised,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
 That I in thy aboundance am suffic'd,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.  
     Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee ;  
     This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

No longer mourne for me when I am dead,  
 Than you shall heare the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest wormes to dwell :  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O if (I say) you looke upon this verse,  
 When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,

Doe not so much as my poore name reherse ;  
But let your love even with my life decay :  
    Least the wise world should looke into your mone,  
    And mocke you with me after I am gone.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence ;  
Speak of my lamenesse, and I straight will hault ;  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me halfe so ill,  
To set a forme upon desired change,  
As Ile myself disgrace : knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle, and looke strange ;  
Be absent from thy walkes ; and on my tongue  
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell ;  
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

    For thee, against my selfe Ile vow debate,  
    For I must nere love him whom thou dost hate.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made my selfe a motley to the view,  
Gor'd mine owne thoughts, sold cheape what is most deare,  
Made old offences of affections new.  
Most true it is, that I have lookt on truth  
Askaunce and strangely ; but by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worst assaies proved thee my best of love.  
Now all is done, have what shall have no end :  
Mine appetite I never more will grinde  
On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confined.

    Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
    Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

O for my sake doe you with fortune chide,  
The guiltie goddess of my harmfull deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than publick meanes, which publick manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
To what it workes in, like the dyer's hand.  
Pitty me then, and wish I were reneu'd ;  
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drinke

Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection ;  
 No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,  
 Nor double pennance to correct correction.

Pitty me then, deare friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pittie is enough to cure me.

Your love and pittie doth th' impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandall stampt upon my brow ;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you ore-green my bad, my good allow ?  
 You are my All-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and prayses from your tongue ;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.  
 In so profound abisme I throw all care  
 Of others' voyces, that my adder's sense  
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.

Mark how with my neglect I doe dispense :—

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides me thinks y' are dead.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,  
 When not to be, receives reproach of being,  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,  
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.  
 For why should others' false adulterat eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood ?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I thinke good ?  
 No,—I am that I am ; and they that leuell  
 At my abuses, reckon up their owne :  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevell ;  
 By their rancke thoughts my deeds must not be showne ;  
 Unlesse this generall evill they maintaine,  
 All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

Tyr'd with all these, for restfull death I cry ;—  
 As, to behold desart, a begger borne,  
 And needie nothing trim'd in jollitie,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworne,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplast,  
 And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authoritie,  
 And folly, (doctor like,) controuling skill,  
 And simple truth, mis-calde simplicitie,  
 And captive Good attending captaine Ill:  
     Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
     Save that, to dye, I leave my love alone.

Or shall I live your epitaph to make?  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten?  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortall life shall have,  
 Though I, (once gone,) to all the world must dye:  
 The earth can yeeld me but a common grave,  
 When you intomb'd in men's eyes shall lie:  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read;  
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse:  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead,  
     You still shall live (such vertue hath my pen,)
 Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

---

Two loves I have of comfort and despaire,  
 Which like two spirits doe suggest me still;  
 The better angel is a man right faire,  
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
 To winne me soone to hell, my female evill  
 Tempteth my better angell from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devill,  
 Wooing his puritie with her fowle pride.  
 And whether that my angell be turn'd feend,  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guesse one angell in another's hell.  
     Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
     Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

---

THOSE pretty wrongs that libertie commits,  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beautie and thy yeares full well befits,  
 For still temptation followes where thou art.

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,  
 Beautious thou art, therefore to be assail'd ;  
 And when a woman wooes, what woman's sonne  
 Will sourely leave her till she have prevail'd ?  
 Aye me ! but yet thou might'st my seate forbeare,  
 And chide thy beautie and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their ryot even there  
 Where thou art foret to break a two-fold truth ;  
     Her's, by thy beautie tempting her to thee,  
     Thine, by thy beautie being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my griefe,  
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly ;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wayling cheef,  
 A losse in love that touches me more neerly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse yee :—  
 Thou doest love her, because thou know'st I love her ;  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I loose thee, my losse is my love's gaine,  
 And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse ;  
 Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this crosse :  
     But here's the joy ; my friend and I are one ;  
     Sweet flattery !—then shee loves but me alone.

---

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie.  
 As easie might I from my selfe depart,  
 As from my soule which in thy breast doth lye :  
 That is my home of love : if I have ranged,  
 Like him that travails, I returne againe ;  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,—  
 So that my selfe bring water for my staine.  
 Never beleieve, though in my nature raign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy summe of good ;  
     For nothing this wide universe I call,  
     Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's marke was ever yet the fair ;



The ornament of beautie is suspect,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest ayre :  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstayned prime.  
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young dayes,  
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charged ;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged :  
     If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
     Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.

What potions have I drunke of Syren teares,  
 Distill'd from limbecks foule as hell within,  
 Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,  
 Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win !  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed never !  
 How have mine eyes out of their spheares beene fitted,  
 In the distraction of this madding fever !  
 O benefit of ill ! now I finde true  
 That better is by evill still made better ;  
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Growes fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
     So I returne rebuke to my content,  
     And gaine by ills thrice more than I have spent.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now ;  
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feele,  
 Needes must I under my transgressions bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brasse or hammer'd steele.  
 For if you were by my unkindnesse shaken,  
 As I by yours, y'have pass'd a hell of time ;  
 And I, a tyrant, have no leasure taken  
 To waigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
 O that our night of woe might have remembred  
 My deepest sence, how hard true sorrow hits,  
 And soone to you, as you to me, then tendred  
 The humble salve which wounded bosomes fits !  
     But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;  
     Mine ransoms your's, and your's must ransom me.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?



No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call ;  
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;  
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyselfe deceivest  
 By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refuseth.  
 I doe forgive thy robb'ry, gentle theefe,  
 Although thou steale thee all my povertie ;  
 And yet, love knowes, it is a greater griefe  
 To beare love's wrong, than hate's knowne injury.  
     Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well showes,  
     Kill me with spight ; yet we must not be foes.

How sweete and lovely dost thou make the shame  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name !  
 O, in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose !  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy dayes,  
 (Making lascivious comments on thy sport,)  
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise :  
 Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.  
 O what a mansion have those vices got,  
 Which for their habitation choose out thee !  
 Where beautie's vaile doth cover every blot,  
 And all things turne to faire that eyes can see !  
     Take heede, deare heart, of this large priviledge ;  
     The hardest knife ill-used doth loose its edge.

How oft, when thou, my musicke, musicke play'st,  
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
 The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,  
 Doe I envie those jackes, that nimble leape  
 To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poore lips, which should that harvest reape,  
 At the wood's bouldnesse by thee blushing stand !  
 To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips  
 O're whom thy fingers walke with gentle gate,  
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.  
     Since saucie jackes so happy are in this,  
     Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pittying me,  
 Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain ;

Have put on blacke, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my paine.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the gray cheekes of the east,  
Nor that full starre that ushers in the even,  
Doth halfe that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face ;  
O let it then as well beseeme thy heart  
To mourne for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And sure thy pitie like in every part.

Then will I sweare beauty herselfe is blacke,  
And all they foule that thy complection lacke.

So now I have confest that he is thine,  
And I myselfe am morgag'd to thy will ;  
Myselfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still ;  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kinde ;  
He learned but, suretie-like, to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth binde.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;  
So him I loose through my unkinde abuse.

Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me,  
He paiees the whole, and yet I am not free.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworne,  
But thou art twice forsworne to me love swearing ;  
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torne,  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oathes' breach doe I accuse thee,  
When I breake twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;  
For all my vowes are oathes but to misuse thee,  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost :  
For I have sworne deepe oathes of thy deepe kindenesse,  
Oathes of thy love, thy truth, thy constancie ;  
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
Or made them sweare against the thing they see ;  
For I have sworne thee fair : more perjured I,  
To sweare, against the truth, so foule a lie !

SIR HENRY WOTTON was born in 1568, at Bocton Hall, Kent, of an ancient and honourable family. He was the younger of four sons, upon each of whom the honour of knighthood was conferred. Having been educated at Winchester School, he took his degree at Queen's College, Oxford, where he greatly distinguished himself. Afterwards, he "laid aside his books and betook himself to the useful library of travel," continuing many years abroad, and visiting France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. His wit and talents obtained the notice of the Earl of Essex, by whom he was taken into "a serviceable friendship." Upon the fall of this "Darling of Fortune," Sir Henry considering prevention by absence a better security than to "plead his innocence in a prison," again became a resident abroad, and continued cheerily in Florence until the accession of James the First. By this monarch he was selected as ambassador to Venice. The favour of his Majesty was, however, nearly lost by a word. Passing through Germany, he was requested by a learned friend to write some sentence in his albo—"a book of white paper," says Izaak Walton, "which the German gentry usually carry about them."—Sir Henry wrote in Latin a pleasant definition of an ambassador. "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." The sentence slept quietly in the albo for eight years; but at length a Roman adversary of King James quoted it as a principle of the king's religion. The writer then fell under the displeasure of the monarch; but, having penned an apology, ingenious, clear, and choicely eloquent, he was restored to favour. On his return to England, he was appointed Provost of Eton College—as "the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and afford rest to his body and mind," to him an object of exceeding envy, if we may credit the inscription, which, after an enumeration of his titles upon the "Lodging-scutcheon," that according to custom was placed above the door of the house in which the envoy resided abroad, terminated thus—"after all these employments he hath learned this, that the souls of wise men grow better by resting." Here he continued during the remainder of his days;

"Invidiæ remedium"

writ over his study door. Here he entered, at the age of sixty, into holy orders—conceiving himself bound in duty so to do; and was at all times and in all seasons cheerful and happy—"nor did he," says the amiable enthusiast, "forget his innate pleasure of angling," which he would usually call "*his idle time not idly spent*," adding that "he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers." He died in December, 1639,—putting off mortality, says his friend and biographer, "with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of; being then in great tranquillity of mind, and in perfect peace with God and man,"—and as the poet Cowley has quaintly expressed it, "He died lest he should idle grow at last." "He was worthy of the love and favour of so many princes and persons of eminent wisdom and learning; worthy of the trust committed unto him for the service of his prince and country,"—and "worthy," adds old Izaak, with more of modesty than truth, "a more worthy pen to have preserved his memory, and commended his merits to the imitation of posterity."

"He was of a choice shape, tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour; which was so mixed with sweet discourse and civilities, as gained him much love from all persons with whom he entered into an acquaintance."

The claims of Sir Henry Wotton to rank among the British Poets, are by no means large. "they are estimated by the number or length of his contributions to our national store. neither anticipated nor coveted fame for his poetry. He wrote from the impulse of feeling;—and as his mind was of a rare order, what he did, he was sure to do well. Our language contains, we think, few things finer than his lines to the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James the First. They have been often imitated, but never surpassed; and among his other productions are many of exceeding beauty, which touch the heart more than a host of those artificial thoughts and laboured efforts at effect so conspicuous in his more voluminous contemporaries.

Wotton's two lines "upon the death of Sir Albert Morton's wife" have been justly celebrated as containing a volume in seventeen words:—

"He first deceas'd; She for a little tri'd  
To live without him: lik'd it not, and di'd."



## WOTTON.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles ;  
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles ;  
Fame's but a hollow echo ; gold pure clay ;  
Honour the darling but of one short day.  
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin ;  
State but a golden prison to live in,  
And torture free-born minds : embroider'd trains  
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;  
And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone  
Inherited, not purchas'd nor our own,  
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,  
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still  
 Level his rays against the rising hill :  
 I would be high, but see the proudest oak  
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke :  
 I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,  
 Dig in the bowels of the richest mine :  
 I would be wise, but that I often see  
 The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free :  
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,  
 Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud :  
 I would be poor, but know the humble grass  
 Still trampled on by each unworthy ass :  
 Rich hated : wise suspected : scorn'd if poor :  
 Great fear'd : fair tempted : high still envy'd more :  
 I have wish'd all ; but now I wish for neither ;  
 Great, high, rich, wise nor fair ; poor I'll be rather.

\* \* \* \* \*

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,  
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves :  
 Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing  
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring :  
 A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,  
 In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.  
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,  
 No broken vows dwell here, nor 'pale-fac'd fears :  
 Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,  
 And learn t' affect an holy melancholy ;  
 And if Contentment be a stranger then,  
 I'll ne'er look for it, but in Heaven again.

---

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,  
 That poorly satisfie our eyes  
 More by your number, than your light,  
 You common people of the skies ;  
 What are you when the sun shall rise ?

You curious chaunters of the wood,  
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
 Thinking your passions understood  
 By your weak accents ; what's your praise  
 When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets, that first appear,  
 By your pure purple mantles known,  
 Like the proud virgins of the year,  
 As if the spring were all your own;  
     What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen  
 In sweetness of her looks and mind,  
 By vertue first, then choice a queen,  
 Tell me, if she were not design'd  
     Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

---

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,  
 That serveth not another's will!  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;  
 Unti'd unto the world by care  
 Of publick fame, or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
 Nor vice hath ever understood;  
 How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat:  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
 Nor ruine make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,  
 More of his grace than gifts to lend:  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a well-chosen book, or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

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SIR JOHN DAVIES was born at Chisgrove, Wiltshire, in 1570. His father was a tanner. In 1585, he entered Queen's College, Oxford, and three years afterwards removed to the Middle Temple, where he was guilty of various irregularities, continually "interrupting the quiet of the Inn;" until, at length, after having been called to the Bar in 1597, he was expelled the Society, for that he being, according to Wood, a "high-spirited young man, did upon some little provocation or punctilio bastinado Richard Martin,"—also one of the race of wits "more forward to offend than patient to suffer." In 1601, however, he "made proper submission," was restored to his chambers, and soon afterwards took his seat in the last Parliament of Elizabeth as member for Corfe-Castle. He had previously published his "Hymns to Astrea," a series of twenty-six acrostics in honour of the Virgin Queen, and also his "Nosce Teipsum, or the Immortality of the Soul," which appeared in 1599. This poem at once established his reputation; and it is stated that on his visiting Scotland to congratulate James the First on his accession, he was recognized by the King, who "graciously embraced him, and thenceforward had so great favour for him that he made him his Solicitor and then his Attorney General in Ireland." In Ireland, he laboured to make himself accurately acquainted with the state of the people and the country; and published, from time to time, several historical tracts, which bear evidence of his talents, integrity, and penetration. In 1607, he was knighted; and became Speaker of the first Irish House of Commons formed by a general representation. In 1615 he quitted Ireland, and was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England; but died of apoplexy on the 7th of December, 1626, before the ceremony of settlement or installation had been performed. He was buried in the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and appears to have merited the eulogy inscribed upon his monument—"He was a man of fine genius, and of uncommon eloquence; and an excellent writer both in prose and in verse. He tempered the severity of the lawyer by the elegance of his manners and the accomplishments of polite literature. He was a faithful advocate and an incorrupt judge; and equally remarkable for his contempt of superstition, and his attachment to sincere and genuine piety."

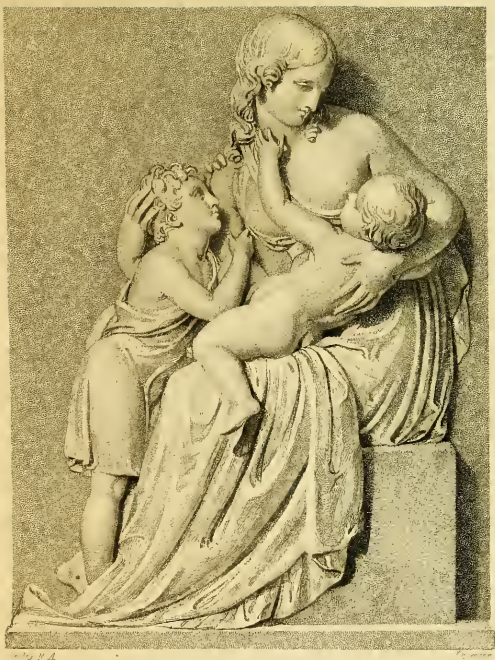
His poetical works are *The Immortality of the Soul*; and *Orchestra*, a poem on Dancing—which he left unfinished. In the former his object was to give, through the medium of verse, all the arguments in support of the immateriality and immortality of the soul. He has divided his poem into thirty-four sections; each section illustrating some such position as this—"that the soul is a thing subsisting by itself without the body." It is didactic, and not inharmonious, and exhibits a perfect mastery of language; but it depends for success rather upon philosophy than poetry. It is an able and skilful piece of reasoning, occasionally adorned with rich or agreeable imagery, and giving evidence in support of the epitaph we have quoted; but it scarcely merits the title of a Poem; the author rarely warms with his subject, and although, throughout, calm and argumentative, is never enthusiastic or impassioned. He writes in fact like a lawyer, who puts a case as strongly as possible for his client, but appears to entertain little interest in the result. The work is recommended, in a Preface to the Edition of 1699, "as satisfying the understanding of mankind;"—as "rendering the soul intelligible;" as teaching us to "find out what we ourselves are, from whence we came, and whither we must go;" as laying open "all the windings and labyrinths of the human frame;" and as showing by what "pullies and wheels the work is carried on." Notwithstanding this high eulogium we may be permitted to doubt whether the Poet has thrown any new light on the subject—or whether the few axioms at the heads of his sections are not as convincing as the rhymed reasoning that follows them.

His Poem on Dancing\*—a dissertation on the antiquity and excellency of the art, in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers—although upon a subject so opposite, is liable to the same complaint; it is coldly correct; and his Hymns to Astrea had more of flattery than of poetry to recommend them to the "Eternal Virgin, Goddess true"—the inspirer of his acrostics—

"Loudstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes."

\* It has been erroneously stated by several of the biographers of Sir John Davies, that this Poem was composed while the author was "a judge and a statesman." It was printed in 1536.





DAVIES.

FROM THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

HER quick'ning power in ev'ry living part,  
Doth as a nurse, or as a mother serve;  
And doth employ her œconomick art,  
And buisy care, her household to preserve.

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain;  
There she dococts, and doth the food prepare;  
There she distributes it to ev'ry vein,  
There she expels what she may fitly spare.

This pow'r to Martha may compared be,  
 Who buisy was, the household things to do ;  
 Or to a Dryas, living in a tree :  
 For e'en to trees this pow'r is proper to.

And though the soul may not this pow'r extend  
 Out of the body, but still use it there ;  
 She hath a pow'r which she abroad doth send,  
 Which views and searcheth all things ev'ry where.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is this knowledge ? but the sky-stoll'n fire,  
 For which the thief still chain'd in ice doth sit ?  
 And which the poor rude satyr did admire,  
 And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

What is it ? but the cloud of empty rain,  
 Which when Jove's guest embrac'd, he monsters got ?  
 Or the false pails, which oft being fill'd with pain,  
 Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not ?

In fine, what is it ? but the fiery coach  
 Which the youth sought, and sought his death withal ?  
 Or the boy's wings, which when he did approach  
 The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall ?

And yet, alas ! when all our lamps are burn'd,  
 Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent ;  
 When we have all the learned volumes turn'd  
 Which yield men's wits both help and ornament :

What can we know, or what can we discern,  
 When error clouds the windows of the mind ?  
 The divers forms of things, how can we learn,  
 That have been ever from our birth-day blind ?

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)  
 Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,  
 Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie  
 Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead :

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,  
 This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,  
 Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,  
 Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace ?

So might the heir, whose father hath, in play,  
 Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,  
 By painful earning of one groat a day,  
 Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

If ought can teach us ought, affliction's looks,  
 (Making us pry into ourselves so near)  
 Teach us to know ourselves, beyond all books,  
 Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,  
 And many a golden lesson hath me taught;  
 Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear;  
 Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:  
 So working seas settle and purge the wine:  
 So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:  
 So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,  
 Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,  
 Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,  
 As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,  
 That now beyond myself I will not go;  
 Myself am centre of my circling thought,  
 Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,  
 As force without, fevers within can kill:  
 I know the heavenly nature of my mind,  
 But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my soul hath power to know all things,  
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:  
 I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,  
 Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;  
 I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing:  
 And to conclude, I know myself a man,  
 Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOHN DONNE was born in London in 1573; and at the early age of eleven was placed at Hart Hall, Oxford, having then given proofs of unquestionable genius; being, according to his biographer, "rather born than made wise by study." His father was a merchant, his mother was descended from the Great Chancellor Sir Thomas More, and both professed the Romish Faith. His academical residence was divided between Oxford and Cambridge, until he entered at Lincoln's Inn, with the intention of proceeding to the Bar; but this object he relinquished, devoting his time and mind to consider the controverted points between the Churches of England and Rome—the result of which was his openly and earnestly professing the reformed religion. In 1596, he accompanied the Earl of Essex in the expedition against Cadiz, and spent several years travelling in Italy and Spain; soon after his return he was appointed secretary to the Lord Chancellor Egerton, who is said on parting with him to have declared that "he was fitter to serve a king than a subject." Subsequently, he yielded to the continued solicitations of his friends, and entered into holy orders. He was promoted to be King's Chaplain, preacher of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and Dean of St. Paul's. He died on the 31st March, 1631, and was buried in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, where a monument was erected to his memory.

During his residence with the Lord Chancellor Egerton, he had married privately, and without the consent of her father, the daughter of Sir George More, Lieutenant of the Tower, who so little esteemed the poet, that he successfully used his influence to procure his dismissal from the service of the Chancellor, and withheld from him his wife, to procure whom he was involved in a tedious and ruinous law-suit. His friend and biographer, Isaak Walton, has in his own simple and natural manner recorded the story of this young affection, and of the sad trials and pecuniary difficulties in which the poet and his wife were consequently involved; we have a beautiful though a mournful picture of the struggles of a high and generous mind against the most galling of all troubles; to him the more intolerable, because of her whom he had "transplanted into a wretched fortune," which he "laboured to disguise from her by many honest devices."

"Donne was of stature moderately tall, of a strait and equally proportioned body; his aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear-knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself. His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others."

His Poems consist of "Songs and Sonnets," Epigrams, Elegies, Satires, &c. &c.—They appear rather as outbreaks of deep feeling, or reliefs to pressing troubles, than the produce of any settled purpose. His name as a poet is, however, largely known and esteemed—notwithstanding his perpetual affectations and the occasional unmeasured harshness of his verse. Of his Satires, Dryden observed that they would be admired "if translated into numbers and English;"—Pope acted upon this hint; but while he gave them roundness and polish, he lessened the value of the rough and rugged masses which the Poet had heaved from the quarry of human life.

The specimens we have given will abundantly prove that all the compositions of Donne were not careless and uncouth. Some of them indeed are, by comparison, smooth even to elegance. His faults are, that he has made the natural subordinate to the artificial—that he has little of simplicity and less of taste—that he has laboured to render himself obscure rather than intelligible;—and, although his productions are liable to any complaint but that of poverty, that he has crowded thought upon thought and image upon image, with so little skill or care to effect—has, in fact, so mingled beauties with deformities, that those who look with but a casual glance perceive only objects that dishearten them from desiring a nearer and more scrutinizing view. He was absolutely saturated with learning—his intellect was large and searching—his fancy rich, although fantastic—and his wit playful yet caustic. At times he is full of tenderness; and in spite of himself submits to the mastery of nature. It is no slight tribute to the muse of Donne, that Jonson learnt some of his verses by heart; and our readers will at least agree with "Old Ben" in his admiration of a passage in which a Calm is described as so perfect, that

"in one place lay  
Feathers and dust to day and yesterday."



DONNE.

THE STORM.

THE south and west winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,  
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.  
Sooner than you read this line did the gale,  
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sailes assaile ;  
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same  
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempest's name.  
Jonas ! I pittie thee, and curse those men  
Who, when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then.  
Sleepe is paines easiest salve, and doth fullfill  
All offices of death except to kill.  
But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not ;  
I and the sunne, which should teach me, had forgot  
East, west, day, night ; and I could onely say,  
If the world had lasted, now it had beene day.



Thousands our noyses were, yet we 'mongst all  
 Could none by his right name but thunder call.  
 Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more  
 Than if the sunne had drunke the sea before.  
 Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye, equally  
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must dye ;  
 And as sin-burd'ned soules from grave will creepe  
 At the last day, some forth their cabbins peepe,  
 And, tremblingly, aske what newes ? and doe hear so  
 As jealous husbands, what they would not know.  
 Some, sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,  
 With hideous gazing, to feare away Feare :  
 There note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast  
 Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waist  
 With a salt dropsie clog'd, and our tacklings  
 Snapping, like too high-stretched treble strings,  
 And from our totter'd sailes raggs drop downe so  
 As from one hang'd in chaines a yeere ago :  
 Even our ordinance, plac'd for our defence,  
 Strive to breake loose, and 'scape away from thence :  
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine ?  
 Seas into seas throwne we suck in againe :  
 Hearing hath deaf'd our saylors ; and if they  
 Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.  
 Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme,  
 Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermud a calme.  
 Darknesse, Light's eldest brother, his birth-right  
 Claimd o'er this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.  
 All things are one ; and that one none can be,  
 Since all formes uniforme deformity  
 Doth cover ; so that wee, except God say  
 Another Fiat, shall have no more day :  
 So violent, yet long these furies bee,  
 That though thine absence sterve mee I wish not thee.

---

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou, and I  
 Did, till we lov'd ! Were we not wean'd till then,  
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures childishly ?  
 Or snorted we in the seven-sleeper's den ?  
 'Twas so ; but thus all pleasures fancies bee.

If ever any beauty I did see,  
Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dreame of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking soules,  
Which watch not one another out of feare;  
For love, all love of other sights controules,  
And makes one little roome, an every-where.  
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
Let maps to other worlds our world have showne,  
Let us possesse one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,  
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,  
Where can we finde two fitter hemispheres  
Without sharp North, without declining West?  
Whatever dyes was not mixt equally;  
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I  
Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

---

THE WILL.

BEFORE I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,  
Great Love, some legacies; I here bequeath  
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,  
If they be blinde, then, Love, I give them thee;  
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadours mine ears;  
To women or the sea, my teares.  
Thou, Love, hast taught mee heretofore  
By making mee serve her who had twenty more,  
That I should give to none, but such, as had too much before.

My constancie I to the planets give,  
My truth to them, who at the court doe live;  
Mine ingenuity and opennesse  
To Jesuites; to buffones my pensivenesse;  
My silence to any, who abroad hath been;  
My money to a capuchin.  
Thou, Love! taught'st me, by appointing mee  
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,  
Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;  
All my good works unto the schismaticks  
Of Amsterdam; my best civility  
And courtship to an universitie:



My modesty I give to souldiers bare ;  
 My patience let gamester's share.  
 Thou, Love, taught'st mee, by making mee  
 Love her that holds my love disparity,  
 Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those  
 Which were my friends ; mine industrie to foes :  
 To schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;  
 My sicknesse to physitians or excesse ;  
 To Nature, all that I in ryme have writ ;  
 And to my company my wit.  
 Thou, Love, by making mee adore  
 Her, who begot this love in mee before,  
 Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I did but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,  
 I give my physick books ; my written rowles  
 Of morall counsels, I to Bedlam give ;  
 My brazen medals, unto them which live  
 In want of bread ; to them which passe among  
 All forraigns, mine English tongue.  
 Thou, Love, by making mee love one  
 Who thinkes her friendship a fit portion  
 For yonger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undoe  
 The world by dying ; because Love dies too.  
 Then all your beauties will bee no more worth  
 Then gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth ;  
 And all your graces no more use shall have  
 Then a sun dyal in a grave.  
 Thou, Love, taught'st mee, by making mee  
 Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,  
 To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three.

---

• THE BAIT.

COME, live with mee and bee my love,  
 And wee will some new pleasures prove  
 Of golden sands and christall brookes,  
 With silken lines and silver hookes.

There will the river whispering runne,  
 Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sunne;  
 And there the inamor'd fish will stay,  
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,  
 Each fish, which every channell hath,  
 Will amorously to thee swimme,  
 Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seene, art loath  
 By sunne or moone, thou dark'nest both;  
 And if myselfe have leave to see,  
 I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,  
 And cut their legges, with shells and weeds,  
 Or treacherously poore fish beset  
 With strangling snare or windowie net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest  
 The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,  
 Or curious traitors, sleave-silke flies,  
 Bewitch poore fishes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,  
 For thou thyselfe art thine owne Bait;  
 That fish that is not catch'd thereby,  
 Alas, is wiser farre then I.

---

LOVE'S DEITIE.

I LONG to talke with some old lover's ghost,  
 Who dyed before the god of love was borne:  
 I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd most,  
 Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne:  
 But since this god produc'd a destinie,  
 And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be,  
 I must love her, that loves not mee:

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,  
 Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it,  
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch,  
 His office was indulgently to fit  
 Actives to passives; correspondencie

Only his subject was; it cannot bee  
Love, till I love her that loves mee.

But every moderne god will now extend  
His vast prerogative as far as Jove,  
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,  
All is the purlewe of the god of love.  
Oh! were wee wakned by this tyrannie  
To ungod this child againe, it could not bee  
I should love her, who loves not mee.

Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,  
As though I felt the worst that love could doe?  
Love may make me leave loving, or might trie  
A deeper plague, to make her love mee too,  
Which, since she loves before, I am loth to see  
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must bee,  
If shee whom I love, should love mee.

---

BREAKE OF DAY.

'Tis true, 't is day, what though it be?  
O! wilt thou therefore rise from me?  
Why should we rise, because 't is light?  
Did we lie down, because 't was night?  
Love which, in spight of darkness, brought us hither,  
Should, in despight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;  
If it could speake as well as spie,  
This were the worst, that it could say,  
That being well, I faine would stay,  
And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,  
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?  
Oh, that 's the worst disease of love,  
The poore, the foule, the false, love can  
Admit, but not the busied man.  
He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe  
Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe.

---

## THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long strayd eyes to mee,  
 Which, (oh) too long have dwelt on thee,  
 Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,  
 Such forc'd fashions  
 And false passions,  
 That they be  
 Made by thee  
 Fit for no good sight, keep them still.  
 Send home my harmlesse heart againe,  
 Which no unworthy thought could staine,  
 Which if it be taught by thine  
 To make jestings  
 Of protesting,  
 And breake both  
 Word and oath,  
 Keepe it, for then 't is none of mine.  
 Yet send me back my heart and eyes,  
 That I may know, and see thy lyes,  
 And may laugh and joy, when thou  
 Art in anguish  
 And dost languish  
 For some one  
 That will none,  
 Or prove as false as thou art now.

## THE LEGACY.

WHEN I dyed last, and, Deare, I dye  
 As often as from thee I goe,  
 Though it be but an houre agoe,  
 And lovers houres be full eternity,  
 I can remember yet, that I  
 Something did say, and something did bestow;  
 Though I be dead, which sent mee, I might be  
 Mine owne executor and legacie.  
 I heard mee say, Tell her anon  
 That my selfe, that 's you, not I,  
 Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,  
 I bid mee send my heart, when I was gone,  
 But I alas could there finde none.  
 When I had ripp'd me and search'd where hearts should lye,

It kill'd mee again, that I who still was true  
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,  
But colours it and corners had,  
It was not good, it was not bad,  
It was intire to none, and few had part.  
As good as could be made by art  
It seem'd, and therefore for our losses sad,  
I meant to send this heart in stead of mine;  
But oh, no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

---

SONG.

SWEETEST Love, I do not goe  
For wearinesse of thee,  
Nor in hope the world can show  
A fitter love for mee;  
But since that I  
Must dye at last, 't is best,  
To use myselfe in jest  
Thus by fain'd death to dye.

Yesternight the sunne went hence,  
And yet is here to-day,  
He hath no desire nor sense,  
Nor halfe so short a way:  
Then feare not mee,  
But beleeve that I shall make  
Speedier journeyes, since I take  
More wings and spurres then hee.

O how feeble is man's power,  
That if good fortune fall,  
Cannot adde another houre,  
Nor a lost houre recall?  
But come bad chance,  
And wee joine to it our strength,  
And wee teach it art and length,  
Itselfe or us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not winde,  
But sigh'st my soule away,  
When thou weep'st, unkindly kinde,  
My life's blood doth decay.

It cannot bee  
 That thou lov'st mee, as thou say'st ;  
 If in thine my life thou waste,  
 That art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart  
 Forethinke me any ill,  
 Destiny may take thy part,  
 And may thy feares fulfill ;  
 But thinke that wee  
 Are but turn'd aside to sleepe ;  
 They who one another keepe  
 Alive, ne'er parted bee.

## SONG.

GOE, and catche a falling starre,  
 Get with child a mandrake roote,  
 Tell me, where all past yeares are,  
 Or who cleft the divels foot,  
 Teach me to heare mermaides singing,  
 Or to keep off envies stinging,  
     And finde what winde  
 Serves to advance an honest minde.  
 If thou beest borne to strange sights,  
 Things invisible to see,  
 Rede ten thousand daies and nights,  
 Till age snow white haire on thee,  
 Thou, when thou retorn'st, wilt tell mee  
 All strange wonders that befell thee,  
     And sweare no where  
 Lives a woman true, and faire.  
 If thou findst one, let mee know,  
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet,  
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,  
 Though at next doore wee might meet,  
 Though shee were true, when you met her,  
 And last, till you write your letter,  
     Yet shee will bee  
 False, ere I come, to two, or three.

BENJAMIN JONSON, as the name stood in the parish register—Ben Jonson, as it stands in the register of immortals—the posthumous child of a humble minister of the Church, was born within the City of Westminster early in the year 1574. His youth owed much to the kindness of a friend, who sent him to the Westminster Foundation; and but little to the ignorance of his bricklaying stepfather, who thought it right to withdraw him from such untradesmanlike studies. Ultimately, after a series of many troubles, incidents in the lives of all who struggle for themselves to greatness, foils which make success “stick fiery off indeed,” Ben Jonson triumphed over the many disadvantages which had beset him; mastered entrance to the theatres which had been closed to him; proved himself one of their greatest intellectual servants; and forced from the genius of the time so free an acknowledgment of his own, that the members of the Club founded by Sir Walter Raleigh at the Mermaid,—the Shakespeares, the Beaumonts, the Fletchers, the Seldens, the Cottons, the Carews,—placed him by general consent in its chair—the town-chair, thereafter, of wit and scholarship—where he sat, in all the pomp and heraldry of letters, and received petitions from young poets “to be sealed of the tribe of Ben.” The laurel of the court was afterwards given to him; and from that period, until death, he was incessantly occupied upon the masques, the poems, the comedies, and the tragedies—the *WORKS*, as he proudly calls them—which have immortalized his name. He died on the 6th of August, 1637. Three days after he was laid in Westminster Abbey, one of his convivial associates happened to pass up the aisle as a stone-cutter was replacing the pavement over the grave, and in a genuine impulse of the moment, gave the man eighteen-pence to carve the now celebrated epitaph, “O rare Ben Jonson!”

Rare he was indeed, personally as well as intellectually. He had constitutional infirmities to struggle with, but his heart was full of humanity. Sturdy and plain-spoken he unquestionably was, for he could send back a message to a king from whom a tardy and slight gratuity had come to him in his poverty and sickness—“I suppose he sends me this because I live in an alley; tell him his soul lives in an alley.” Severe too he was, at times, but that need not be urged as a reproach. One thing he never was, the canker and the curse of all social intercourse, *indifferent*. He had, in truth, a heart, which beat always strongly, whether for praise or blame. He was not a “contemner and scorner of others,” for he has written the highest and most affectionate panegyrics on his contemporaries of any man that lived in his age. A “lover of himself” he might be, but yet he had a noble distrust of that affection; and a little vanity may be fairly enough allowed to one who was placed on a sort of critical judgment-seat by the consent of his greatest fellow-labourers in letters. His personal appearance, his “mountain belly,” and his “rocky face,” he has himself described. “He was of a clear and fair skin,” says Aubrey; “his habit was very plain.”

Ben Jonson's intellect was vast and solid—with a wonderfully reflective as well as creative power. His learning was as great as his intellect, and subject as freely to his will. His strong sense, his industry, and humour, were equally prodigious. The mind staggers at the amazing power with which he mined and worked his way under the surfaces of things, and brought up those weighty, yet common life, creations, Epicures Mammon, mine Hosts various, Bobadils, and Meercrafts. Here, however, we have little to do with these various characteristics. In his poems fancy has chief way—fancy, the most genial, and perhaps, after all, the most delightful of his attributes. Infinitely delicate and piquant it is, as our extracts prove—delicious in its tender sense of natural beauty, and playfully fantastic in expression. It is scarcely necessary to indicate in one or two of the poems we have given, an occasional throwing in of the mechanical with the fanciful—and a few pedantic touches which look as if designed merely to set off more strikingly the exquisite and natural delicacies around them. Sense and feeling, classical sentiment, and a fine taste for rural imagery, characterize his friendly epistles. In the lines to Beaumont, it is delightful to mark the involuntary yet manly fondness with which he confesses to his friend's praise. With this proof of a gentle and amiable mind, and of a disposition any thing but gross and overweening, we leave to the reader these thoughts of Rare Ben Jonson;—adding merely, in the emphatic words of a friend and contemporary, “he writ all like a man.”





JONSON.

FROM MASQUES AT COURT.

It is no common cause, yee will conceive,  
My lovely Graces, makes your goddessse leave  
Her state in heaven, to night, to visit earth ;  
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,  
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my sonne ;  
And, whom, long absent, Venus is undone.

Spie, if you can, his footsteps on the greene ;  
For here, as I am told, he late hath beene,  
With divers of his breth'ren, lending light  
From their best flames to gild a glorious night ;  
Which I not grudge at, being done for her  
Whose honours to mine own I still prefer ;

But he not yet returning, I'm in feare  
 Some gentle Grace or innocent beautie here,  
 Be taken with him; or he hath surpris'd  
 A second PSYCHE, and lives here disguis'd.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

I will have him cry'd

And all his vertues told; that when they know  
 What spright he is, shee soone may let him goe,  
 That guards him now, and think herselfe right blest,  
 To be so timely rid of such a guest.  
 Begin soft Graces, and proclaim reward  
 To her that brings him in.    Speake to be heard.

Beauties, have yee seene this toy,  
 Called Love, a little boy,  
 Almost naked, wanton, blind,  
 Cruell now; and then as kind?  
 If he be amongst yee, say;  
 He is Venus run-away.

Shee that will but now discover  
 Where the winged wag doth hover,  
 Shall, to-night, receive a kisse,  
 How, or where her selfe would wish:  
 But who brings him to his mother,  
 Shall have that kisse, and another.

H' hath of markes about him plentie:  
 You shall know him, among twentie.  
 All his body is a fire,  
 And his breath a flame entire,  
 That being shot, like lightning, in,  
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

At his sight, the sunne hath turned,  
 Neptune in the waters burned;  
 Hell hath felt a greater heate;  
 Jove himselfe forsooke his seate:  
 From the center to the skie,  
 Are his trophæes reared hie.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,  
 He will leape from lip to lip,

Over liver, lights, and heart,  
But not stay in any part ;  
And, if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himselfe, in kisses.

He doth beare a golden bow  
And a quiver, hanging low,  
Full of arrowes, that out-brave  
Dian's shafts : where, if he have  
Any head more sharpe then other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuell,  
When his daies are to be cruell,  
Lovers hearts are all his food ;  
And his baths their warmest bloud :  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season ;  
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not : his words, though sweet,  
Seldome with his heart doe meet.  
All his practise is deceit ;  
Every gift it is a bait ;  
Not a kisse but poyson beares ;  
And most treason in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne ;  
Then the straggler makes his gaine,  
By presenting maids with toyes,  
And would have yee thinke 'hem joyes :  
'Tis the ambition of the elfe,  
To have all childish as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,  
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.  
Though yee had a will to hide him,  
Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him,  
Since yee heare his falser play,  
And that he is Venus run-away.

---

## TO PENSHURST.

THOU art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,  
 Of touch, or marble; nor canst boast a row  
 Of polish'd pillars, or a roofof gold:  
 Thou hast no lantherne, whereof tales are told;  
 Or stayre, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,  
 And these grudg'd at, are reverenc'd the while.  
 Thou joy'st in better markes, of soyle, of ayre,  
 Of wood, of water: therein thou art faire.  
 Thou hast thy walkes for health, as well as sport:  
 Thy Mount, to which the Dryads doe resort,  
 Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,  
 Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;  
 That taller tree, which of a nut was set,  
 At his great birth, where all the Muses met.  
 There, in the writhed barke, are cut the names  
 Of many a Sylvane, taken with his flames.  
 And thence, the ruddy Satyres oft provoke  
 The lighter Faunes to reach thy Ladies oke.  
 Thy coppes, too, nam'd of Gamage, thou hast there,  
 That never failes to serve thee season'd deere,  
 When thou would'st feast or exercise thy friends.  
 The lower land, that to the river bends,  
 Thy sheepe, thy bullocks, kine, and calves doe feed:  
 The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.  
 Each banke doth yeeld thee coneyes; and the topps  
 Fertile of wood, Ashore, and Sydney's coppes,  
 To crowne thy open table, doth provide  
 The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side:  
 The painted partrich lyes in every field,  
 And, for thy messe, is willing to be kill'd.  
 And if the high swolne Medway faile thy dish,  
 Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,  
 Fat, aged carps, that runne into thy net,  
 And pikes, now weary their owne kinde to eat,  
 As loth, the second draught, or cast to stay,  
 Officiously, at first, themselves betray.  
 Bright eeles, that emulate them, and leape on land,  
 Before the fisher, or into his hand.  
 Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,  
 Fresh as the ayre, and new as are the houres.  
 The earely cherry, with the later plum,  
 Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:

The blushing apricot, and woolly peach  
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.  
And though thy walls be of the countrey stone,  
They're rear'd with no mans ruine, no mans grone,  
There's none that dwell about them, wish them downe;  
But all come in, the farmer and the clowne,  
And no one empty-handed, to salute  
Thy lord and lady, though they have no sute.  
Some bring a capon, some a rurall cake,  
Some nuts, some apples; some that thinke they make  
The better cheeses, bring 'hem; or else send  
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend  
This way to husbands; and whose baskets beare  
An embleme of themselves, in plum or peare.  
But what can this (more then expresse their love)  
Adde to thy free provisions, farre above  
The neede of such? whose liberall boord doth flow,  
With all that hospitalitie doth know!  
Where comes no guest, but is allow'd to eate,  
Without his feare, and of thy lords owne meate:  
Where the same beere, and bread, and selfe-same wine,  
That is his Lordships, shall be also mine.  
And I not faine to sit (as some, this day,  
At great mens tables) and yet dine away.  
Here no man tells my cups; nor, standing by,  
A waiter doth my gluttony envy:  
But gives me what I call, and lets me eate,  
He knowes, below, he shall finde plentie of meate,  
Thy tables hoord not up for the next day,  
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray  
For fire, or lights, or livorie: all is there;  
As if thou, then, wert mine, or I raign'd here:  
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.  
That found King James, when, hunting late this way,  
With his brave sonne, the prince, they saw thy fires  
Shine bright on every harth as the desires  
Of thy Penates had beene set on flame,  
To entertayne them; or the countrey came,  
With all their zeale, to warme their welcome here.  
What (great, I will not say, but) sodayne cheare  
Didst thou, then, make 'hem! and what praise was heap'd  
On thy good lady, then! who, therein, reap'd  
The just reward of her high huswifery;  
To have her linnen, plate, and all things nigh,

When shee was farre : and not a roome, but drest  
 As if it had expected such a guest !  
 These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.  
 Thy lady's noble, fruitfull, chaste withall.  
 His children thy great lord may call his owne :  
 A fortune, in this age, but rarely knowne.  
 They are, and have been taught religion: thence  
 Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.  
 Each morne and even they are taught to pray,  
 With the whole household, and may, every day,  
 Reade, in their vertuous parents noble parts,  
 The mysteries of manners, armes, and arts.  
 Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee  
 With other edifices, when they see  
 Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,  
 May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

---

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

FROM THE SILENT WOMAN.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast ;  
 Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd :  
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,  
 Though arts hid causes are not found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicitie a grace ;  
 Robes loosely flowing, haire as free :  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
 Then all th' adulteries of art :  
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

---

ECHO ON NARCISSUS.

FROM CYNTHIA'S REVELLS.

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keepe time with my salt teares ;  
 Yet slower, yet, ô faintly gentle springs :  
 List to the heavy part the musique beares,  
 Woe weepes out her division, when shee sings.

Droupe hearbs, and flowres ;  
 Fall grieffe in showres ;  
 Our beauties are not ours :  
     O, I could still  
 (Like melting snow upon some craggie hill,)  
     Drop, drop, drop, drop,  
 Since Natures pride is, now, a wither'd daffodill.

---

## TO CELIA.

DRINKE to me, onely with thine eyes,  
     And I will pledge with mine ;  
 Or leave a kisse but in the cup,  
     And Ile not looke for wine.  
 The thirst, that from the soule doth rise,  
     Doth aske a drinke divine :  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
     I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosie wreath,  
     Not so much honoring thee,  
 As giving it a hope that there  
     It could not withered bee.  
 But thou thereon did'st onely breath,  
     And sent'st it backe to mee :  
 Since when it growes, and smells, I sweare,  
     Not of it selfe, but thee.

---

## HYMNE TO DIANA.

## FROM CYNTHIA'S REVELLS.

QUEENE, and huntresse, chaste, and faire,  
 Now the sunne is laid to sleepe,  
 Seated, in thy silver chaire,  
 State in wonted manner keepe :  
     Hesperus intreats thy light,  
     Goddesse, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare it selfe to interpose ;  
 Cynthias shining orbe was made  
 Heaven to cleere, when day did close :



Bless us then with wished sight,  
 Goddesses, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearle apart,  
 And thy cristall-shining quiver;  
 Give unto the flying hart  
 Space to breathe, how short soever:  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddesses, excellently bright.

---

## SONG.

FROM THE POETASTER.

IF I freely may discover,  
 What would please me in my lover:  
 I would have her faire, and wittie,  
 Savouring more of court, then cittie;  
 A little proud, but full of pittie:  
 Light, and humorous in her toying,  
 Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,  
 Long, but sweet in the enjoying,  
 Neither too easie, nor too hard:  
 All extremes I would have bar'd.

Shee should be allowed her passions,  
 So they were but us'd as fashions;  
 Sometimes froward, and then frowning,  
 Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,  
 Every fit, with change, still crowning.  
 Purely jealous, I would have her,  
 Then onely constant when I crave her  
 'Tis a vertue should not save her.  
 Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,  
 Neither her peevishnesse annoy me.

---

## SONG.

FROM THE FOXE.

COME, my Celia, let us prove,  
 While we can, the sports of love;  
 Time will not be ours for ever,  
 He, at length, our good will sever;

Spend not then his gifts in vaine,  
 Sunnes, that set, may rise againe:  
 But if, once, we lose this light,  
 'Tis with us perpetuall night.  
 Why should wee deferre our joyes?  
 Fame, and rumor are but toies;  
 Cannot we delude the eyes  
 Of a few poore houshold-spies?  
 Or his easier cares beguile,  
 Thus remooved, by our wile?  
 'Tis no sinne, loves fruits to steale  
 But the sweet thefts to reveale:  
 To be taken, to be seene,  
 These have crimes accounted beene.

---

## EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDS'T thou heare what man can say  
 In a little? Reader, stay.  
 Under-neath this stone doth lye  
 As much beautie as could dye:  
 Which in life did harbour give  
 To more vertue then doth live.  
 If, at all, shee had a fault,  
 Leave it buried in this vault.  
 One name was Elizabeth,  
 Th'other let it sleepe with death:  
 Fitter, where it dyed, to tell,  
 Then that it liv'd at all. Farewell.

---

## TO FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

How I doe love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,  
 That unto me dost such religion use!  
 How I doe feare my selfe, that am not worth  
 The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!  
 At once thou mak'st me happie, and unmak'st;  
 And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.  
 What fate is mine, that so it selfe bereaves?  
 What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?  
 When even there, where most thou praysest mee,  
 For writing better, I must envie thee.

---

RICHARD CORBET, "wittie Bishop Corbet," was born in the village of Ewell in Surrey, in the year 1582; his father, of whom Ben Jonson spoke in terms of high praise, was "either by taste or trade," a gardener. His son was educated at Westminster, and elected thence a student of Christ Church, Oxford; where he took his degree in 1605, and entered into holy orders. In 1612, he was deputed, as one of the Proctors of the University, to pronounce a funeral oration on the death of Henry Prince of Wales. Having rapidly obtained ecclesiastical promotion, and, by his eloquence and his wit, succeeded in greatly gratifying the humour of James the First, in 1629 he was elected Bishop of Oxford; and in 1632, translated to the see of Norwich. He died in July, 1635. He was distinguished as "the witty Bishop," yet of "no destructive nature, to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaired with a jest upon him;" but it must be admitted that he was often more merry than wise; and not unfrequently forgetful of the sacredness of his high office. The records that have been preserved of his pleasant sayings would go near to fill a volume. It appears that he could seldom control his "fun," either with reference to time or place. On one occasion, while his reverence was confirming, and the country people pressing forward to witness the ceremony, he said "beare off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staffe;" on another, while laying hands on a bald man he asked for "some dust," to keep his hand from slipping; and on another, observing before him a man with a large beard, he called to him, "you behind the beard." He would sometimes go with a crony into a wine cellar, put aside his episcopal hood, and say "there layes the doctor," then put off his gowne, and say "there layes the bishop," then turn to his companion, and say "and now, here's to thee!" A ballad singer having once complained to the doctor that he lacked custom, they thereupon exchanged jackets, and the doctor being a handsome man, and having a rare full voice, had soon a great audience, and vended much of the poor man's ware. Yet he is described as having "an admirably grave and venerable aspect," and he undoubtedly possessed

"Much good humour joined to solid sense,  
And mirth accompanied with innocence."

The records of his life have preserved nothing that had its origin in littleness of mind, malice, or even ill-nature.

His Poems are full of feeling and humour; but few of them have escaped oblivion. They are of a miscellaneous description — consisting chiefly of elegy, satire and song. His *Poetica Stromata* were written in his youth, and not designed for publication. The *Iter Boreale* is a sort of imitation of Horace's *Journey to Brundisium*, and relates the tour of four university men — describing the places they visited and the various characters they met on their way. But as with most others of his poems, the subject has lost its interest with the changes in the manners it describes. His *Journey into France* is however an exception, the satire being more general. His works were first collected and published in 1647; and in an edition of 1672, the editor informs his patron to whom the publication is dedicated, that "the most pious of the clergy have made use of the innocent art of poesy, not only for their pleasant diversion but their most fervent devotion."

We have selected two of the merry Bishop's poems, one because of its pleasant humour and the picture it gives of the times; the other because of its sound practical sense. There is gaiety, lightheartedness, and a flow of animal spirits in all he wrote. He was, it is true, occasionally stimulated by his dislike of Puritanism — the great theme of praise or abuse of the wits of his time, and especially of the time which followed — but Corbet was not the only Churchman who indulged his vein of fancy at the expense of his more sober brethren. It is however more than probable that his compositions, although sportive rather than ill-natured, and never displaying a bitter spirit, were considered even by himself, as in very ill-keeping with the sacred duties of his high office and profession, and that the greater portion of them were not intended to meet the eye of the world. A Bishop-Poet is a *rara avis*; and it is principally for this reason we have given specimens of his works.

The *Fairies Farewell* was originally published under a whimsical title: "to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meddow Brow, by the learned: by the unlearned to the tune of Fortune."



## CORBET.

### THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

FAREWELL rewards and Fairies !  
Good housewives now you may say ;  
For now foule sluts in dairies,  
Doe fare as well as they :  
And though they sweepe their hearths no less  
Than mayds were wont to doe,  
Yet who of late for cleanness  
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament old Abbies,  
The fairies lost command ;  
They did but change priests babies,  
But some have chang'd your land :

And all your children stoln from thence  
 Are now growne Puritanes,  
 Who live as changelings ever since,  
 For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both  
 You merry were and glad,  
 So little care of sleepe and sloth,  
 These prettie ladies had.  
 When Tom came home from labour,  
 Or Ciss to milking rose,  
 Then merrily went their tabour,  
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and rounddelayes  
 Of theirs, which yet remaine;  
 Were footed in queene Maries dayes  
 On many a grassy playne.  
 But since of late Elizabeth  
 And later James came in;  
 They never danc'd on any heath,  
 As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies  
 Were of the old profession:  
 Their songs were Ave Maries,  
 Their dances were procession.  
 But now, alas! they all are dead,  
 Or gone beyond the seas,  
 Or farther for religion fled,  
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company  
 They never could endure;  
 And whoso kept not secretly  
 Their mirth, was punished sure:  
 It was a just and christian deed  
 To pinch such blacke and blue:  
 O how the common-welth doth need  
 Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;  
 A Register they have,  
 Who can preserve their charters;  
 A man both wise and grave.

An hundred of their merry pranks  
 By one that I could name  
 Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks  
 To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire  
 Give laud and praises due,  
 Who every meale can mend your cheare  
 With tales both old and true :  
 To William all give audience,  
 And pray yee for his noddle :  
 For all the fairies evidence  
 Were lost, if it were addle.

---

TO HIS SON VINCENT CORBET.

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,  
 But all shall say I wish thee well :  
 I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,  
 Both bodily and ghostly health ;  
 Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,  
 So much of either may undo thee.  
 I wish thee learning, not for show,  
 Enough for to instruct, and know ;  
 Not such as gentlemen require  
 To prate at table, or at fire.  
 I wish thee all thy mother's graces,  
 Thy father's fortunes, and his places.  
 I wish thee friends, and one at court  
 Not to build on, but support ;  
 To keep thee, not in doing many  
 Oppressions, but from suffering any.  
 I wish thee peace in all thy ways,  
 Nor lazy nor contentious days ;  
 And when thy soul and body part,  
 As innocent as now thou art.



PHINEAS FLETCHER, the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, "a learned man and an excellent poet," was born in the year 1584. He was educated at Eton, and elected to King's College, Cambridge; where he took his degree in 1604. He entered into holy orders, and was beneficed, in 1621, at Hilgay, in Norfolk—a living which he held during twenty-nine years, and where, probably, he died in 1650. Of the life of the Poet little else is known. His course appears to have been easy and unruffled; altogether free, indeed, from the difficulties and vexations which so commonly attend the followers of the Muses. His years glided by, untouched by care;—his duties were those of a country clergyman, active only as regarded the functions of his sacred office; and his enjoyments the pursuits of Literature, which he cultivated not as a business but as a relaxation; depending upon it mainly for his pleasures, but not resorting to it as a means of subsistence—a position to be envied, more especially when contrasted with the toils, troubles, or intrigues, which mark the career of nearly all the more distinguished of his contemporaries. If he failed in obtaining popularity, he was amply compensated by emancipation from those bonds in which society holds its favourites, and by the praise, so lavishly bestowed upon him, of a few choice spirits, who had sense and liberality enough to estimate his learning, his piety, and his poetry. By one of the most eminent among them, he is complimented—at some expense of truth—as the "Spenser of his age."

The Poems of Phineas Fletcher were, for the most part, written in early life. They were originally published in 1633, and the Dedication describes them as "blooms of his first spring"—"raw essays of his very unripe years and almost childhood."

They consist of the Purple Island; Piscatory Eclogues; and various miscellaneous pieces. The Piscatory Eclogues are smooth and graceful—but no more. The subject has been lauded by certain critics as possessing advantages over the Pastoral; but it was rightly condemned by Mr. Addison. Coleridge, in a MS. note, describes it as necessarily failing to excite human sympathies;—from elementary causes, he observes, "*i. e.* independently of accidental associations, our feelings have nothing *fishy* in them." And he attributes this to "the coldness, the slime, the impracticability (in a word) of the habits" of the sea and water-dwellers—and also to their voicelessness, their being the ready victims of death and deceit—so that they are always as food. Fletcher has, indeed, done little with a theme so unpropitious.

Among his miscellaneous pieces the reader will find many of rare beauty; and in his Elegies there is a tone of deep sadness, admirably in keeping with the solemnity of the subjects.

But the work by which Phineas Fletcher is best known to fame is the Purple Island—a title so inapplicable that we are at a loss to guess why it was so called. Indeed the Poet himself seems to have been aware of the difficulty, when he added to it—"or the Isle of Man." It is, in fact, a rhymed lecture on anatomy: the Isle being the human body, with its bones, muscles, arteries, and veins, pictured as so many hills and dales, streams and rivers. Having described them with tedious and prosaic minuteness, he enters upon a branch of his subject somewhat more poetical—the qualities of the mind. The Virtues, under the command of Electra, or Intellect, are encountered by the Vices, and after a severe struggle are about to yield, when suddenly they achieve conquest by the help of a good angel—the angel being no other than our Sovereign Lord the King, James, by the grace of God, &c. This small circumstance is sufficient proof of the Poet's bad taste;—he who could so far forget the nature of his high calling as to pander thus to the gross love of flattery which characterised the meanest of the Stuarts, may not be expected to be over nice. Many of his images are coarse; others reach the remotest limits of the fantastic; and his obscurities are so frequent as to render his foot-notes absolutely necessary.

But if there are faults—and large faults—in the Purple Island, there are, undoubtedly, beauties of the rarest order. Fletcher is accused of imitating Spenser, and it is a charge he had no desire to traverse—"to lacky him was all his pride's aspiring." Although to read the whole of his long poem would be a wearisome task, he deservedly ranks high among the Poets of our country—so spirit-stirring is the occasional boldness of his thoughts and the loftiness of his style; so striking is the brilliancy of his colouring, and so effective is the energy with which he, at times, infuses life into the duller things he touches.





PHINEAS FLETCHER.

FROM THE PURPLE ISLAND.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

THRICE, oh, thrice happie shepherd's life and state  
When courts are happinesse, unhappie pawns !  
His cottage low, and safely humble gate,  
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns, and fawns :  
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep :  
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep ;  
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their threed  
Draw out their silken lives :—nor silken pride :

His lambes' warm fleece well fits his little need,  
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture di'd :  
     No emptie hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;  
     No begging wants his middle fortune bite :  
 But sweet content exiles both miserie and spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,  
     Which wait to first-salute my lord's uprise ;  
 The cheerfull lark wakes him with early songs,  
     And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.  
     In countrey playes is all the strife he uses ;  
     Or sing, or dance, unto the rurall Muses ;  
 And but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,  
     Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content :  
 The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him  
     With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent :  
     His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas  
     Of troublous world, nor lost in slothfull ease ;  
 Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yeelds safe and quiet sleeps,  
     While by his side his faithfull spouse hath place :  
 His little sonne into his bosome creeps,  
     The lively picture of his father's face :  
     Never his humble house or state torment him ;  
     Lesse he could like, if lesse his God had sent him ;  
 And when he dies, green turfs, with grassie tombe, content him.

The world's great Light his lowly state hath bless'd,  
     And left his Heav'n to be a shepherd base :  
 Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe addrest :  
     Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ranne apace,  
     And serpents flew, to heare his softest strains :  
     He fed his flock where rolling Jordan reignes ;  
 There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fond man, that looks on Earth for happinesse,  
     And here long seeks what here is never found !  
 For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,  
     With many forfeits and conditions bound ;  
     Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due :

Tho' now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,  
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why should'st thou here look for perpetuall good,  
At ev'ry losse against Heav'ns face repining?  
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,  
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;  
There now the hart, fearlesse of greyhound, feeds,  
And loving pelican in safety breeds;  
There shrieking satyres fill the people's emptie steads.

Where is th' Assyrian lion's golden hide,  
That all the east once graspt in lordly paw?  
Where that great Persian beare, whose swelling pride  
The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?  
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,  
Thro' all the world with nimble pineons far'd,  
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd?

Hardly the place of such antiquitie,  
Or note of these great monarchies we finde:  
Onely a fading verball memorie,  
And empty name in writ, is left behinde:  
But when this second life and glory fades,  
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,  
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nurst in Tiber's fenue,  
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;  
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping denne,  
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:  
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,  
And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;  
Backt, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture, which with deathfull wing  
Oreshadows half the Earth, whose dismall sight  
Frighted the Muses from their native spring,  
Already stoops, and flagges with weary flight:  
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?  
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and  
death;  
And life itself's as flit as is the aire we breathe.

GILES FLETCHER, the brother of the Poet Phineas, the son of a poet, and the cousin of the great dramatist—of whose family it was said “the very name’s a poet”—has left us but scanty materials out of which to form a biography even so limited as that we require. He was born probably a short time after his brother; the year of his birth is not recorded; but he has himself informed us that Phineas was the elder. In allusion to the Purple Island, he says,

“But my green muse hiding her younger head.”

He was, according to Wood, “equally beloved both of the Muses and the Graces.” Giles, as well as Phineas, was a clergyman; he was also educated at Cambridge; and was beneficed at Alderton in Suffolk, where his death took place some years before that of his brother—probably in 1623. And this is nearly all we know of the life of one of the higher order of our poets; whose name must live with “our land’s language.” His great, indeed, his only, poem, if we except one or two elegiac compositions, is “Christ’s Victory and Triumph.”—It was first published at Cambridge in 1610; but appears to have met with unmerited neglect, a second edition not having been called for until upwards of twenty years had elapsed. The Poet, therefore, relinquished the unprofitable companionship of the Muses—the warm and fervent praise of a few of his contemporaries being insufficient to satisfy his cravings after fame. He seems to have turned his thoughts into another channel, to have attained the reputation of “good skill” in scholastic divinity, and to have secured the reward of a fellowship. He was thus enabled to gratify his love of college life; which, in evil hour, he resigned for the living of Alderton; where, we are told, “his clownish parishioners (having nothing but their shoes high about them) valued not their pastor according to his worth, which disposed him to melancholy, and hastened his dissolution.” Though yielding early to the influence of sickness and “hope deferred,” he appears to have anticipated that after-fame, which is, however, unworthily withheld from him. When cautioned by his brother against esteeming “malicious tongues,” he looked to the future for his exceeding great reward; “It is only Poetry,” he says, “that can make us be thought living men when we lie among the dead.”—“a recompense,” he adds, “which neither Philosophy nor Ethics, nor all the arts, can bestow upon us.”

Of “Christ’s Victory and Triumph” we may speak in terms of the highest praise. The Poet has exhibited a fertility of invention and a rich store of fancy worthy of the sublime subject. The style is lofty and energetic, the descriptions natural and graphic, and the construction of his verse graceful and harmonious. But, unhappily, he has introduced among his sacred themes—the birth, temptation, passion, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of the Saviour—so many characters from, and allusions to, profane history, as often to jar upon the sense and to render the Poet justly liable to the charges of bad taste and inconsistency. Giles Fletcher, indeed, had no power of selecting his thoughts, or his reputation might have equalled his genius. The Poem is divided into four parts:—Christ’s Victory in Heaven; Christ’s Triumph on Earth; Christ’s Triumph over Death; Christ’s Triumph after Death. The first having reference to the Incarnation; the second, to the Temptation; the third, to the Crucifixion; and the fourth, to the Resurrection. In the course of these, he refers to the Graces, Mount Olympus, the Trojan Boy, the Titans, “wild Pentheus,” “staring Orestes,” Orpheus, Deucalion, Apollo, Bacchus, Pan, Adonis, Arcady, Mount Ida, and the honey of Hybla—references that bear us away from the solemn grandeur of his great theme. The poem, however, amply compensates for this defect. The passages we have selected describe the temptation of our Saviour in the wilderness; where, having passed two dreary days and nights, making “the ground his bed and his moist pillow grass,” he perceives afar off an aged sire who “nearer came and lowted low” and besought the Son of Heaven to bless the humble cell of the old Palmer. So “on they wandered;” first visiting the cave of Despair—within whose gloomy hole the serpent vainly wooed his lord to enter; next Presumption her pavilion spread; then suddenly a goodly garden grew out of the frozen solitude—“as if the snow had melted into flowers;” and the Saviour is led by the tempter, through the bower of Vain Delight; the sorceress vainly seeking to corrupt the incorruptible. This brief description is a necessary introduction to the passage we have selected.



## GILES FLETCHER.

FROM CHRIST'S TRIUMPH ON EARTH.

TWICE had Diana bent her golden bowe,  
 And shot from Heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse  
 The sluggish salvages, that den belowe,  
 And all the day in lazie covert drouse,  
 Since him the silent wilderness did house :  
     The Heav'n his rooffe, and arbour harbour was,  
     The ground his bed, and his moist pillowe grasse :  
 But fruit thear none did growe, nor rivers none did passe.

At length an aged syre farre off he sawe  
 Come slowly footing, every step he guest  
 One of his feete he from the grave did drawe.

Three legges he had, the wooden was the best,  
 And all the waic he went, he ever blest  
     With benedicities, and prayers store,  
     But the bad ground was blessed ne'r the more,  
 And all his head with snowe of age was waxen hore.

A good old hermit he might seeme to be,  
 That for devotion had the world forsaken,  
 And now was travelling some saint to see,  
 Since to his beads he had himselfe betaken,  
 Whear all his former sinnes he might awaken,  
     And them might wash away with dropping brine,  
     And almes, and fasts, and churche's discipline;  
 And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

But when he neerer came, he lowted lowe  
 With prone obeysance, and with curtsie kinde,  
 That at his feete his head he seem'd to throwe:  
 What needs him now another saint to finde?  
 Affections are the sailes, and faith the wind,  
     That to this Sainte a thousand soules convey  
     Each hour: O happy pilgrims, thither strey!  
 What caren they for beasts, or for the wearie way?

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Ere long they came nere to a balefull bowre,  
 Much like the mouth of that infernall cave,  
 That gaping stood all commers to devoure,  
 Dark, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
 That still for carrion carkasses doth crave.  
     The ground no hearbs, but venomous, did beare,  
     Nor ragged trees did leave; but every whear  
 Dead bones and skulls wear cast, and bodies hanged wear.

Upon the rooffe the bird of sorrowe sat,  
 Elonging joyfull day with her sad note,  
 And through the shady aire the fluttering bat  
 Did wave her leather sayles, and blindely flote,  
 While with her wings the fatal screech owle smote  
     Th' unblest house: thear on a craggy stone  
     Celeno hung, and made his direfull mone,  
 And all about the murdered ghosts did shreek and grone.

Like cloudie moonshine in some shadowie grove,  
 Such was the light in which Despaire did dwell;



But he himselfe with night for darknesse strove.  
 His blacke uncombed locks dishevell'd fell  
 About his face; through which, as brands of Hell,  
     Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glowe,  
     That made him deadly looke, their glimpse did shoue  
 Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throwe.

His clothes wear ragged clouts, with thornes pin'd fast;  
 And as he musing lay, to stonie fright  
 A thousand wilde chimeras would him cast:  
 As when a fearefull dreame in midst of night,  
 Skips to the braine, and phansies to the sight  
     Some winged furie, strait the hasty foot,  
     Eger to flie, cannot plucke up his root:  
 The voyce dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The garden like a ladie faire was cut,  
 That lay as if shee slumber'd in delight,  
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut;  
 The azure fields of Heav'n wear 'sembled right  
 In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:  
     The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,  
     That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew  
 Like twinkling starrs, that sparkle in the evening blew.

Upon a hillie banke her head shee cast,  
 On which the bowre of Vaine-delight was built.  
 White and red roses for her face wear plac't,  
 And for her tresses marigolds wear spilt:  
 Them broadly shee displaied, like flaming guilt,  
     Till in the ocean the glad day wear drown'd:  
     Then up againe her yellow locks she wound,  
 And with greene fillets in their prettie calls them bound.

What should I here depeint her lillie hand,  
 Her veines of violets, her ermine brest,  
 Which there in orient colours living stand:  
 Or how her gowne with silken leaves is drest,  
 Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughie crest,  
     A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,  
     Shaking at every winde their leavie spears,  
 While she supinely sleeps ne to be waked fears?



Over the hedge depends the graping elme,  
 Whose greener head, empurpled in wine,  
 Seemed to wonder at his bloodie helme,  
 And halfe suspect the bunches of the vine,  
 Least they, perhaps, his wit should undermine,  
     For well he knewe such fruit he never bore :  
 But her weake armes embraced him the more,  
 And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

Under the shadowe of these drunken elmes  
 A fountaine rose, where Pangloretta uses  
 (When her some flood of fancie overwhelms,  
 And one of all her favourites she chuses)  
 To bathe herselfe, whom she in lust abuses,  
     And from his wanton body sucks his soule,  
     Which, drown'd in pleasure in that shally bowle,  
 And swimming in delight, doth amorously rowle.

The font of silver was, and so his showrs  
 In silver fell, onely the gilded bowles  
 (Like to a fornace, that the min'rall powres)  
 Seemed to have moul't it in their shining holes :  
 And on the water, like to burning coles,  
     On liquid silver leaves of roses lay :  
     But when Panglorie here did list to play,  
 Rose-water then it ranne, and milke it rain'd, they say.

The rooffe thicke cloudes did paint, from which three boyes  
 Three gaping mermaides with their eawrs did feede,  
 Whose brests let fall the streame, with sleepee noise,  
 To lions' mouths, from whence it leapt with speede,  
 And in the rosie laver seem'd to bleed ;  
     The naked boyes unto the water's fall,  
     Their stonie nightingales had taught to call,  
 When Zephyr breath'd into their watery interall.

And all about, embayed in soft sleepe,  
 A heard of charmed beasts a-ground wear spread,  
 Which the faire witch in goulden chaines did keepe,  
 And them in willing bondage fettered :  
 Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,  
     And turn'd to beasts ; so fabled Homer old,  
     That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,  
 Us'd manly soules in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bowre,  
 (Whome thousand soules devoutly idolize)  
 Our first destroyer led our Saviour;  
 Thear in the lower roome, in solenne wise,  
 They daunc'd a round, and powr'd their sacrifice  
     To plumpe Lyæus, and among the rest,  
 The jolly priest, in yvie garlands drest,  
 Chaunted wild orgialls, in honour of the feast.

Others within their arbours swilling sat,  
 (For all the roome about was arbour'd)  
 With laughing Bacchus, that was growne so fat,  
 That stand he could not, but was carried,  
 And every evening freshly watered,  
     To quench his fierie cheeks, and all about  
     Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied out  
 Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spueing rout.

This their inhumed soules esteem'd their wealths,  
 To crowne the bousing kan from day to night,  
 And sicke to drinke themselves with drinking healths,  
 Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.  
 Hence to a loft, carv'd all in yvorie white,  
     They came, whear whiter ladies naked went,  
     Melted in pleasure and soft languishment,  
 And sunke in beds of roses, amorous glaunces sent.

\* \* \* \*

High over all, Panglorie's blazing throne,  
 In her bright turret, all of christall wrought,  
 Like Phœbus' lampe, in midst of Heaven, shone:  
 Whose starry top, with pride infernall fraught,  
 Selfe-arching columns to uphold wear taught:  
     In which her image still reflected was  
     By the smooth crystall, that, most like her glasse,  
 In beauty and in frailtie did all others passe.

A silver wand the sorceresse did sway,  
 And, for a crowne of gold, her haire she wore;  
 Onely a garland of rose-buds did play  
 About her locks, and in her hand she bore  
 A hollowe globe of glasse, that long before  
     She full of emptinesse had bladdered,  
 And all the world therein depicted:  
 Whose colours, like the rainebowe, ever vanished.

Such wat'ry orbicles young boyes doe blowe  
 Out from their sopy shells, and much admire  
 The swimming world, which tenderly they rowe  
 With easie breath till it be waved higher :  
 But if they chaunce but roughly once aspire,  
     The painted bubble instantly doth fall.  
 Here when she came, she 'gan for musique call,  
 And sung this wooing song, to welcome him withall :

“ Love is the blossome where thear blowes  
 Every thing that lives or growes :  
 Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,  
 And the Sun doth burne in love :  
 Love the strong and weake doth yoke,  
 And makes the yvie climbe the oke ;  
 Under whose shadowes lions wilde,  
 Soften'd by love, growe tame and mild :  
 Love no med'cine can appease,  
 He burnes the fishes in the seas ;  
 Not all the skill his wounds can stench,  
 Not all the sea his fire can quench :  
 Love did make the bloody spear  
 Once a levie coat to wear,  
 While in his leaves thear shrouded lay  
 Sweete birds, for love that sing and play :  
 And of all love's joyfull flame,  
 I the bud and blossome am.

Onely bend thy knee to me,  
 Thy wooeing shall thy winning be.

“ See, see the flowers that belowe,  
 Now as fresh as morning blowe,  
 And of all, the virgin rose,  
 That as bright Aurora showes :  
 How they all unleaved die,  
 Losing their virginitie ;  
 Like unto a summer-shade,  
 But now borne, and now they fade.  
 Every thing doth passe away,  
 Thear is danger in delay :  
 Come, come, gather then the rose,  
 Gather it, or it you lose.  
 All the sande of Tagus' shore  
 Into my bosome casts his ore :

All the valleys' swimming corne  
 To my house is yerely borne:  
 Every grape of every vine  
 Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine;  
 While ten thousand kings, as proud,  
 To carry up my traine have bow'd,  
 And a world of ladies send me  
 In my chambers to attend me.  
 All the starres in Heav'n that shine,  
 And ten thousand more, are mine:  
 Onely bend thy knee to mee,  
 Thy wooing shall thy winning bee."

Thus sought the dire enchauntress in his minde  
 Her guileful bayt to have embosomed:  
 But he her charmes dispersed into winde,  
 And her of insolence admonished,  
 And all her optique glasses shattered.  
 So with her syre to Hell shee tooke her flight,  
 (The starting ayre flew from the damned spright)  
 Whear deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,  
 A heavenly volie of light angels flew,  
 And from his Father him a banquet brought,  
 Through the fine element; for well they knew,  
 After his Lenten fast, he hungrie grew:  
 And as he fed, the holy quires combine  
 To sing a hymne of the celestiaall Trine;  
 All thought to passe, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joyes,  
 Attemper'd to the layes angelicall;  
 And to the birds the winds attune their noyse;  
 And to the winds the waters hoarcely call,  
 And eccho back againe revoyced all;  
 That the whole valley rung with victorie.  
 But now our Lord to rest doth homewards flie:  
 See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

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WILLIAM DRUMMOND, the son of Sir John Drummond, gentleman usher to James the Sixth, was born at Hawthornden, in Mid Lothian, on the 13th of December, 1585; and, having received his early education at the High School of Edinburgh, took his degree in the university of that city. From 1606 to 1610, he studied civil law at Bourges; after which he returned to his native country, and dwelt in his beautiful and romantic residence on the banks of the Eske—"a sweet and solitary seat and very fit and proper for the Muses," cultivating his taste for literature, and occupying himself in the composition of the Cypress Grove—a prose work, containing reflections on the vanity of human hopes and wishes—and the Flowers of Sion. The happy and tranquil course of his life, however, did not continue long unbroken; for, having successfully wooed a young and lovely lady, she died soon after the marriage day was fixed. This sad event, to which he frequently alludes in his poems, produced such deep despondency of mind that he was induced to seek relief by travel. The eight years that followed he spent in visiting most of the European countries; and, on his return to Scotland, married Elizabeth Logan—because of her striking resemblance to his first love. During the remainder of his life, he continued to reside at Hawthornden. He was a zealous and unflinching Loyalist; "being reputed a malignant, he was extremely harassed by the prevailing party, and for his verses and discourses frequently summoned before their circular tables." It is said, indeed, that his mind was so affected by intelligence of the execution of Charles the First, that his own death-warrant was "signed thereupon." He died on the 4th December, 1649. He is described as of "a goodly aspect;" an accomplished gentleman, of manners amiable and polite; careful in discharging the duties of public and private life; a sincere friend and an agreeable companion; possessing piety, fervent and unaffected; a true lover of his native land; and as the friend or correspondent of all the more excellent and distinguished of his contemporaries.

The visit of Ben Jonson to Hawthornden has been the subject of much bitter remark. In the year 1618, the great Poet of England *walked* to Scotland—to spend, it is said, a few weeks with his brother of the North. It is, however, by no means certain that this interview was the sole or even an important object of his excursion. But unhappily the result of it has been prejudicial to the memories of both. It appears that Drummond took notes of the wittiest, if not the wisest, sayings of old Ben, whom he describes "as eaten up with fancies; a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; jealous, especially after drinke,—one of the elements on which he liveth;" and, to sum up all, "for any religion." Probably Drummond never intended publicly to exhibit this picture; but it has led to much comment on the brutality of the guest and the perfidy of the host. The "malice" of Drummond has been traced to the "faint praise" of Jonson, who could find but a word of cold compliment for one of his friend's poems—the Forth Feasting—and that only because its gross flattery must have "pleased the king." It is to be regretted that the one, in the fullness of his heart, or during moments of unthinking hilarity, should have said much that was not exactly wise; and that the other should have been so unable to appreciate his guest's real character as to have noted down his petty jealousies and absurdities. The personal acquaintance of the two poets lasted only a few weeks—not long enough perhaps to exhibit, at least to Drummond, the virtues of "Rare Ben Jonson."

The principal poems of Drummond are the "Flowers of Sion," short pieces upon sacred subjects, and a variety of songs and sonnets. Among them are several of great beauty; the versification is easy and elegant—to an astonishing degree, indeed, when we bear in mind the age in which he wrote, and that he preceded Waller and others whom we are taught to consider as the fathers of "smoothness" in our English tongue. Although he had studied deeply, and derived much advantage from his knowledge of the poets of Italy, France and Spain, his learning is never unpleasantly intruded upon the reader. His thoughts are naturally and gracefully expressed;—both his ideas and his language are remarkably free from the affectations so conspicuous in his contemporaries; he rarely indulges in the crude conceits by which their writings are deformed; and appears to have felt and acknowledged (at times with intemperance) the influence of nature.



## DRUMMOND.

### THE INSTABILITY OF MORTAL GLORY.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bayes,  
Skie-threatning arches, the rewards of worth,  
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious layes,  
Which men divine unto the world set forth :  
States which ambitious minds, in blood do raise,  
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange,  
Gigantall frames held wonders rarely strange,  
Like spiders webs are made the sport of daies,  
Nothing is constant but in constant change,  
What's done still is undone, and when undone  
Into some other fashion doth it range ;  
Thus goes the floting world beneath the moone ;  
Wherefore my mind above time, motion, place,  
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.



## SONNETS.

I KNOW that all beneath the Moon decaies,  
 And what by mortalls in this world is brought,  
 In Time's great periods shall returne to noughte;  
 That fairest states have fatal nights and daies.  
 I know that all the Muses heavenly layes,  
 With toyle of spright, which are so dearely bought,  
 As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought,  
 That there is nothing lighter than vaine praise.  
 I know fraile beauty like the purple floure,  
 To which one morne oft birth and death affords,  
 That love a jarring is of minds accords,  
 Where sense and will bring under Reason's power:  
     Know what I list, all this cannot me move,  
     But that, (alas!) I both must write, and love.

---

SLEEP, silence, child, sweet father of soft rest,  
 Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,  
 Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,  
 Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;  
 Loe, by thy charming rod, all breathing things  
 Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulnesse possest,  
 And yet o're me to spread thy drowsie wings  
 Thou spar'st, (alas!) who cannot be thy guest.  
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face  
 To inward light which thou art wont to show,  
 With faigned solace ease a true-felt woe;  
 Or if, deafe god, thou do deny that grace,  
     Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,  
     I long to kisse the image of my death.

---

TRUST not, sweet soule, those curled waves of gold  
 With gentle tides that on your temples flow,  
 Nor temples spred with flakes of virgin snow,  
 Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian graine enrol'd.  
 Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,  
 When first I did their azure raies behold,  
 Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show,  
 Than of the Thracian harper have been told:



Look to this dying lilly, fading rose,  
 Dark hyacinthe, of late whose blushing beames  
 Made all the neighbouring herbs and grasse rejoyce,  
 And thinke how little is 'twixt life's extreames ;  
     The cruell tyrant that did kill those flow'rs,  
     Shall once, aye me, not spare that spring of yours.

---

My lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow  
 With thy green mother in some shady grove,  
 When immelodious winds but made thee move,  
 And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.  
 Since that deare voice which did thy sounds approve,  
 Which wont in such harmonious straines to flow,  
 Is reft from earth to tune those spheares above,  
 What art thou but a harbinger of woe?  
 Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,  
 But orphans wailings to the fainting eare,  
 Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a teare,  
 For which be silent as in woods before :  
     Or if that any hand to touch thee daigne,  
     Like widow'd turtle still her losse complaine.

---

A PASSING glance, a light'ning 'long the skies,  
 Which ush'ring thunder, dies straight to our sight,  
 A sparke that doth from jarring mixtures rise,  
 Thus drown'd is in th' huge depths of day and night :  
 Is this small trifle, life, held in such price,  
 Of blinded wights, who ne're judge aught aright ?  
 Of Parthian shaft so swift is not the flight,  
 As life, that wastes itselfe, and living dies.  
 Ah ! what is humane greatness, valour, wit !  
 What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise ?  
 To what doth serve in golden thrones to sit,  
 Thrall earth's vaste round, triumphall arches raise ?  
     That's all a dreame, learne in this prince's fall,  
     In whom, save death, nought mortall was at all.

---

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,  
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,  
 Though solitary, who is not alone,  
 But doth converse with that eternall love :  
 O how more sweet is birds harmonious moane,  
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,  
 Than those smooth whisperings neer a prince's throne,  
 Which good make doubtfull, do the evill approve !  
 O how more sweet is zephyre's wholesome breath,  
 And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,  
 Than that applause vaine honour doth bequeath !  
 How sweet are streames to poyson dranke in gold !  
     The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;  
     Woods harmlesse shades have only true delights.

---

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the earely houres,  
 Of winters past, or comming, void of care,  
 Well pleased with delights which present are,  
 Fair seasons, budding spraies, sweet-smelling flow'rs :  
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bow'rs,  
 Thou thy Creator's goodnesse dost declare,  
 And what deare gifts on thee he did not spare,  
 A staine to humane sense in sin that low'rs.  
 What soule can be so sick, which by thy songs  
 (Attir'd in sweetnesse) sweetly is not driven  
 Quite to forget earth's turmoiles, spights and wrongs,  
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?  
     Sweet, artlesse songster, thou my mind doest raise  
     To ayres of speares, yes, and to angels layes.

---

SWEET Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly traine,  
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,  
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plaine,  
 The clouds for joy in pearls weepe down their show'rs.  
 Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah ! my pleasant hours,  
 And happy days, with thee come not againe ;  
 The sad memorials only of my paine  
 Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.

Thou art the same which still thou wert before,  
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;  
 But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air  
 Is gone; nor gold, nor gems can her restore.  
     Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,  
     When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

---

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,  
 A beauty fading like the Aprill flow'rs,  
 A sweet with flouds of gall, that runs combin'd,  
 A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,  
 A honour that more fickle is than wind,  
 A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,  
 A treasury which bankrupt time devoures,  
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind;  
 A vaine delight our equals to command,  
 A stile of greatnesse, in effect a dreame,  
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,  
 A servile lot, deck't with a pompous name;  
     Are the strange ends we toyle for here below,  
     Till wisest death make us our errours know.

---

LOOK how the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,  
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,  
 Spoyl'd of that juyce which kept it fresh and green,  
 As high as it did raise, bows low the head:  
 Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,  
 Or in their contraries but only seen,  
 With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,  
 And, (blasted,) scarce now shows what it hath been.  
 Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night  
 Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,  
 Thinke on thy home, (my soule,) and thinke aright  
 Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:  
     Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morne,  
     And twice it is not given thee to be borne.

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GEORGE WITHER was born in 1588, at Bentworth, Hampshire. In 1604, he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford; but soon afterwards having, it would appear, become intimate with the Muses, his father, a plain country gentleman, apprehensive of their proving dangerous acquaintances, recalled his son with the intention of teaching him "to hold the plough." The boy, however, rebelled against the authority of the parent, made his way to London, and entered at Lincoln's Inn. In 1613, having previously obtained some celebrity, he published a series of Satires, "Abuses stript and whipt"—and though the poems contain no personal allusions—nor a single immoral thought or indecent expression,—the satire being general—he was committed to the Marshalsea for the "offence." During his long incarceration, he composed the most beautiful of his productions—the "Shepherds Hunting." On his release, his unsettled condition caused him to lead a most perturbed life. But though "in prisons oft," he continued to pursue the Muse he had wooed in boyhood, acknowledging her influence in every shape and character to which rhyme could be applied—worshipping her through evil report and good report—sometimes as an unworthy votary, but far more often under the influence of true inspiration; always maintaining a bold and manly bearing and an intrepid and independent port, singing his song,

"I'll make my owne feathers reare me  
Whither others cannot beare me."

If he complained, he did it as a man—if he protested against the booksellers as "cruel bee-masters, who burn the poor Athenian bees for their honey," he showed that his words were not mere sounds, by printing the longest of all his writings—Britain's Remembrancer—with his own hands.

When the rupture took place between Charles the First and the Commons, Wither sold his paternal estate, and raised a troop of horse for the Parliament. He was taken prisoner and in danger of being hanged; but Denham interceded for his life, on the ground that, while he lived, the author of "Cooper's Hill" could not be accounted the worst Poet in England. Wither, however, was subsequently Cromwell's Major-General for Surrey, and shared in the harvest of sequestration; which he was compelled to relinquish at the Restoration. Evil fortune then again pursued him; his eager and angry protests were deemed libellous, and George Wither was once more doomed to woo his Muse within stone walls. He was first an inmate of Newgate, and afterwards of the Tower. It is uncertain whether he died in prison; but it is known that he perished in indigence and obscurity, somewhere about the year 1667:—a sad example of genius unaccompanied by prudence.

It is to the earlier poems of Wither that we are to look for proofs of his power. The playful fancy, pure taste, and rich yet simple thoughts, which so abound in them, were lost when party zeal changed the character of the man. Instead of being admired by those who could love and estimate Nature, he was "cried up by the Puritanical party for his profuse pouring forth of English rhyme, and more, afterwards, by the vulgar sort of people, for his prophetic poetry." His style degenerated; the natural, and artless tone of his Muse grew boisterous; her garb became unseemly—she laid aside the light and graceful drapery so beautifully in keeping with the woods and fields, and put on the sullied and coarse attire of a town termer.

It is obvious, however, even from the brief specimens we have given, that the spirit of true poetry was active within him. His works abound in parts which amply redeem the barrenness of the plain that surrounds them. Such are evidently the outpourings of his soul—the sudden and unmaturing promptings of a fine, energetic, and strongly toned mind. They are, to use his own words, "such as flowed forth without study;" he could not, or would not, "spend time to put his meanings into other words."

Our principal extract is from the *Shepherds Hunting*—a passage which, although well known, it is impossible to omit from any collection of the beauties of English Poetry. The Poem is a dialogue between Roget and Willy—which is held in the Marshalsea Prison. The caged Poet, after a lengthened description of the Pleasures that live with Freedom, describes the only consolation left to him—the companionship of the Muse.



## WITHER.

A SONNET UPON A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes,  
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;  
And free access, unto that sweet lip, lies,  
From whence I long the rosie breath to draw.  
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal  
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;  
None sees the theft that would the thief reveal,  
Nor rob I her of ought which she can miss:  
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,  
There would be little sign I had done so;  
Why then should I this robbery delay?  
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!  
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,  
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

## FROM THE SHEPHERDS HUNTING.

As the sunne doth oft exhale  
 Vapours from each rotten vale;  
 Poesie so sometimes draines,  
 Grosse conceits from muddy braines;  
 Mists of envie, fogs of spight,  
 Twixt mens judgements and her light:  
 But so much her power may doe,  
 That she can dissolve them too.  
 If thy verse do bravely tower,  
 As she makes wing, she gets power:  
 Yet the higher she doth sore,  
 She's affronted still the more:  
 Till she to the high'st hath past,  
 Then she restes with Fame at last,  
 Let nought therefore thee affright,  
 But make forward in thy flight:  
 For if I could match thy rime,  
 To the very starres I'de clime.  
 There begin againe, and flye,  
 Till I reach'd æternity.  
 But (alas) my Muse is slow:  
 For thy page she flagges too low:  
 Yes, the more's her haplesse fate,  
 Her short wings were clipt of late.  
 And poore I, her fortune ruing,  
 Am my selfe put up a muing.  
 But if I my cage can rid,  
 I'le flye where I never did.  
 And though for her sake I'me crost,  
 Though my best hopes I have lost,  
 And knew she would make my trouble  
 Ten times more then ten times double:  
 I would love and keepe her too,  
 Spight of all the world could doe.  
 For though banisht from my flockes,  
 And confin'd within these rockes,  
 Here I waste away the light,  
 And consume the sullen night,  
 She doth for my comfort stay,  
 And keepes many cares away.  
 Though I misse the flowry fields,  
 With those sweets the spring-tyde yeelds,



Though I may not see those groves,  
Where the shepheards chaunt their loves,  
And the lasses more excell,  
Then the sweet voyc'd Philomel,  
Though of all those pleasures past,  
Nothing now remaines at last,  
But Remembrance (poore reliefe)  
That more makes, then mends my griefe:  
She's my mind's companion still,  
Maugre Envies evil will.  
She doth tell me where to borrow  
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;  
Makes the desolatest place  
To her presence be a grace;  
And the blackest discontents  
To be pleasing ornaments.  
In my former dayes of blisse,  
Her divine skill taught me this,  
That from every thing I saw,  
I could some invention draw:  
And raise pleasure to her height,  
Through the meanest objects sight;  
By the murmure of a spring,  
Or the least boughs rusteling;  
By a dazie whose leaves spred,  
Shut when Tytan goes to bed,  
Or a shady bush or tree,  
She could more infuse in me,  
Then all natures beauties can,  
In some other wiser man.  
By her helpe I also now,  
Make this churlish place allow  
Somthings that may sweeten gladnes  
In the very gall of sadnes;  
The dull loaneness, the blacke shade,  
That those hanging vaults have made,  
The strange musicke of the waves,  
Beating on these hollow caves,  
This blacke den which rocks embosse,  
Over-growne with eldest mosse,  
The rude portals that give light,  
More to terrour then delight.  
This my chamber of neglect,  
Wal'd about with disrespect,



From all these, and this dull ayre,  
 A fit object for despaire;  
 She hath taught me, by her might,  
 To draw comfort and delight.  
 Therefore thou best earthly blisse,  
 I will cherish thee for this.  
 Poesie, thou sweetest content  
 That ere Heav'n to mortals lent:  
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,  
 Whose dull thoughts can not conceive thee,  
 Though thou be to them a scorne,  
 That to nought but earth are borne:  
 Let my life no longer bee,  
 Then I am in love with thee.  
 Though our wise ones call it madnes,  
 Let me never taste of sadnes,  
 If I love not thy mad'st fits  
 Above all their greatest wits.  
 And though some too seeming holy,  
 Doe account thy raptures folly:  
 Thou dost teach me to contemne  
 What makes knaves and fooles of them.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Now that my body dead-alive,  
 Bereav'd of comfort lyes in thrall,  
 Doe thou, my soul, begin to thrive,  
 And unto honie turne this gall:  
     So shall we both through outward wo  
     The way to inward comfort know.

As to the flesh we foode do give,  
 To keepe in us this mortall breath:  
 So soules on meditation live,  
 And shunne thereby immortall death:  
     Nor art thou ever neerer rest,  
     Then when thou find'st me most opprest.

First thinke, my soule, if I have foes  
 That take a pleasure in my care,  
 And to procure these outward woes  
 Have thus entrapt me unaware:  
     Thou should'st by much more carefull bee,  
     Since greater foes lay waite for thee.

Then when mew'd up in grates of steele,  
 Minding those joyes mine eyes doe misse,  
 Thou find'st no torment thou do'st feele,  
 So grievous as privation is :  
 Muse how the damn'd in flames that glow,  
 Pine in the losse of blisse they know.

Thou seest there's given so great a might  
 To some that are but clay as I,  
 Their very anger can affright ;  
 Which if in any thou espie  
 Thus thinke, if mortals frownes strike feare,  
 How dreadfull will God's wrath appeare !

By my late hopes that now are crost,  
 Consider those that firmer bee,  
 And make the freedome I have lost  
 A meanes that may remember thee :  
 Had Christ not thy Redeemer bin,  
 What horrid thrall thou had'st beene in.

These iron chaines, the bolt's of steele,  
 Which other poore offenders grinde,  
 The wants and cares which they doe feele,  
 May bring some greater thing to minde :  
 For by their grieve thou shalt doe well,  
 To thinke upon the paines of hell.

Or when through me thou seest a man  
 Condemn'd unto a mortall death,  
 How sad he lookes, how pale, how wan,  
 Drawing with feare his panting breath ;  
 Thinke if in that such grieve thou see,  
 How sad will, *Goe yee cursed bee !*

Againe, when he that fear'd to dye  
 (Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,  
 Reade but the joy that's in his eye,  
 And then convey it to thy thought :  
 There thinke betwixt thy heart and thee,  
 How sweet will, *Come ye blessed bee !*

Thus if thou doe, though closed here,  
 My bondage I shall deeme the lesse,

I neither shall have cause to fear,  
 Nor yet bewaile my sad distresse :  
 For whether live, or pine, or dye,  
 We shall have blisse eternally.

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## THE SHEPHEARD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despaire,  
 Dye, because a woman 's faire ?  
 Or make pale my cheeks with care  
 'Cause another's rosie are ?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flow'ry meads in May ;  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how faire she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd  
 'Cause I see a woman kind ?  
 Or a well-disposed nature  
 Joined with a lovely feature ?  
 Be she meeker, kinder, than  
 The Turtle-Dove or Pelican :  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how kinde she be ?

Shall a woman's virtue move  
 Me to perish for her love ?  
 Or her well-deservings knowne,  
 Make me quite forget mine owne ?  
 Be she with that goodnesse blest,  
 Which may merit name of Best ;  
 If she be not such to me,  
 What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
 Shall I play the foole and dye ?  
 Those that beare a noble minde,  
 Where they want of riches finde,  
 Thinke what with them they would doe,  
 That without them dare to wooe ;  
 And unlesse that minde I see,  
 What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kinde or faire,  
 will ne'er the more despaire;  
 If she love me, this beleeve;  
 will dye ere she shall grieve,  
 If she slight me when I woove,  
 can scorne and let her goe:  
 If she be not fit for me,  
 What care I for whom she be?

---

FROM FAIR VIRTUE.

HAIL, thou fairest of all creatures  
 Upon whom the sun doth shine:  
 Model of all rarest features,  
 And perfections most divine.  
 Thrice all-hail: and blessed be  
 Those that love and honour thee.  
 This, thy picture, therefore shew I  
 Naked unto every eye,  
 Yet no fear of rival know I,  
 Neither touch of jealousie;  
 For, the more make love to thee,  
 I the more shall pleased be.  
 I am no Italian lover,  
 That will mewe thee in a jayle;  
 But, thy beautie I discover,  
 English-like, without a vail;  
 If thou mayst be won away,  
 Win and wear thee he that may.  
 Yet, in this thou mayst believe me;  
 (So indifferent tho' I seem)  
 Death with tortures would not grieve me,  
 More than loss of thy esteem;  
 For, if virtue me forsake,  
 All, a scorn of me will make.  
 Then, as I on thee relying  
 Doe no changing feare in thee:  
 So, by my defects supplying,  
 From all changing, keep thou me.  
 That, unmatched we may prove,—  
 Thou, for beautie; I, for love.

---

## THE STEDFAST SHEPHEARD.

HENCE away, thou Syren, leave me,  
 Pish! unclaspe these wanton armes;  
 Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,  
 (Though thou prove a thousand charmes).  
 Fie, fie, forbear;e;  
 No common snare  
 Can ever my affection chaine:  
 Thy painted baits,  
 And poore deceits,  
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'm no slave to such as you be;  
 Neither shall that snowy brest,  
 Rowling eye, and lip of ruby  
 Ever robb me of my rest:  
 Goe, goe, display  
 Thy beautie's ray  
 To some more-soone enamour'd swaine:  
 Those common wiles  
 Of sighs and smiles  
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie;  
 Turne away thy tempting eye:  
 Shew not me a painted beautie;  
 These impostures I defie:  
 My spirit lothes  
 Where gaudy clothes  
 And fained othes may love obtaine:  
 I love her so,  
 Whose looke sweares No;  
 That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,  
 Which on every brest are worne;  
 That may plucke the virgin roses  
 From their never-touched thorne?  
 I can goe rest  
 On her sweet brest,  
 That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:  
 Then stay thy tongue;  
 Thy mermaid song  
 Is all bestowed on me in vaine.

He's a foole, that basely dallies,  
Where each peasant mates with him :  
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,  
Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe ?  
No, no, though clownes  
Are scar'd with frownes,  
I know the best can but disdaine :  
And those Ile prove :  
So will thy love  
Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,  
Where each lustfull lad may wooe :  
Give me her, whose sun-like beautie  
Buzzards dare not soare unto :  
Shee, shee it is  
Affords that blisse  
For which I would refuse no paine :  
But such as you,  
Fond fooles, adieu ;  
You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;  
Seeke no more to worke my harmes :  
Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,  
Who am prooffe against your charmes :  
You labour may  
To lead astray  
The heart, that constant shall remaine :  
And I the while  
Will sit and smile  
To see you spend your time in vaine.

---

THOMAS CAREW, the descendant of an ancient family of Devonshire, was born, it is conjectured, in Gloucestershire, but the year of his birth has not been correctly ascertained. Mr. Ellis gives it as 1577, but Lord Clarendon, a contemporary, states him to have lived "fifty years;" he must therefore have been born in 1589. He was educated at Corpus Christi, Oxford, but never matriculated. Having, according to Wood, "improved his parts by travelling, and conversation with ingenious men in the metropolis," his talents attracted the notice of Charles the First, by whom he was appointed gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and sewer in ordinary. His after years seem to have been passed in ease and affluence; but unhappily with "less severity or exactness than they ought to have been." Clarendon, who makes this remark, adds, that "he died with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire." There is little doubt that his death took place in 1639;—a short time previous to the bursting of the storm that had been long gathering. Carew was greatly esteemed by all his contemporaries: his accomplishments were of the rarest order, and his manners must have been in the highest degree conciliating. Jonson, Davenant, Donne, and Suckling, were among his most "loving friends." Davenant in celebrating his wit, and the chief sources of its inspiration, has these lines:—

"Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice;  
For every beauty thou hast rais'd so high,  
That now coarse faces carry such a price  
As must undo a lover that would buy."

Pope, who classes Carew among "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," has not done justice to his merits. "For the sharpness of his fancy and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread," says Lord Clarendon, "his poems are at least equal if not superior to any of his time." They were first published in 8vo, and have been several times reprinted. "The songs," as Wood expresses it, "were wedded to the charming notes of Mr. Henry Lawes," gentleman of the King's Chapel, and the most eminent musical composer of his age. Carew is deservedly placed high in the list of writers who first bestowed grace and polish on lyrical poetry. In these qualities he surpassed Waller, whose "smoothness" has been so much lauded by critics who have omitted to notice it in his predecessors. His poems consist of minor pieces; all bearing upon those topics which seem in his age to have been thought alone worthy of verse—Love that existed without sentiment or esteem, occasional elegies, with now and then a laudatory line or two upon royalty. Nature was seldom resorted to for more ennobling themes; the poets of that day seem to have satisfied themselves with circulating from hand to hand a few pointed and glowing stanzas to commemorate either the kindness or the disdain of some mistress, whose love or hatred, after all, was little worth, and valued accordingly. Such are the chief themes of Carew—with whom, as with most others, the passion was like "snow that falls upon a river," gone almost as soon as seen; but, unlike the snow, leaving a prejudicial taint to work mischief after it has vanished. The masque, *Cœlum Britannicum*, which he wrote by express command of Charles the First, and in which his Majesty and several lords of his household sustained parts, when it was enacted at Whitehall on the 18th February, 1633, is of a higher character than any of his verses. It is a mixture of prose and poetry, in blank verse and rhyme, in which Mercury, Momus, Poverty, Pleasure, and a vast concourse of attendants, appear—and after having "spoken their speeches," are succeeded by Druids, Rivers, and Kingdoms, summoned by the Genius of Britain, to do homage to Royalty. Religion, Truth and Wisdom, and a host of virtues follow,—and then pass, "leaving nothing but a serene sky." We have given among our specimens a passage from this masque.

Although Carew excels his contemporaries in the grace and harmony of his verse, and is less disfigured than most of them, by cold and frivolous conceits, it is rarely that he excites the feelings, interests the imagination, or touches the heart. Sprightly, polished and perspicuous, he certainly is—a gallant gentleman always—and "the chiefest of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy"—but he neglected the means he undoubtedly possessed, of ascending the heights of Parnassus, and was content to trifle with the shining pebbles he discovered at its base.





## CAREW.

TO THE COUNTESS OF ANGLESEY.

You, that behold how yond sad Lady blends  
Those ashes with her tears, lest, as she spends  
Her tributary sighs, the frequent gust  
Might scatter up and down the noble dust;  
Know, when that heap of atomes was with blood  
Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood  
On stately pillars, the rare form might move  
The froward Ino's, or chaste Cynthia's love.  
In motion, active grace; in rest, a calm;  
Attractive sweetness brought both wound and balm  
To every heart; he was compos'd of all  
The wishes of ripe virgins, when they call  
For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed  
A shape of studied beauties to their bed.

Within this curious palace dwelt a Soul  
 Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole :  
 This drest his face in courteous smiles ; and so  
 From comely gestures sweeter manners flow.  
 This courage joyn'd to strength ; so the hand, bent,  
 Was Valor's ; open'd, Bounty's instrument ;  
 Which did the scale and sword of Justice hold,  
 Knew how to brandish steel and scatter gold.  
 This taught him not t' engage his modest tongue  
 In suits of private gain, though publick wrong ;  
 Nor misemploy (as is the great man's use)  
 His credit with his Master, to traduce,  
 Deprave, maligne, and ruine Innocence,  
 In proud revenge of some mis-judg'd offence :  
 But all his actions had the noble end  
 T' advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.  
 He chose not in the active stream to swim,  
 Nor hunted Honour, which yet hunted him ;  
 But like a quiet eddy that hath found  
 Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,  
 And in continual circles dances, free  
 From the impetuous torrent ; so did he  
 Give others leave to turn the wheel of state,  
 (Whose steerless motion spins the subjects fate)  
 Whilst he, retir'd from the tumultuous noise  
 Of court, and sutors press, apart enjoys  
 Freedom, and mirth, himself, his time and friends,  
 And with sweet relish tastes each hour he spends.  
 I could remember how his noble heart  
 First kindled at your beauties ; with what art  
 He chas'd his game through all opposing fears,  
 When I his sighs to you, and back your tears  
 Convey'd to him ; how loyal then, and how  
 Constant he prov'd since to his marriage vow,  
 So as his wand'ring eyes never drew in  
 One lustful thought to tempt his soul to sin ;  
 But that I fear such mention rather may  
 Kindle new grief, than blow the old away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seek him no more in dust, but call again  
 Your scatter'd beauties home ; and so the pen,  
 Which now I take from this sad Elegy,  
 Shall sing the trophies of your conq'ring eye.

## DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosie cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires;  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
 Kindle never-dying fires.  
 Where these are not, I despise,  
 Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win  
 My resolv'd heart to return;  
 I have search'd thy soul within,  
 And find nought but pride and scorn;  
 I have learn'd thy arts, and now  
 Can disdain as much as thou.  
 Some Pow'r, in my revenge, convey  
 That love to her I cast away.

## INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

KNOW, Celia, since thou art so proud,  
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:  
 Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd  
 Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,  
 Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,  
 And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,  
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes:  
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;  
 Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;  
 Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere  
 Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,  
Lest what I made I uncreate :  
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,  
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.  
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,  
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

---

## SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose ;  
For in your beauties orient deep  
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither doe stray  
The golden atomes of the day ;  
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste  
The nightingale, when May is past ;  
For in your sweet dividing throat  
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,  
That downwards fall in dead of night ;  
For in your eyes they sit, and there  
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,  
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

---

## THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here  
This firstling of the infant year ;  
Ask me why I send to you  
This primrose all be-pearl'd with dew ;

I straight will whisper in your ears,  
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears :  
 Ask me why this flow'r doth show  
 So yellow, green, and sickly too ;  
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,  
 And bending, yet it doth not break ;  
 I must tell you, these discover  
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

---

 PLEASURE.

FROM CÆLUM BRITANNICUM.

BEWITCHING Syren ! gilded rottenness !  
 Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd  
 Th' enamel'd out-side, and the honied verge  
 Of the fair cup where deadly poyson lurks.  
 Within, a thousand Sorrows dance the round ;  
 And, like a shell, Pain circles thee without.  
 Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,  
 Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their West decline,  
 Doth to a gyant's spreading form extend  
 Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art Pain,  
 Greedy intense Desire ; and the keen edge  
 Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,  
 And cuts thy slender thread ; but still the terror  
 And apprehension of thy hasty end  
 Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets ;  
 Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.  
 Captains that have resisted war and death,  
 Nations that over Fortune have triumph'd,  
 Are by thy magick made effeminate :  
 Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,  
 Have in thy wanton lap melted away :  
 Thou wert the author of the first excess  
 That drew this reformation on the Gods.  
 Canst thou then dream, those Powers, that from Heaven  
 Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause ?  
 To thy voluptuous denne fly, Witch, from hence ;  
 There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

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WILLIAM BROWNE was born at Tavistock,\* Devon, in the year 1590. From the Grammar School of that town he entered at Exeter College, Oxford, but, without taking a degree, removed to the Inner Temple, where he appears to have preferred the Muse's lore to the sober study of the Law. The poem to which he is chiefly indebted for his reputation must have been written at a very early age—while the impressions left on his mind by the natural beauties of his native county were yet fresh and vivid. The first part of *Britannia's Pastorals*, published in 1613, was, according to the fashion of the time, heralded by many learned friends, among whom were Selden and Drayton; and on the appearance of part the second, three years afterwards, similar compliments were conferred upon him by Wither and Ben Jonson. Between the issues of these two parts, he printed the *Shepherd's Pipe*, in seven Eclogues, and wrote the "*Inner Temple Masque*." He was subsequently appointed tutor to the young Earl of Caernarvon, who was slain at the battle of Newbury, and received the patronage and resided in the family of the Earl of Pembroke, where, according to Wood, "he got wealth and purchased an estate." Of his life little else is known save that he returned to Devonshire, and died at Ottery St. Mary, in 1645,—and of his personal appearance it is only recorded that "as he had a little body so a great mind."

His great poem, "*Britannia's Pastorals*," is divided into ten "Songs"—in which a variety of personages, real and fictitious, are introduced; it is built upon a dreamy, but not a systematic adoration of Nature; and resembles a piece of gorgeous tapestry, where the drawing is fine and the colours are gay and vivid, but in which there is a total want of keeping, and an absence of harmony, both in design and execution. He abounds in frivolous comparisons and absurd conceits, and his descriptions are frequently either puerile or extravagant. Yet he was "admired and beloved by all the best writers of his time"—was "reputed a man not only the best versed in the works and beauties of the English Poets, but also in the history of their lives and characters"—the acknowledged sources of his inspiration were the Fairy Queen and the *Arcadia*—and his had the honor of suggesting *Comus* and *Lycidas*.

The attentive reader of *Britannia's Pastorals* will certainly be at no loss to account for the fame of the writer. If he is willing to pass over its defects, he will find it abounding in beauties of the very highest order—beauties perhaps unsurpassed by any author in our language. He is at times full of nerve and fire, his imagination is always rich and fertile, and his mind healthy and vigorous. He is, moreover, one of those whom the Poet of our own age so eloquently describes as

"Nature's true friends,  
The friends of God and Truth."

His versification is, for the most part, easy and harmonious, for he had obtained a complete mastery over the English tongue. His great fault is that rural descriptions form the staple and not the ornaments of his poetry; while his allegories, in which he abounds, are tame and spiritless. The extracts we have given, illustrative both of his character and style, will bear out perhaps higher praise than we have bestowed upon the Poet and the Man.

His *Shepherd's Pipe* is decidedly inferior; but from the *Inner Temple Masque*, which suggested to Milton the idea of "*Comus*"—we have given the "*Syren's Song*"—one of the most perfect examples of his fancy.

Although he wore the bays proudly during his life-time, his works soon after his death became extremely scarce—unhappily because they were neglected or forgotten—so scarce indeed that in an advertisement to an edition of them it is stated "if the Rev. Mr. Thomas Warton had not lent his own copy to be transcribed, the public might have been deprived of so valuable a treasure." We record, with gratitude, the name of its preserver.

\* Mr. Coleridge, in a MS. note to the life of Browne, states that Ottery St. Mary was the birth-place of the Poet—the town in which Coleridge was himself born. But Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon*, assigns that honour to Tavistock; and Glanville, Speaker of the House of Commons (Charles I.), addresses to Browne a sonnet as to his fellow-townsmen of Tavistock.





## BROWNE.

FROM BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

Now as an angler melancholy standing,  
 Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,  
 A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke,  
 Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke:  
 Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe,  
 Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine,  
 He long stands viewing of the curled streame;  
 At last a hungry pike, or well-growne breame,  
 Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away  
 He, knowing it a fish of stubborne sway,  
 Puls up his rod, but soft; (as having skill)  
 Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill.

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My free-borne Muse will not, like Danae, be  
 Wonne with base drosse to clip with slavery;  
 Nor lend her choiser balme to worthless men,  
 Whose names would die but for some hired pen;  
 No: if I praise, vertue shall draw me to it,  
 And not a base procurement make me doe it.  
 What now I sing is but to passe away  
 A tedious houre, as some inusitians play;  
 Or make another my owne griefes bemone;  
 Or to be least alone when most alone.  
 In this can I, as oft as I will choose,  
 Hug sweet content by my retyred Muse,  
 And in a study finde as much to please  
 As others in the greatest pallaces.  
 Each man that lives (according to his powre)  
 On what he loves bestowes an idle howre;  
 Instead of hounds that make the wooded hils  
 Talke in a hundred voyces to the rils,  
 I like the pleasing cadence of a line  
 Strucke by the concert of the sacred Nine.  
 In lieu of hawkes, the raptures of my soule  
 Transcend their pitch and baser earth's controule.  
 For running horses, contemplation flyes  
 With quickest speed to winne the greatest prize.  
 For courtly dancing I can take more pleasure  
 To heare a verse keepe time and equall measure.  
 For winning riches, seeke the best directions  
 How I may well subdue mine owne affections.  
 For raysing stately pyles for heyres to come,  
 Here in this poem I erect my tombe.  
 And time may be so kinde, in these weake lines  
 To keepe my name enroll'd, past his, that shines  
 In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves:  
 Since verse preserves when stone and brasse deceives.  
 Or if (as worthlesse) time not lets it live  
 To those full dayes which others' Muses give,  
 Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung  
 Of most severest eld and kinder young  
 Beyond my dayes, and maugre Envy's strife  
 Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.  
 Such of the Muses are the able powres,  
 And, since with them I spent my vacant houres,  
 I find nor hawke, nor hound, nor other thing,  
 Turnyes nor revels, pleasures for a king,

Yeeld more delight; for I have oft possest  
 As much in this as all in all the rest,  
 And that without expence, when others oft  
 With their undoings have their pleasures bought.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Requests, that with deniall could not meet,  
 Flew to our shepherd, and the voyces sweet  
 Of fairest nymphes intreating him to say  
 What wight he lov'd; he thus began his lay :

“ Shall I tell you whom I love ?

    Hearken then a while to me ;  
 And if such a woman move  
 As I now shall versifie ;  
 Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none  
 That I love, and love alone.

“ Nature did her so much right,  
 As she scornes the help of art.  
 In as many vertues dight  
 As e're yet imbrac'd a hart.  
 So much good so truly tride  
 Some for lesse were deifide.

“ Wit she hath without desire  
 To make knowne how much she hath ;  
 And her anger flames no higher  
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath.  
 Ful of pittie as may be,  
 Though perhaps not so to me.

“ Reason masters every sense,  
 And her vertues grace her birth ;  
 Lovely as all excellence,  
 Modest in her most of mirth :  
 Likelihood enough to prove  
 Onely worth could kindle love.

“ Such she is : and if you know  
 Such a one as I have sung ;  
 Be she browne, or faire, or so,  
 That she be but sometime young ;  
 Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none  
 That I love, and love alone.”

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VENUS by Adonis' side  
 Crying kist and kissing cryde,  
 Wrung her hands and tore her hayre  
 For Adonis dying there.

"Stay," (quoth she) "O stay and live!  
 Nature surely doth not give  
 To the earth her sweetest flowres  
 To be seene but some few houres."

On his face, still as he bled  
 For each drop a tear she shed,  
 Which she kist or wipt away,  
 Else had drown'd him where he lay.

"Fair Proserpina" (quoth she)  
 "Shall not have thee yet from me;  
 Nor thy soul to flye begin  
 While my lips can keepe it in."

Here she clos'd again. And some  
 Say, Apollo would have come  
 To have cur'd his wounded lym,  
 But that she had smother'd him.

NEVERMORE let holy Dee  
 O're other rivers brave,  
 Or boast how (in his jollity)  
 Kings row'd upon his wave.  
 But silent be, and ever know  
 That Neptune for my fare would row.

Those were captives. If he say  
 That now I am no other,  
 Yet she that beares my prison's key  
 Is fairer than Love's mother;  
 A god tooke me, those one lesse high,  
 They wore their bonds, so doe not I.

Swell, then, gently swell, ye floods,  
 As proud of what you beare,  
 And nymphes that in low corall woods  
 String pearles upon your hayre,

Ascend: and tell if ere this day  
A fayrer prize was seene at sea.

See the salmons leape and bound,  
To please us as we passe,  
Each mermaid on the rockes around,  
Lets fall her brittle glasse,  
As they their beauties did despize,  
And lov'd no myrrour but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow, fayre winde,  
From the forsaken shore,  
And be as to the halcyon kinde,  
Till we have ferry'd o're:  
So maist thou still have leave to blow,  
And fanne the way where she shall goe.

Floods, and nymphes, and windes, and all  
That see us both together,  
Into a disputation fall;  
And then resolve me, whether  
The greatest kindnesse each can show  
Will quit our trust of you or no?

THE SIREN'S SONG.—FROM THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE.

STEERE hither, steere, your winged pines,  
All beaten mariners,  
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,  
A prey to passengers;  
Perfumes far sweeter than the best  
Which make the phoenix' urn and nest,  
Feare not your ships,  
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips;  
But come on shore  
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.  
For swelling waves, our panting breasts,  
Where never stormes arise,  
Exchange; and be awhile our guests:  
For stars gaze on our eyes.  
The compass, love shall hourly sing,  
And as he goes about the ring,  
We will not misse  
To tell each point he nameth with a kisse.

ROBERT HERRICK was born in London towards the close of the year 1591. His father was a goldsmith in Cheapside.—He received his education at Cambridge—first at St. John's and afterwards at Trinity Hall—and commenced the study of the law, which he relinquished for that of divinity. In 1629, he was presented by Charles the First to the living of Dean Prior, in Devonshire; from this living he was ejected during the civil war; but it appears that the removal was not undesirable; he seems to have quitted, without regret, his parishioners, whom he describes as "a rocky generation," "churlish as the seas," and "rude (almost) as rudest salvages." He assumed the habit of a layman and resided in Westminster, by the assistance of some wealthier royalists, until the Restoration replaced him in his vicarage. He lived to an advanced age, but the year in which he died has not been ascertained.

His poetical reputation rests, chiefly, upon a few lyric pieces, the pure sentiment, the deep feeling, and the thrilling pathos of which, are so rare as to place his name high in the list of British Poets. His versification is peculiarly graceful and harmonious; few writers indeed have more successfully penned accompaniments to music—for even as they read, and without the association of sound, his lines are tuned to melody. Herrick, however, abounds in overstrained conceits, and is occasionally coarse and indelicate. It is not enough that he has told us, "although his rhymes were wild, his life was chaste." The example of ill acts is less prejudicial than the example inculcated by ill writing. The one may be forgotten when the actor is no more remembered, but the other endures to work evil long after the author has ceased to exist. We may, however, hope that the Poet not only saw but amended his error, and that the following pious prayer was a prayer of the heart:—

"For these my unbaptized rhymes,  
Writ in my wild unhallowed times,  
For every sentence clause and word,  
That's not inlaid with thee, O Lord,  
Forgive me, God, and blot each line  
Out of my book that is not thine;  
But if, 'mongst all, thou findest one  
Worthy thy benediction,  
That one of all the rest shall be  
The glory of my work, and me."

About the year 1648, he published his volume of "Hesperides," and soon afterwards, his "Noble Numbers, or short Pious Pieces, wherein, (amongst other things) he sings the Birth of Christ and sighs for his Saviour's sufferings on the Crosse." Our specimens have been taken from the former;—his "Noble Numbers" being by no means worthy of the high themes of which he wrote, if we except the "Dirge of Jephtha," and the "Litany of the Holy Spirit," both of which are exceedingly beautiful; full of pure and holy thoughts, and forming singular contrasts to the more light and careless productions of moments less sacred to reflection.

An engraved portrait of the Poet accompanies an early edition of his works. It is that of a man to whom the gay was more natural than the grave; and whose "habit," as a layman, suited better his tastes and inclination than his robes as a priest.

The muse of Herrick is surpassingly gladsome and joyous. He was a light-hearted bard, who bounded from flower to flower with the gay thoughtlessness of the butterfly rather than the patient labour of the bee. He appears as if giving himself up to enjoyment—his life like a summer day—with the zest of an epicurean. He revels among his thoughts. Springing forth naturally and without an effort, they take the form of verse, airy and playful as the thistledown that is borne with the breeze from one spot to another, and, like the thistledown, rarely tarrying long enough on any to carry into air a particle of earth. His heart must have been always young; for with him care appears to have rather resembled a companion whom he could dismiss at pleasure, than the familiar associate who so frequently sits and communes with poets. We may, indeed, characterise the poetry of Herrick by a passage from himself:—

"Has it a body? Aye, and wings  
With thousand rare encourings;  
And, as it flies, it greatly sings  
'Love honey yields, but never stings.'"



HERRICK.

ART ABOVE NATURE.—TO JULIA.

WHEN I behold a Forrest spread  
With silken trees upon thy head ;  
And when I see that other dresse  
Of flowers set in comelinesse :  
When I behold another grace  
In the ascent of curious lace,  
Which like a pinnacle doth shew  
The top, and the top-gallant too :  
Then, when I see thy tresses bound  
Into an ovall, square, or round ;  
And knit in knots far more than I  
Can tell by tongue or true-love tie :

Next, when those Lawnie filmes I see  
 Play with a wild civility :  
 And all those airie silks to flow,  
 Alluring me, and tempting, so :  
 I must confesse mine eye and heart  
 Dotes less on Nature than on Art.

---

THE CAPTIVED BEE, OR THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a slumb'ring lay,  
 It chanc't a bee did flie that way,  
 (After a dew, or dew-like show'r,)  
 To tipple freely in a flow'r.  
 For some rich flow'r he took the lip  
 Of Julia, and began to sip :  
 But when he felt he suck't from thence  
 Hony, and in the quintessence ;  
 He drank so much he scarce co'd stir  
 So Julia took the pilferer :  
 And thus surpris'd, (as filchers use,)  
 He thus began himselfe t'excuse :  
 Sweet lady-flower ! I never brought  
 Hither the least one theeving thought ;  
 But taking those rare lips of your's  
 For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flow rs ;  
 I thought I might there take a taste,  
 Where so much sirrup ran at waste ;  
 Besides, know this, I never sting  
 The flow'r that gives me nourishing ;  
 But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay  
 For hony that I beare away.  
 This said, he laid his little scrip  
 Of hony 'fore her ladiship ;  
 And told her, (as some tears did fall,)  
 That, that he took, and that was all.  
 At which she smil'd ; and bade him goe  
 And take his bag ; but thus much know,  
 When next he came a pilf'ring so,  
 He sho'd from her full lips derive  
 Hony enough to fill his hive.

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## THE NIGHT PIECE.—TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glowworme lend thee,  
 The shooting starres attend thee;  
     And the elves also,  
     Whose little eyes glow,  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No will-o'-th'-wispe mislight thee,  
 Nor snake nor slowworme bite thee;  
     But on, on thy way,  
     Not making a stay,  
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee!

Let not the darke thee cumber;  
 What though the moon does slumber,  
     The starres of the night  
     Will lend thee their light,  
 Like tapers cleare without number!

Then, Julia, let me wooe thee,  
 Thus, thus, to come unto me;  
     And, when I shall meet  
     Thy silv'ry feet,  
 My soule I'll poure into thee!

---

 TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull tree,  
     Why do yee fall so fast?  
     Your date is not so past,  
 But you may stay yet here awhile  
     To blush and gently smile,  
     And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be  
     An houre or half's delight,  
     And so to bid good night?  
 'Twas pitie nature brought yee forth  
     Meerly to shew your worth,  
     And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'r so brave :  
 And after they have shown their pride,  
 Like you, awhile, they glide  
 Into the grave.

---

## TO DAFFADILS.

FAIRE daffadills, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soone ;  
 As yet the early-rising sun  
 Has not attain'd his noone :  
     Stay, stay,  
     Untill the hast'ning day  
     Has run  
     But to the even-song ;  
 And, having pray'd together, we  
 Will goe with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you ;  
 We have as short a spring,  
 As quick a growth to meet decay,  
     As you, or any thing :  
     We die,  
     As your hours doe ; and drie  
     Away  
     Like to the summer's raine,  
 Or as the pearles of morning dew,  
 Ne'r to be found again.

---

## CORINNA GOING A MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame ; the blooming morne  
 Upon her wings presents the God unshorne :  
 See how Aurora throwes her faire  
 Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :  
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see  
 The dew bespangling herbe and tree :

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,  
Above an houre since ; yet you are not drest ;  
    Nay, not so much as out of bed ;  
    When all the birds have mattens said,  
    And sung their thankfull hymnes ; 'tis sin,  
    Nay, profanation, to keep in ;  
When as a thousand virgins on this day,  
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May !

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene  
To come forth like the spring time, fresh and greene,  
    And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
    For jewels for your gowne, or haire :  
    Feare not, the leaves will strew  
    Gems in abundance upon you :  
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :  
    Come, and receive them while the light  
    Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :  
    And Titan on the eastern hill  
    Retires himselfe, or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying ;  
Few beads are best, when once we goe a Maying !

Come, my Corinna, come ; and, comming, marke  
How each field turns a street, each street a parke  
    Made green, and trimm'd with trees ; see how  
    Devotion gives each house a bough,  
    Or branch ; each porch, each doore, ere this  
    An ark, a tabernacle is  
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove,  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
    Can such delights be in the street  
    And open fields, and we not see't ?  
    Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey  
    The proclamation made for May,  
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;  
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying !

There's not a budding boy or girle this day  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May :  
    A deale of youth, ere this, is come  
    Back, and with whitethorn laden home :  
    Some have dispatch't their cakes and creame,  
    Before that we have left to dreame ;

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,  
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :  
     Many a green gown has been given ;  
     Many a kisse, both odde and even ;  
     Many a glance too has been sent  
     From out the eye, love's firmament ;  
 Many a jest told of the keyes betraying  
 This night, and locks pick't ; yet w'are not a Maying !

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,  
 And take the harmlesse follie of the time :  
     We shall grow old apace, and die  
     Before we know our liberty :  
     Our life is short, and our dayes run  
     As fast away as do's the sunne :  
 And, as a vapour, or a drop of raine  
 Once lost, can ne'r be found againe,  
     So when or you, or I, are made  
     A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
     All love, all liking, all delight  
     Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.  
 Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying !

TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY doe ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears  
     Speak griefe in you,  
     Who were but borne  
     Just as the modest morne  
     Teem'd her refreshing dew ?  
 Alas ! you have not known that shower  
     That marres a flower ;  
     Nor felt th' unkind  
     Breath of a blasting wind ;  
     Nor are ye worne with yeares ;  
     Or warp't, as we,  
     Who think it strange to see  
 Such pretty flow'rs, (like to orphans young,)  
 To speak by teares before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings ; and make known  
     The reason why  
     Ye droop, and weep.  
 Is it for want of sleep ;  
 Or childish lullabie ?  
 Or, that ye have not seen as yet  
     The violet ?  
     Or brought a kisse  
 From that sweetheart to this ?  
 No, no ; this sorrow, shown  
     By your teares shed,  
 Wo'd have this lecture read,  
 " That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth."

---

## SONG.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,  
     Old Time is still a flying ;  
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
     To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,  
     The higher he's a getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run,  
     And neerer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,  
     When youth and blood are warmer ;  
 But being spent, the worse and worst  
     Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
     And while ye may, goe marry ;  
 For having lost but once your prime,  
     You may for ever tarry.

---

FRANCIS QUARLES was born in 1592, at Stewards, near Romford, in Essex. His father was Clerk of the Green Cloth, and Purveyor of the Navy to Queen Elizabeth. He received his education at Christ's College, Cambridge, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn—having, according to his widow, “studied the laws of England mainly with a desire to compose suits and differences between his friends and neighbours.” He was afterwards appointed cup-bearer to the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James the First; whose service he quitted to become Secretary to the most learned Archbishop Usher. In 1639, he was retained as Chronologer to the City of London, with an annual fee of one hundred nobles. The duties of this office, which has been long abolished, consisted, chiefly, in providing, at stated periods, pageants for the Lord Mayor. During the civil wars between the King and the Parliament, Quarles suffered much in mind and body. The publication of a piece called “the Royal Convert,” so annoyed the dominant party, that they took occasion to “hurt him as much as they could in his estates.” Winstanley asserts that his most serious affliction was the plundering him of his books and some rare manuscripts he was preparing for the press. He died on the 8th of September, 1644, and was buried in the church of St. Vedast, Foster Lane.

His character was that of a faithful and loving husband—“conscionably and orderly in his duties to God and man.” “His person and mind,” say his biographers, “were both lovely”—and the learned antiquary Aubrey emphatically describes him as “a very good man.”

As a poet he has been somewhat hardly dealt with; having been judged more by the evidence of his conceits, absurdities and false taste, than by his striking and original images, his noble and manly thoughts, and the exceeding fertility of his language. It is not surprising that posterity has failed to reverse the unjust judgment passed upon him by his contemporaries. He is described by one of them as “an old puritanical poet, the sometime darling of our plebeian judgments”—by another as “in wonderful veneration among the vulgar;” even when he received praise, it was faint praise; his master Archbishop Usher styles him “a man of some fame for his sacred poetry”—and the best compliment that Lloyd could afford him was “that he taught poetry to be witty without profaneness, wantonness, or being satirical—that is, without the poet’s abusing God himself or his neighbour.” His principal poetical works are “Job Militant,” “Sion’s Elegies,” the “History of Queen Esther,” “Argalus and Parthenia,” that which he calls his “Morning Muse,” “The Feast for Worms, or the History of Jonah;” and the “Divine Emblems”—the last being the only production of Quarles that is now at all known or read. This has passed through several editions:—the latest, perhaps, is that which a presumptuous Editor describes as “properly modernized,” which means, according to a better reading, utterly spoiled. Quarles was indebted for the idea of his Emblems to Herman Hugo. Of the poems we shall give a specimen—the prints we should not be so well disposed to copy. They are for the most part absurd in the extreme. Thus, the picture which accompanies the motto, “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” represents a man standing within a skeleton. They are not all however of this class; for example, one consists of a helmet turned into a beehive, surrounded by its useful labourers—the motto, “Ex bello pax.”—The faults of Quarles are large and numerous. He would have escaped this censure if he had himself followed the advice he gave to others:—“Clothe not thy language either with obscurity or affectation.” No writer is either more affected or more obscure. It is only by raking that we can gather the gold; yet it is such as will reward the seeker who has courage to undertake the search. His sagacity and good sense are unquestionable, and occasionally there is a rich outbreak of fancy: while at times he startles us by compressing, as it were, a volume into a single line. But he is often bombastic, and not seldom flat and prosaic—evils that are not to be found in his prose writings. The sacredness of his object doubtless pushed him on to communicate his observations and reflections through the medium of verse—he sought “to mix the waters of Jordan and Helicon in the same cup”—to gather his laurels upon Mount Olivet—and the attempt was singularly unsuccessful.



## QUARLES.

### AN ELEGY.

PEOPLE, that travel through thy wasted land,  
Gaze on thy ruins, and amazed stand,  
They shake their spleenful heads, disdain, deride  
The sudden downfall of so fair a pride,  
They clap their joyful hands, and fill their tongues  
With hisses, ballads, and with lyric songs :  
Her torments give their empty lips new matter,  
And with their scornful fingers point they at her :  
Is this (say they) that place, whose wonted fame  
Made troubled earth to tremble at her name ?  
Is this that state ? Are these those goodly stations ?  
Is this that mistress, and that queen of nations ?



## FROM DIVINE EMBLEMS.

O ! WHITHER shall I fly ? what path untrod  
 Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod  
 Of my offended, of my angry God ?

Where shall I sojourn ? what kind sea will hide  
 My head from thunder ? where shall I abide,  
 Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside ?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,  
 And seek protection in the shades of night ?  
 Alas ! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day  
 And find some desert ? if she springs away,  
 The wings of Vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain  
 My frighted soul ? can solid rocks restrain  
 The stroke of Justice and not cleave in twain ?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,  
 Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,  
 Where flame-ey'd Fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split ;  
 The shield will cleave ; the frighted shadows flit :  
 Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,  
 There is no place above, beneath, or under,  
 So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee, 'tis neither here nor there  
 Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear ;  
 Ah me ! where is he not, that's everywhere ?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy show  
 Her better eye ; the further off we go,  
 The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly  
 His angry mother's hand ; but clings more nigh,  
 And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false  
 No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls ;  
 Poor cots are ev'n as safe as princes' halls.

Great God ! there is no safety here below ;  
 Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,  
 'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my God ! by thee I fall or stand ;  
 Thy grace has giv'n me courage to withstand  
 All tortures but my conscience, and thy hand.

I know thy justice is thyself ; I know,  
 Just God, thy very self is mercy too ;  
 If not to thee, where, whither shall I go ?

Then work thy will ; if passion bid me flee,  
 My reason shall obey ; my wings shall be  
 Stretch'd out no further than from thee to thee.

My glass is half unspent ! forbear t' arrest  
 My thriftless day too soon : my poor request  
 Is that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devouring minutes will be done  
 Without thy help ; see ! see how swift they run ;  
 Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay ;  
 What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,  
 To whom ten thousand years are but a day ?

My following eye can hardly make a shift  
 To count my winged hours ; they fly so swift,  
 They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give  
 So short a warning, and so fast they drive,  
 That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life ? a weary pilgrimage,  
 Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage  
 With childhood, manhood, and decrepid age.

And what's a life ? the flourishing array  
 Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day  
 Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

GEORGE HERBERT was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, in 1593. His brother was the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury. From Westminster School, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was, in 1619, chosen Orator of the University. Having subsequently entered into holy orders, he was appointed a prebend of Lincoln, and held the living of Bemerton, Wilts. He appears to have been the perfect model of a country clergyman,—“labouring,” according to his own words, “to make the name of a Priest honourable by consecrating all his learning and all his poor abilities to advance the glory of the God who gave them.” The whole tenor of his life and the sole employment of his pen were in keeping with this, his early resolution. He died at his parsonage, in 1633; having endured with fortitude and submission a lingering and painful illness. “He had too thoughtful a wit,” says his excellent biographer Old Izaak, “a wit like a penknife in too narrow a sheath—too sharp for his body.”

Such of the Poems of Herbert as remain to us relate exclusively to the more serious duties and the graver realities of life. He probably destroyed the productions of his gayer days, when “he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and Court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge, unless the king was there.”

His principal production is “the Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations”—a work of which, according to his Biographer, more than 10,000 copies were sold within a short period after his death. From this volume some extracts have been given. It consists of a number of short pieces, commemorating such topics as Good Friday, Baptism, Church Music, Church Monuments, &c. “To appreciate them,” says Mr. Coleridge, “it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a Christian, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a devotional Christian.” Less kindly critics have considered its chief merit to be the excellence of its design;—but it little deserves the sarcasms of Mr. Ellis and Mr. Headley—the latter of whom describes it as “a compound of enthusiasm without sublimity, and conceit without either ingenuity or imagination.” It is worthy of remark that the writer himself held his productions as of such small value, that he left them to his executor to be burnt or published, according to his estimate of their worth.

“The Temple” was not therefore printed until 1633—a year after Herbert’s decease and “when the book was sent to Cambridge to be licensed for the press,” the Vice-Chancellor refused to permit its publication unless these two most obnoxious but most unpoetical lines were erased:—

“Religion stands on tiptoe in our Land  
Ready to pass to the American strand”

The Vice-Chancellor and the Poet’s executor were thus at issue; but at length the former yielded on the ground that “the world would not take Mr. Herbert to be an inspired prophet.” Izaak Walton relates that Herbert’s friend Dr. Donne presented to him a seal on which was “engraven the Body of Christ crucified on an anchor—the Emblem of Hope”—and of which the doctor would often say “CRUX MHI ANCHORA.” Herbert had written on this memorial of affection—

“When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure  
This ANCHOR keeps my FAITH, that me secure.”

Walton has drawn a pleasing portrait of the man as well as of the Christian. “His body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman.”

It is to be regretted that the Poems of Herbert are so full of faults—the weeds indeed so completely hide the flowers, that it is only by careful searching that the more valuable decorations of the moral garden can be found. There is scarcely one of his compositions undefaced by a coarse simile or vulgar expression. The simple dignity of sacred subjects is so frequently sacrificed to absurd conceits, that an effect is produced the very opposite to that which the excellent man and pious clergyman so fervently desired; for in some instances, Religion is absolutely tortured until it becomes repulsive.



HERBERT.

MATTENS.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,  
But thou art ready there to catch  
My morning-soul and sacrifice:  
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?  
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,  
Or starre, or rainbow, or a part  
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,  
That thou shouldst it so eye and woo,

Pouring upon it all thy art,  
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed, man's whole estate  
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee :  
He did not heaven and earth create,  
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know ;  
That this new light, which now I see,  
May both the work and workman show :  
Then by a sunne-beam I will climbe to thee.

## THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are thy returns ! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring ;  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.  
Grief melts away like snow in May ;  
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart  
Could have recover'd greennesse ? It was gone  
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart  
To see their mother-root, when they have blown ;  
Where they, together, all the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power !  
Killing, and quick'ning, bringing down to hell,  
And up to heaven, in an houre ;  
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.  
We say amisse " This, or that, is ;"  
Thy word is all ; if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were ;  
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither !  
Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither :  
Nor doth my flower want a spring-showre ;  
My sins and I joyning together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,  
 Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,  
 Thy anger comes, and I decline.  
 What frost to that? What pole is not the zone  
 Where all things burn, when thou dost turn,  
 And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again :  
 After so many deaths I live and write :  
 I once more smell the dew and rain,  
 And relish versing. O my onely light,  
 It cannot be that I am he,  
 On whom thy tempests fell all night !

These are thy wonders, Lord of love !  
 To make us see we are but flow'rs that glide :  
 Which when we once can find and prove,  
 Thou hast a garden for us where to bide ;  
 Who would be more, swelling through store,  
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

## VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridall of the earth and skie,  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hew angry and brave  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 Thy musick shows ye have your closes,  
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like season'd timber, never gives ;  
 But though the whole world turn to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives.



JAMES SHIRLEY was born in London in September 1594, and received his early education at Merchant-Taylors' School. He was entered at St. John's, Oxford, but subsequently removed to Cambridge—in consequence, it is said, of Dr. William Laud, the President of St. John's, objecting to his taking orders, because of a large mole upon his cheek, which much disfigured him, and gave him a forbidding aspect. His academical studies being finished, he was ordained and appointed to a living in Hertfordshire, either at or in the neighbourhood of St. Alban's. He held this but for a short time, when he declared himself a convert to the Church of Rome. Subsequently he became a teacher in the Grammar School of St. Alban's; and for two years occupied himself in the drudgery of tuition; "which employment also," says Wood, "finding uneasy to him, he retired to the metropolis, lived in Gray's Inn, and set up for a play maker." During the civil wars, he took the side of the Crown, and followed to the field his patron, the Earl of Newcastle.

He was twice married, and had several children. "Love Tricks, or the School of Compliment," was his earliest dramatic production. He states in the Prologue—

" This play is  
The first-fruits of a Muse, that before this,  
Never saluted audience."

But so little had he looked into futurity, or anticipated his own destiny, that he added—he did not

" mean  
To swear himself a factor for the scene."

It was performed in 1624-5, and printed in 1631. Shirley continued to write for the stage until 1642, when the first ordinance of both Houses of Parliament for the suppression of stage plays was issued; then, unable to live by his talents as a dramatist, he resumed his former occupation as a teacher; and "not only gained a comfortable subsistence, but educated many ingenious youths, who afterwards proved most eminent in divers faculties."

In this capacity, he was also a writer: "for the greater benefit and delight of young beginners," he published several elementary works. "At length," according to Wood, "he, with his second wife, Frances, were driven by the dismal conflagration that happened in London in 1666, from their habitation near to Fleet-street, into the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, in Middlesex; where, being in a manner overcome with afflictments, disconsolations, and other miseries, occasioned by that fire, and their losses, they both died within the compass of a natural day."

Garrick, in a Prologue to one of Shirley's Plays, says—

" He painted English manners, English men,  
And formed his taste on Shakespeare and old Ben."

And this brief criticism judiciously characterises one of the best of our dramatic writers:—the author of thirty-nine plays; the greater number of which were to the highest degree popular in his own time, although they have long since ceased to retain possession of the stage.

In 1646, Shirley published a volume of poems, from which three of our extracts have been made. They are little known; and, we believe, have never been reprinted. From one of his plays we have selected the most perfect of his shorter compositions—"Death's Final Conquest;" that, entitled "Victorious Men of Earth," is taken from "Cupid and Death," a masque printed in 1653.

His poems consist exclusively of short pieces, with the exception of one which records the Story of Narcissus. They are not of a high order; but among them may be found many of considerable beauty. He wrote in an easy and graceful style; but his lyrics seem to be the produce of hours devoted to amusement and relaxation rather than to serious thought. The poet enjoyed the esteem of his contemporaries, and appears to have led a blameless life. The productions of his pen, indeed, carry with them ample proof that his principles were enlisted on the side of virtue; and although he occasionally dwells upon themes unworthy of the Muse, he is rarely coarse, and never indecent: from the vice of his age he was, at least, comparatively free. His dramatic works have been within the last few years, collected and republished with notes, by Mr. Gifford and the Rev. Alexander Dyce.





## SHIRLEY.

### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate ;  
Death lays his icy hands on kings.  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield :

They tame but one another still.  
     Early or late  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath,  
 When they pale captives creep to death.  
 The garlands wither on your brow,  
     Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
 Upon Death's purple altar now  
     See where the victor victim bleeds :  
     All hands must come  
     To the cold tomb,  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

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## VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more  
     Proclaim how wide your empires are ;  
 Though you binde in every shore,  
     And your triumphs reach as far  
     As night or day ;  
 Yet you proud monarchs must obey,  
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
 Death calls yee to the croud of common men.  
 Devouring famine, plague, and war,  
     Each able to undo mankind,  
 Death's servile emissaries are :  
     Nor to these alone confin'd,  
     He hath at will  
     More quaint and subtle wayes to kill ;  
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

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## GOOD MORROW.

Good morrow unto her who in the night  
     Shoots from her silver bow more light  
     Then Cynthia, upon whose state  
 All other servile stars of Beauty wait.  
 Good morrow unto her who gives the day,  
     Whose eyes preserve a purer ray,

Then Phœbus, when in Thetis streams  
 He hath new bath'd himself, and washt his beames.  
 The day and night are onely thine, and we  
     Were lost in darkness but for thee ;  
     For thee we live, all hearts are thine,  
 But none so full of faith and flame as mine.

---

## MELANCHOLY CONVERTED.

WELCOM, welcom again to thy wits,  
     This is a Holy-day ;  
 Wee'll have no plots, nor melancholy fits,  
     But merrily passe the time away,  
     They are mad that are sad ;  
         Be rul'd by me,  
 And never were two so merry as we.  
 The kitchen shall catch cold no more,  
 Wee'll have no key to the buttry dore,  
     The fiddlers shall sing,  
     The house shall ring,  
         And the world shall see  
 What a merry couple we will be.

---

## UPON HIS MISTRESS SAD.

MELANCHOLY hence, and get  
 Some peece of earth to be thy seat,  
 Here the ayre and nimble fire  
 Would shoot up to meet desire ;  
 Sullen humor leave her blood,  
 Mixe not with the purer flood,  
 But let pleasures swelling here,  
 Make a spring-tide all the yeer.  
 Love a thousand sweets distilling,  
 And with pleasure bosoms filling,  
 Charm all eyes, that none may find us,  
 Be above, before, behind us ;  
 And while we thy raptures taste,  
 Compel time itself to stay,  
 Or by forelock hold him fast,  
 Least occasion slip away.

---

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT was the younger son of an innkeeper at Oxford—"a grave and discreet citizen, of a melancholic disposition." The Poet was born in February, 1605. His mother was "a very beautiful woman, of a good wit and conversation," and as Shakspeare had frequented "the Crown" on his journeys from Warwickshire to London, scandal assigned other motives than those of friendship to the interest he early manifested towards the youth, his namesake and his godson. In 1621, he was entered at Lincoln College; but, being "strongly affected to lighter studies," he courted, and was admitted to, the society of the wits of his time; became page to the Duchess of Richmond, "very famous in those days;" and was subsequently received into the family of Lord Brooke. "His constant attendance upon the court" led, on the death of Ben Jonson, to his appointment as Poet Laureat. During the troublous times that followed, Davenant took part with the king; and was subsequently made, by the Earl of Newcastle, Lieutenant-general of his Ordinance. He obtained credit as a soldier, and was knighted by Charles the First, at the siege of Gloucester. On the decline of the king's affairs, Davenant retired to France, where he obtained the confidence of the queen, and where he commenced his poem of *Gondibert*, which he afterwards resumed while a prisoner in Cowes Castle; but the continuation of which he ceased,—being, to use his own words, "interrupted by so great an experiment as dying." His life was saved, it is said, chiefly by the interference of Milton, who rescued from the block "the head of this son of the Muses;" and it is believed that the intercession of Davenant mainly contributed to preserve Milton from the scaffold when matters changed in England. He died in 1668, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

The only poem he produced, if we except his dramas and a few minor "addresses," is *Gondibert*,—which he, unfortunately, left unfinished. It is on this his poetical reputation depends; and critics have remarkably differed as to its merits. His object was to produce an epic on a plan altogether original, "an endeavour to lead Truth through unfrequented and new ways, by representing Nature, though not in an affected, yet in a new dress." Accordingly he sets out with upbraiding the followers of Homer as "a base and timorous crew of coasters, who would not adventure to launch forth on the vast ocean of invention." He rejects all supernatural machinery, and constructs his poem on the exact model of a drama,—the five books being parallel to the five acts, and the cantos, which vary from five to eight, answering to the scenes. His plan was, therefore, at least, fantastic; in avoiding the one extreme he fell into the other; and carried too far his high and independent notions of emancipating epic poetry from slavish allegiance to ancient authority. The poem, though constructed on the actual, is without the charm of reality. It is cold and abstracted; and affects more by its occasional beauties—majestic sentiments, ingenious conceptions, and epigrammatic turns—than by its influence over the fancy or the heart. A single error therefore, a false step at the outset, deprived Davenant of "what his large soul appears to have been full of, a true and permanent glory." Yet the reader of *Gondibert*, long and tedious, as a whole, though it be, will find abundance to compensate for its defects. It is full of chivalrous grandeur, noble thoughts, harmonious diction,—and displays an accurate but liberal knowledge of human nature, and a deep spirit of philosophy. In our limited space it would be impossible to give even an outline of the plot. It is chiefly founded on the rivalry of two heroes for the hand of Rhodolind; the one is slain in combat, and the survivor, wounded, is conveyed to the care of the sage Astragon, whose "only pledge," with "untaught looks and an unpractised heart," weakens the influence of the maid, whose "looks like empire showed." We are left to imagine the conclusion—for, as we have stated, the poem is unfinished; perhaps, as it is hinted by one of its warmest advocates, because the Poet foresaw the difficulty of accomplishing his object, and "chose to submit to a voluntary bankruptcy of invention, rather than hazard his reputation by going further." The experiment, for such it was, of working upon a new plan, has comparatively failed; Davenant is now little read; his fame scarcely outlived his days. But posterity, in neglecting him, has not done justice; and it was a silly verdict that condemned him for having rehearsed

"A theme ill-chosen in ill-chosen verse."



DAVENANT.

FROM GONDIBERT.

To Astragon, Heav'n for succession gave  
One onely pledge, and BIRTHA was her name;  
Whose mother slept where flow'rs grew on her grave,  
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,  
Unless, like poets, for their morning theam;  
And her minde's beauty they would rather choose,  
Which did the light in beautie's lanthorn seem.

She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone  
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;

Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,  
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busie cities bin ;  
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with fears ,  
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin ;  
And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,  
Which with incessant business fill'd the hours ;  
In spring, she gather'd blossoms for the still ;  
In autumn, berries ; and in summer, flowers.

And as kinde Nature, with calm diligence,  
Her own free vertue silently imployes,  
Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispence,  
So were her vertues busie without noise.

Whilst her great mistris, Nature, thus she tends,  
The busie houshold waites no less on her ;  
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,  
Though all her lowly minde to that prefer.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all  
With morning looks ; and they, when she does rise,  
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,  
And droop like flowers, when evening shuts her eyes.

The sooty chymist (who his sight does waste,  
Attending lesser fires) she passing by,  
Broke his lov'd lymbick, through enamour'd haste,  
And let, like common dew, th' elixer fly.

And here the grey philosophers resort,  
Who all to her, like crafty courtiers, bow ;  
Hoping for secrets now in Nature's court,  
Which only she (her fav'rite maid) can know.

These, as the lords of science, she respects,  
And with familiar beams their age she chears ;  
Yet all those civil formes seem but neglects  
To what she showes, when Astragon appears.

For as she once from him her being took,  
She hourly takes her law ; reads with swift sight  
His will, even at the op'ning of his look,  
And shows, by haste, obedience her delight.



She makes (when she at distance to him bowes)  
 His int'rest in her mother's beauty known,  
 For that's th' original whence her copy growes,  
 And near originalls, copys are not shown.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does wear  
 Of flowers, which she in mistick order ties;  
 And with the sacrifice of many a teare  
 Salutes her loyal mother in her eyes.

\* \* \* \*

Beneath a mirtle covert she does spend,  
 In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of thought;  
 Fond maids! who love with minde's fine stuff would mend,  
 Which Nature purposely of bodys wrought.

She fashions him she lov'd of angels kinde;  
 Such as in holy story were imploy'd  
 To the first fathers, from th' Eternal Minde,  
 And in short vision onely are injoy'd.

As eagles then, when nearest Heaven they flie,  
 Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;  
 Feeling their bodies finde no rest so high,  
 And therefore pearch on earthly things below:

So now she yields; him she an angel deem'd  
 Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear;  
 Yet the most harmless to a maid he seem'd,  
 That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,  
 Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire  
 To Heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart,  
 And to her mother in the heav'nly quire.

"If I do love," (said she) "that love (O Heav'n!)  
 Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me!  
 Why should I hide the passion you have given,  
 Or blush to show effects which you decree?"

"And you, my alter'd mother, (grown above  
 Great Nature, which you read and revrenc'd here)  
 Chide not such kindness, as you once call'd love,  
 When you as mortal as my father were."



This said, her soul into her breast retires !  
 With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams  
 Her self into possession of desires,  
 And trusts unanchor'd hope in fleeting streams.

\* \* \* \* \*

She thinks of Eden-life ; and no rough winde  
 In their pacifique sea shall wrinkles make ;  
 That still her lowliness shall keep him kinde,  
 Her eares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway,  
 (The youthful warrior's most excus'd disease)  
 Such chance her teares shall calm, as showres allay  
 The accidental rage of windes and seas.

SONG.

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,  
 And climbing, shakes his dewy wings ;  
 He takes this window for the east ;  
 And to implore your light, he sings,  
 Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,  
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,  
 The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;  
 But still the lover wonders what they are,  
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes.  
 Awake, awake, break through your vails of lawn !  
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

SONG.

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty girl !  
 To purify the air ;  
 Thy tears to thread instead of pearl,  
 On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,  
 And wakes the louder drum ;  
 Expençe of grief gains no remorse,  
 When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy peace,  
 Will hide her drowsy head;  
 And, for the sport of kings, increase  
 The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:  
 Can I in war delight,  
 Who being of my heart bereft,  
 Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old,  
 Ordain'd a thief should pay,  
 To quit him of his theft, sevenfold  
 What he had stol'n away.

Thy payment shall but double be;  
 O then with speed resign  
 My own seduced heart to me,  
 Accompany'd with thine.

---

SONG.

O WHITHER will you lead the fair,  
 And spicy daughter of the morn?  
 Those manacles of her soft hair,  
 Princes, though free, would fain have worn.

What is her crime? what has she done?  
 Did she, by breaking beauty stay,  
 Or from his course mislead the sun;  
 So robb'd your harvest of a day?

Or did her voice, divinely clear!  
 (Since lately in your forest bred)  
 Make all the trees dance after her,  
 And so your woods disforested?

Run, run! pursue this Gothic rout,  
 Who rudely love in bondage keep;  
 Sure all old lovers have the gout,  
 The young are overwatch'd and sleep.

---

EDMUND WALLER, the son of Robert Waller, Esq. of Agmondesham, Bucks, and the descendant of an ancient and honourable family, was born at Coleshill, Herts, on the 3d of March, 1605. His mother, to whom he was indebted for the early direction of his mind, was the sister of the patriot John Hampden. He was educated at Eton, subsequently took his degree at King's College, Cambridge, and was sent to Parliament at the age of seventeen, as Burgess for Agmondesham, having even then obtained considerable reputation as a poet. He was twice married; between the death of the first, and his union with the second wife, the more valuable productions of his muse were given to the world. He had become the suitor of the Lady Dorothea Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he immortalized as *Sacharissa*, a name "formed, as he used to say, pleasantly," from *sacharum*, sugar. Yet he describes her as haughty and scornful, and places the passion with which she inspired him in contrast with his love for the more gentle *Amoret*. Although unsuccessful with both, his fate sat lightly on him.\*

As a politician, he was unworthy his mother's blood—fickle and unsteady—shifting like a weathercock—from the commonwealth to the king, from the king to the commonwealth, and then to the king again. Meanly securing his own safety, by appearing as a witness against his associates in a conspiracy to overthrow the Commons when arrayed against the crown, and whining out a pitiful moan for pardon at the Bar of the House, in which he had previously held the language and maintained the bearing of a man—he succeeded in purchasing his life at the expense of honour, and was for many years an exile in France. Through his various changes of fortune he was followed by his yielding and convenient muse. The most vigorous of all his poems is a "Panegyrick to my Lord Protector," whom he praises in the extreme of poetic extravagance. But—the second Charles ascends the throne, and the zealous royalist is ready with his greeting to the monarch "upon his happy return." The Political Poet however seems to have been estimated at his full value:—and was left with no other recompense than his laurels.

He died in London in the autumn of 1688—disappointed in his wish to have relinquished life on the spot that gave him birth, "to die like the stag where he was rouz'd." He is described as possessing rare personal advantages, exceedingly eloquent, and as one of the most gallant and witty men of his time; so much so, that according to Clarendon, "his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious."

The first edition of his poems was printed in 1645—prefixed to it was a whimsical address purporting to be "from the Printer to the Reader," assigning as a reason for their publication, that surreptitious copies had found their way into the world, "ill set forth under his name"—so ill that he might justly disown them.

Waller obtained a reputation greater than his deserts. He has been absurdly styled the father of English verse—lauded as "finding English Poetry like the ore in the mine, some sparkling bits here and there, and leaving it refined and polished"—and as "understanding our tongue the best of any man in England." Even Dryden says, "the excellence and dignity of rhyme were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it"—and one of his biographers, after quoting the panegyrics of some of his contemporaries, adds, with strange simplicity, "we must confess there is something more great and noble in Milton." As a lyrical poet, however, his claims upon our admiration are by no means inconsiderable. "Waller's smoothness" was the theme of Pope—but this is his chief merit. To compare him with Shakspeare and Ben Jonson his predecessors, or with Milton and Cowley his contemporaries, even in smoothness, that second-rate quality of the Poet, is absurd.

His mind was undoubtedly a narrow one—in his conceptions there was nothing grand or lofty;—in all he produced, there is not the slightest token that any topic of his muse had ever touched his heart. He was a flatterer—and a servile one. His devotion to women was mere gallantry—a fashion of the age in which he lived. Of tenderness, pathos, or that true love which breathes from the soul as well as the lips, he knew nothing.

\* *Sacharissa* and her lover met long after the spring of life had passed, and on her asking him "when he would write such fine verses upon her again, the Poet somewhat ungallantly replied, "O, Madam, when you are as young again!"



WALLER.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WHY came I so untimely forth  
    Into a world which wanting thee,  
Could entertain us with no worth  
    Or shadow of felicity?  
That time should me so far remove  
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom, do not slight  
    That age which you may know so soon;  
The rosie morn resigns her light,  
    And milder glory, to the noon;  
And then what wonders shall you do,  
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,  
 And summer, though it be less gay,  
 Yet is not look'd on as a time  
 Of declination or decay.  
 For, with a full hand, that does bring  
 All that was promis'd by the spring.

---

## SONG.

Go lovely rose,  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,  
 That hadst thou sprung  
 In desarts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retir'd;  
 Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer her self to be desir'd,  
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
 May read in thee:  
 How small a part of time they share,  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

---

TO A LADY SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS, your self you so excel,  
 When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,  
 That like a spirit with this spell  
 Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,  
 Which on the shaft that made him die  
 Espy'd a feather of his own,  
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had eccho, with so sweet a grace,  
 Narcissus loud complaints return'd,  
 Not for reflection of his face,  
 But of his voice the boy had burn'd.

---

## ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waste confin'd,  
 Shall now my joyful temples bind;  
 No monarch but wou'd give his crown,  
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'ns extreamest sphear,  
 The pale which held that lovely dear;  
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there  
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:  
 Give me but what this riban bound,  
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

---

## LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,  
 A long farewell to love I gave;  
 Resolv'd my country, and my friends,  
 All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,  
 None but those eyes cou'd have o'erthrown,  
 The nymph, I dare not, need not name,  
 So high, so like her self alone.

Thus the tall oak which now aspires  
 Above the fear of private fires,  
 Grown and design'd for nobler use,  
 Not to make warm but build the house,  
 Tho' from our meaner flames secure,  
 Must that which falls from heav'n indure.

---



WILLIAM HABINGTON was born at Hendip, in Worcestershire, on the 5th November, 1605. His family were Roman Catholics, and appear to have been deeply involved in the intrigues of the time, his father having suffered six years' imprisonment in the Tower, and his uncle having been executed for high treason. The mother of the Poet is believed to have written to Lord Monteagle the letter that led to a discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. Habington was educated by the Jesuits at St. Omers, with a view to his becoming a member of their Society; but the ill fortunes of his relatives, and, doubtless, his own taste, led him to disrelish the embroilment of politics; he returned to his own country, and married Lucia, the daughter of William Herbert, the first Lord Powis; the lady whom he has immortalized under the name of Castara. He died in the prime of life on the 30th of November, 1654, having taken little part in the eventful struggles of the period; for there appears to be no ground for the insinuation of Wood, that he "did run with the times, and was not unknown to Oliver the usurper."

His Poems were first published in 1634, classed under three heads:—a Mistress; a Wife; a Holy-Man; each part being prefaced by "a character" in prose. The works of the Poet bear evidence of the excellence of his disposition and the purity of his heart; and

—————"the just  
Keepes something of his glory in his dust."

He regards woman, not as the slave of sensual pleasures, but as, because of her virtue, modesty, gentleness, and intellectual endowments, deserving "a noble love to serve her, and a free poesie to speake her." His compositions, therefore, present a grateful contrast to the "loose copies of lust" that distinguish the times in which he lived; unhappily, so fine an example found but few imitators. It is delightful to know that the beautiful and perfect picture the Poet has drawn of a "good woman," is not an imaginary one—and that he who writes so sweetly of the mistress writes as sweetly of the wife; that she was his companion and his friend—so true a friend, that "her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions; and if successe crowne not expectation, remaine neverthesse uncontentm'd"—"colleague with him in the empire of prosperity, and a safe retiring place when adversity exiles him from the world;"—"inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him," while "her wit sayles by no other compasse than that of his direction." Such a woman therefore could be loved and lauded only by a true heart and a respectful muse. Consequently, in the poems of Habington we find nothing of the rude passion of the Satyr, or of the turbulent strains of one who mingles in riotous union Love and Bacchus. If he occasionally indulges in quaint conceits; if at times he is more ingenious than imaginative; if he is now and then caught by the glare of false wit rather than warmed by the light of true feeling; if he yields more to reason than to passion—we have enough to make amends for these defects in the veritable beauties with which his compositions abound. Our readers will probably agree with us, if they peruse the selections we have introduced from the writings of one whose muse "never felt a wanton heat," and whose invention was never "sinister from the straight way of purity." If Habington "did drive against the stream of best wits, in erecting the self-same altar to Chastity and Love," we must, at least, admit that his anticipations—characteristic of the man—have been realized; his verses have that proportion, in the world's opinion, that Heaven allotted him in fortune—"not so high as to be wondered at, nor so low as to be condemned." But we may give him praise far higher than that he sought for his productions; in his life he was "the holy-man" he painted; whose "happinesse is not meteor-like, exhaled from the vapours of this world; but shines a fixt starre, which when by misfortune it appears to fall, onely casts away the slimie matter"—who "sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not leane with envie; and when the posteritie of the impious flourish, questions not the divine justice; for temporall rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men; and who hath beene of counsel with the Æternall?" Posterity is his debtor for much that is admirable in his verse, and disclaims him for nothing that is unbecoming or prejudicial; and

"When their holy flame  
True lovers to pure beauties would rebearse,  
They may invoke the genius of his verse."





## HABINGTON.

ECCHO TO NARCISSUS.

SCORN'D in thy watry urne Narcissus lye,  
Thou shalt not force more tribute from my eye  
T'increase thy streames: or make me weepe a showre,  
To adde fresh beauty to thee, now a flowre.  
But should relenting Heaven restore thee sence,  
To see such wisdom temper innocence,  
In faire Castara's loves; how shee discreet,  
Makes caution with a noble freedome meete,  
At the same moment; thou'd'st confesse, fond boy,  
Fooles onely thinke them vertuous, who are coy.  
And wonder not that I, who have no choyce  
Of speech, have, praying her, so free a voyce:  
Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,  
When to Castara I would speake my zeale.

## THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone  
 Prospers in some happy shade ;  
 My Castara lives unknowne,  
 To no looser eye betray'd,  
     For shee's to herself untrue,  
     Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts  
 Have enrich't with borrowed grace.  
 Her high birth no pride imparts,  
 For she blushes in her place.  
     Folly boasts a glorious blood,  
     She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet  
 What a wanton courtship meant ;  
 Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,  
 In her silence eloquent.  
     Of herself survey she takes,  
     But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will  
 Her grave parents' wise commands :  
 And so innocent, that ill,  
 She nor acts, nor understands.  
     Women's feet runne still astray  
     If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,  
 Where oft honour splits her mast :  
 And retir'dnesse thinks the port,  
 Where her fame may anchor cast.  
     Vertue safely cannot sit,  
     Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best,  
 Where sinne waits not on delight ;  
 Without maske, or ball, or feast,  
 Sweetly spends a winter's night.  
     O're that darknesse whence is thrust,  
     Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,  
 While wild passions captive lie;  
 And each article of time,  
 Her pure thoughts to heaven flie:  
     All her vowes religious be,  
     And her love she vowes to me.

---

## TO CASTARA.

GIVE me a heart where no impure  
     Disorder'd passions rage,  
 Which jealousie doth not obscure,  
 Nor vanity t' expence ingage,  
 Nor wooed to madnesse by queint oathes,  
 Or the fine rhetoricke of cloathes,  
 Which not the softnesse of the age  
 To vice or folly doth decline;  
 Give me that heart (Castara) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke  
     Provokes new appetite:  
 With no fresh charm of beauty tooke,  
 Or wanton stratagem of wit;  
 Not idly wandring here and there,  
 Led by an am'rous eye or eare.  
 Aiming each beautious marke to hit;  
 Which vertue doth to one confine:  
 Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,  
     Observe but how it still  
 Doth listen how thine doth with me;  
 And guard it well, for else it will  
 Runne hither backe; not to be where  
 I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.  
 But without discipline, or skill,  
 Our hearts shall freely 'twene us move:  
 Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by love.

---

JOHN MILTON, the son of John Milton, a scrivener, was born on the 9th of December, 1608, in the parish of All Hallows, Bread-street, London. The opportunities of a learned education lay within his reach, and he availed himself of them to the uttermost. His youth was a youth of intense study. *Ab anno ætatis duodecimo vix unquam ante mediam noctem a lucubrationibus cubitum discederem.* Poetry, however, the latest source of his glory and satisfied desire, was the earliest also. It was his first emotion and his last—the life that chanced between, the troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes into which he was suddenly thrown, served only to make that final haven, which was ever his hope, a repose of grandeur and more collected glory. The “inward prompting” never abandoned him — “that by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let die.” He entered Cambridge, but the barren system of University teaching offended him, and he quitted it in disgust. He had, besides, other motives. “By the intentions of my parents and friends, I was destined from a child to the service of the Church. I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and began with servitude and forswearing.” He took refuge from divinity in his father’s house in Buckinghamshire. “Do you ask what I am meditating, my Deodati? By the help of heaven, an immortality of fame!” He had even then, numbering four or five and twenty years, achieved it! He had written the Ode on Christ’s Nativity—one of the grandest, the sublimest, and most various of his poems—Arcades, Comus, L’Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas. Shortly after this he went abroad—met Marvell there—visited the great and injured Galileo—and confessed the influence of Leonora Baroni, La Bella Adriana, whose inexpressible charms of voice and of personal beauty he has made immortal.

Suddenly a sound from England arrested his further travel. “I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad while my fellow citizens were fighting for liberty at home.” He returned, and from that hour devoted his services to the State, in schemes for the education of youth (which he practically illustrated), and in the composition of treatises of political and religious government, unequalled in majesty and richness of style. With modest pride he says, “I exercised that freedom of discussion which I loved. Others, without labour or desert, got the possession of honours and emoluments; but no one ever knew me, either soliciting any thing myself, or through the medium of my friends; ever beheld me in a supplicating posture at the doors of the senate or the halls of the great.” Calmly and contentedly he remained a schoolmaster, limited in his resources (“my life has not been inexpensive, in learning and voyaging about”), until 1649—“when after the subversion of the monarchy, and the establishment of a republic, I was surprised by an invitation from the council of state, who desired my services in the office of foreign affairs.” This appointment he owed, we think, to the influence of President Bradshaw, a relative by marriage. The successive marriages of the Poet himself can only be alluded to. His first wife was utterly unworthy of his genius and affectionate care;—his second wife proved to him an “espoused saint” indeed, full of love, sweetness, and goodness;—and his third wife, the young partner of his age, devoted herself to his necessities, and with her loving solicitude made him “not alone,” although “in darkness, and with dangers compass’d round, and solitude.” The world owes to this excellent woman a debt of honour and of gratitude, which has never been sufficiently paid. It is unnecessary to allude to the changes which had left Milton thus “blind but bold.” On Sunday the 8th of November, 1674, he died with silent calmness—having finished the great works to which in his earliest and his latest days he had sanctified his wonderful genius.

The character of those works may be described in one word, that word conveying the accomplishment of the utmost conceivable grandeur. They were *EPIC*. Passion in them reaches us through the medium of imagination, grand and distant, but permanent and universal. Character in them is simple, not various, subject only to the mightiest circumstances, and elevated to the sublimest sphere of action. Tributary to these Milton exercises every function of the poet, sweetness, natural imagery, unparalleled beauty of description, thought, and fancy. In force of style no one, we think, has ever approached him.



MILTON.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night raven sings;  
There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou Goddess, fair and free,  
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister Graces more  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;  
Or whether (as some sages sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash't in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxsome, blithe, and debonair.  
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek ;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastick toe ;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-towre in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine :  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-dore,  
Stoutly struts his dames before,  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill :



Sometime walking not unseen  
By hedge-row clms, or hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Roab'd in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
While the plowman neer at hand  
Whistles o're the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landskip round it measures ;  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren brest  
The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Boosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neigh'ring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged okes,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savory dinner set  
Of hearbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;  
And then in haste her bowre she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocond rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;  
And young and old com forth to play  
On a sunshine holyday,  
Till the live-long daylight fail ;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,



With stories told of many a feat,  
How faery Mab the junkets eat,  
She was pinch't and pull'd, she said,  
And by the friar's lantern led;  
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,  
To earn his cream-bowle duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And crop-full out of dores he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matten rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.  
Tow'ring cities please us then,  
And the busie humm of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,  
With Mask and antique Pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's childe,  
Warble his native wood-notes wilde.  
And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian aires,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains, that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.  
 These delights, if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

---

 IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joyes,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred,  
 How little you bested  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes?  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail divinest Melancholy,  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'relaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might besceem,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiopie queen that strove  
 To set her beautie's praise above  
 The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:  
 Yet thou art higher far descended.  
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore  
 To solitary Saturn bore;  
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain)  
 Oft in glimmering bowres and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Following with majestick train,  
And sable stole of Ciprus lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gate,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :  
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring,  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :  
And add to these retired Leasure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation ;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oke ;  
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy !  
Thee chauntress oft the woods among,  
I woo to hear thy even-song ;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring moon  
Riding neer her highest noon,  
Like one that had bin led astray  
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way ;  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfeu sound,

Over some wide-water'd shoar,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
Or if the ayre will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsie charm,  
To bless the dores from nightly harm.  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely towre,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear  
The spirit of Plato to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
And of those dæmons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes, as warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the vertuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride ;  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys and of trophies hung,

Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited morn appeer,  
Not trickt and flounc't as she was wont  
With the Attick boy to hunt,  
But cherchef'd in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.  
And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me Goddess bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
Of pine, or monumental oake,  
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from Day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flowry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep :  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eyelids laid.  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.  
But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antick pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dimm religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voic'd quire below

In service high, and anthems cleer,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into extasies,  
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew ;  
 Till old Experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

---

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, least he returning chide ;  
 Doth God exact day labour, light denied,  
 I fondly ask ? but patience to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best  
 Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best : his state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o're land and ocean without rest ;  
 They also serve who only stand and waite.

---

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was born in the year 1609, at Witham, in Middlesex, the then residence of his father, who had been Secretary of State to James the First, and was Comptroller of the Household in the memorable reign which succeeded. Marvellous stories are told of Sir John's quickness and sagacity in youth; and it is very certain that while he could scarcely have passed the age of fifteen, he had been already looking out upon the world with the eye of a wit and a scholar. Before he was twenty he had visited the greater portion of civilized Europe, and fought under Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, a campaign of three battles, five sieges, and several skirmishes. On his return to England, he flung himself at once into the easy, careless, and affected life of a gallant and a fine gentleman, most active when he seemed least so, and never with a lighter smile upon his face than when hazarding his safety in some public intrigue. The truth was, as we believe, that the tendency of Suckling's nature inclined to the serious, and that the greater part of the business of his life was an attempt to conceal this. One such affectation begets a thousand—and his career is, accordingly, a succession of strange contrasts, a brilliant game at cross purposes. His love of magnificence we take to be purely referable to the limited extent of his patrimony. That he might appear at one moment of his existence as rich as a prince in power, he was quite content to pass the next as poor as a prince in poverty. No matter what his purpose was, a grandeur of style accompanied, if it did not conceal it. When Charles the First summoned his friends to attend him with troops, Sir John Suckling came with a hundred handsome horsemen—

“—the lords of holiday,”

but unfit for graver business. As his life drew near its close, however, this mask seems to have fallen from it. In his later years we find him labouring for the king's cause with a manly earnestness of purpose, with the utmost disregard of danger, and with so much effect, as to move against himself the wrath of the House of Commons. He was obliged to fly to France. As he slept at an inn on his way to Paris, his servant robbed him of a casket of gold and jewels; and to provide against the chance of his master's hot pursuit, stuck into one of his boots the blade of a penknife. He had anticipated the result with fatal precision. Sir John awoke, discovered his loss, leaped up, pulled on his boot in passionate haste, and received a mortal wound. He died on the 7th of May, 1641. Aubrey describes his person as of slight make, and his face as discoloured with ill-living. He had, it seems, a lively round eye, a head not very big, and hair of a kind of sand colour. His beard, Aubrey adds, turned up naturally, so that he had a brisk and graceful look.

The poetry of Sir John Suckling partakes of the character of his life. It would appear, in most respects, the very reverse of romantic; but this appearance is any thing but real. In his poetry, as in his life, he reached the very highest perfection in the art of withdrawing attention from his object, by fixing it on his manner. His style must always be placed between the laughing and the grave, the light and the cordial. The very poems, which, on examination, will be found to have the ground-work of as perfect a faith in nature as the greatest works of the age that had immediately preceded, flutter forth with a town air, and as mere careless trifles. Thoughts of a deep and painful kind, until they are examined closely, will strike on the reader of the poetry of Suckling, as the merest superficial remarks. Sir John Suckling was, in fact, the connecting link between the poetry of Elizabeth and that of Charles the Second. He would have led forth a new race of poets, but for the Puritanism that started up in England, to be driven back, with an unfortunate but most natural rebound, into profligate licentiousness. As the latter declined, it is curious to observe how poetry again came round to his peculiar style. For his is the origin, it is clear, of that of Prior and of Gay. The songs in “The Beggar's Opera” might have been written by Sir John Suckling. They have all his happy negligence, yet exquisite beauty of versification; his artificial sensibility; his true luxurious richness; his voluptuous delicacy of sentiment. They have the graver purpose too, which runs in an under-current through nearly every thing he wrote, and which breaks out more openly in his tragedies. As where he calls the court, in one of them,

“A most eternal place of low affronts,  
And then as low submissions.”





## SUCKLING.

SONG.

'Tis now, since I sate down before  
That foolish fort, a heart,  
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,  
And still I did my part :

Made my approaches, from her hand  
Unto her lip did rise,  
And did already understand  
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no lesse art,  
My tongue was engineer ;

I thought to undermine the heart  
 By whispering in the ear.  
 When this did nothing, I brought down  
 Great canon oaths, and shot  
 A thousand thousand to the town,  
 And still it yeelded not.  
 I then resolv'd to starve the place  
 By cutting off all kisses,  
 Praying and gazing on her face,  
 And all such little blisses.  
 To draw her out, and from her strength,  
 I drew all batteries in;  
 And brought myself to lie at length  
 As if no siege had been.  
 When I had done what man could do,  
 And thought the place mine owne,  
 The enemy lay quiet too,  
 And smil'd at all was done.  
 I sent to know from whence and where  
 These hopes, and this relief?  
 A spie inform'd, honour was there,  
 And did command in chief.  
 March, march, (quoth I) the word straight give,  
 Let's lose no time, but leave her;  
 That giant upon ayre will live,  
 And hold it out for ever.  
 To such a place our camp remove  
 As will no siege abide;  
 I hate a fool that starves her love  
 Onely to feed her pride.

## SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prethee why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prethee why so pale?  
 Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prethee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing doe't?  
 Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her:—  
 The divil take her.

## THE CARELESS LOVER.

NEVER believe me if I love,  
 Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;  
 And yet in faith I lye, I do,  
 And she's extreamly handsome too;  
     She's fair, she's wondrous fair,  
     But I care not who knows it,  
     E'er I'll die for love, I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,  
 My foolish heart cou'd never bear:  
 One sigh imprison'd ruins more  
 Than earthquakes have done heretofore.

When I am hungry I do eat,  
 And cut no fingers 'stead of meat;  
 Nor with much gazing on her face,  
 Do e'er rise hungry from the place.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,  
 To this and t'other friend I drink;  
 And if 'tis nam'd another's health,  
 I never make it her's by stealth.

Black fryars to me, and old Whitehall,  
 Is even as much as is the fall  
 Of fountains on a pathless grove,  
 And nourishes as much my love.

I visit, talk, do business, play,  
 And for a need laugh out a day:  
 Who does not thus in Cupid's school,  
 He makes not love, but plays the fool:  
     She's fair, &c.

## CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it, I have lov'd  
 Three whole days together ;  
 And am like to love three more,  
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings  
 E'er he shall discover  
 In the whole wide world again  
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise  
 Is due at all to me :  
 Love with me had made no staies,  
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,  
 And that very face,  
 There had been at least e'er this  
 A dozen dozen in her place.

## LOVE TURN'D TO HATRED.

I WILL not love one minute more, I swear,  
 No not a minute ; not a sigh or tear  
 Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,  
 Though thou should'st court me to't, and would'st begin,  
 I will not think of thee, but as men do  
 Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too :  
 For thy sake, woman shall be now to me  
 Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be .  
 I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be  
 Treason to love that man that loves a she ;  
 Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,  
 That's in thy sex, because it does lie there ;  
 Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,  
 And all for thee ; what, wilt thou love me yet ?

## DETRACTION EXECRATED.

THOU vermin slander, bred in abject minds,  
 Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate,  
 Canker of conversation! could'st thou find  
 Nought but our love, whereon to shew thy hate?  
 Thou never wert, when we two were alone;  
 What canst thou witness then? thy base dull aid  
 Was useless in our conversation,  
 Where each meant more than could by both be said.  
 Whence hadst thou thy intelligence, from earth?  
 That part of us ne'er knew that we did love;  
 Or from the air? Our gentle sighs had birth  
 From such sweet raptures as to joy did move;  
 Our thoughts, as pure as the chaste morning's breath,  
 When from the night's cold arms it creeps away,  
 Were cloath'd in words; and maiden's blush that hath  
 More purity, more innocence than they.  
 Nor from the water could'st thou have this tale,  
 No briny tear has furrow'd her smooth cheek;  
 And I was pleas'd, I pray what should he ail  
 That had her love, for what else could he seek?  
 We short'ned days to moments by Love's art,  
 Whilst our two souls in am'rous ecstasy  
 Perceiv'd no passing time, as if a part  
 Our love had been of still eternity.  
 Much less couldst have it from the purer fire,  
 Our heat exhales no vapour from coarse sense,  
 Such as are hopes, or fears, or fond desire;  
 Our mutual love itself did recompense;  
 Thou hast no correspondence had in heav'n,  
 And th' elemental world, thou see'st, is free:  
 Whence hadst thou then, this talking monster? even  
 From hell, a harbour fit for it and thee.  
 Curst be th' officious tongue that did address  
 Thee to her ears, to ruin my content:  
 May it one minute taste such happiness,  
 Deserving loos'd unpitied it lament!  
 I must forbear the sight, and so repay  
 In grief, those hours joy short'ned to a dram:  
 Each minute I will lengthen to a day,  
 And in one year outlive Methusalem.

---

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in the parish of Stresham, Worcestershire, in the year 1612. His father was a small farmer. It appears that he received his education partly at Cambridge, but never became a member of any College. He was afterwards clerk to an eminent justice of the peace in his own county; and here, doubtless, he obtained that smattering of legal knowledge and acquaintance with legal terms of which in his writings he made frequent use. He was subsequently admitted into the family of the Countess of Kent, where he enjoyed advantages to which probably he is indebted for his fame—he had access to a noble library, and obtained literary occupation under the direction of the great Selden. After a time, from some cause of which we are ignorant, he was domiciled in a household far less to his taste—that of Sir Samuel Luke, a conspicuous officer of the Commonwealth; while in this service, he conceived the plan of, or at least gathered materials for, the work by which he is known to posterity. At length hope came to Butler with the Restoration—it was but to be deferred until the heart grew sick. In 1663, was published the first part of *Hudibras*—the king quoted, the courtiers studied, and all applauded—but still “the Muse’s fleece was dry.” In 1664, the second part appeared,—and the author was again quoted, studied, and applauded. Other reward he had none. In 1678 he printed the third part, which still leaves the poem unfinished. It was doubtless his intention to have considerably extended it; but he has left us no outline of his plan. We may imagine the many interruptions which delayed its completion even so far during fifteen years of difficulties and disappointments—of waitings for results from hollow court promises, of unmeaning cheers from wealthier wits, and of praise from better sources—praise that was nothing worth to one who wanted bread. The proud soul of the Poet at length sunk in the unequal struggle against poverty, neglect, ill health, and old age. The author of *Hudibras* died in 1680—and owed the decency of interment to the charity of a friend, who vainly sought among the admirers of his genius a subscription to defray a more costly funeral than private means allowed.

Notwithstanding that the poem bears reference almost solely to times, characters, and customs long since forgotten, that it is written in an uninviting measure, is full of crudities and false rhymes, and is occasionally grossly indecent, *Hudibras* is still considered one of the most remarkable productions in the English language. Passages from it have become familiar as household words because of their general satire and biting applicability of wit.

Butler had studied human nature closely—had peered into the more secret recesses of the human heart. He was original—and therefore his remarks upon the whims, opinions, interests, and passions of mankind, astonish the reader by their exceeding point and accuracy. If the sour and sullen Covenanters of the day are no more remembered, human nature has yet varied little in a century and a half; and where the satire of Butler is general it tells upon us as if the subjects of it still lived and moved before us.

The Hero of the Poem, Sir Hudibras, is a Presbyterian Justice, who after the fashion of *Don Quixote*—but with objects very opposite—ranges high ways and bye ways, for the redress of grievances, accompanied by a clerk, Ralpho, who is converted into a squire. The knight is a compound of the pedant and the bully—an object for laughter and contempt without a single redeeming quality. His adventures, however, are but few;—those of the bear and fiddle—in which the bear is routed, and the fiddler taken prisoner—the subsequent thrashing which the knight receives at the hands of the Amazonian Trulla—the placing the knight and the squire in the stocks—his release from durance by the hands of his lady—the consultation and subsequent battle with Sydrophel, the astrologer—the wooing of the widow who treats the knight to “a masquerade made of furies and hobgoblins,”—the knight’s application to the lawyer—and his resolve to “try a subtle artifice” and “bait a letter”—to which his lady inditeth a suitable reply:—these are the main incidents on which the descriptions hang.

We have selected passages from the “heroical epistle of *Hudibras* to his lady”—as preferable to giving part of a scene—and as affording a just idea of the general style and manner of the writer uninterrupted by those grossnesses which render unfit for transfer to our pages portions, perhaps more full of wit and character.



BUTLER.

FROM HUDIBRAS.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,  
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;  
And from as fam'd a conqueror  
As ever took degree in war,  
Or did his exercise in battle,  
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle.  
For since I am deny'd access  
To all my earthly happiness,  
Am fall'n from the paradise  
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;  
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent  
To everlasting banishment,



Where all the hopes I had to have won  
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.

Yet if you were not so severe  
To pass your doom before you hear,  
You'd find, upon my just defence,  
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.  
That once I made a vow to you,  
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true ;  
But not, because it is unpaid,  
'Tis violated, though delay'd :  
Or, if it were, it is no fault,  
So heinous as you'd have it thought ;  
To undergo the loss of ears,  
Like vulgar hackney perjurers :  
For there's a difference in the case,  
Between the noble and the base ;  
Who always are observ'd t' have done 't  
Upon as different an account ;  
The one for great and weighty cause,  
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws ;  
For none are like to do it sooner,  
Than those who're nicest of their honour :  
The other, for base gain and pay,  
Forswear and perjure by the day,  
And make th' exposing and retailing  
Their souls, and consciences, a calling.

It is no scandal nor aspersion,  
Upon a great and noble person,  
To say he nat'rally abhorr'd  
Th' old-fashion'd trick, to keep his word,  
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,  
In meaner men, to do the same :  
For to be able to forget,  
Is found more useful, to the great,  
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.  
But though the law, on perjurers,  
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,  
It is not just, that does exempt  
The guilty, and punish the innocent ;  
To make the ears repair the wrong,  
Committed by th' ungoverned tongue ;  
And, when one member is forsworn,  
Another to be cropt or torn.

\* \* \* \*

Love, that 's the world's preservative,  
 That keeps all souls of things alive ;  
 Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,  
 And gives mankind a longer date ;  
 The life of nature, that restores,  
 As fast as Time and Death devours,  
 To whose free gift the world does owe,  
 Not only earth, but heaven too :  
 For love 's the only trade that 's driven,  
 The interest of state in heaven,  
 Which nothing but the soul of man  
 Is capable to entertain ;  
 For what can earth produce, but love,  
 To represent the joys above ?  
 Or who but lovers can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?  
 Address, and compliment by vision,  
 Make love, and court by intuition ?  
 And burn in am'rous flames as fierce  
 As those celestial ministers ?  
 Then how can any thing offend,  
 In order to so great an end ?  
 Or Heav'n itself, a sin resent,  
 That for its own supply was meant ?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake,  
 A pardon for the offence's sake ?  
 Or if it did not, but the cause  
 Were left to th' injury of laws,  
 What tyranny can disapprove  
 There should be equity in love ?  
 For laws that are inanimate,  
 And feel no sense of love, or hate,  
 That have no passion of their own,  
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,  
 Are only proper to inflict  
 Revenge, on criminals, as strict ;  
 But to have power to forgive,  
 Is empire, and prerogative ;  
 And 'tis in crowns, a nobler gem,  
 To grant a pardon, than condemn.  
 Then, since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault ;

For why shou'd he who made address  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And met with nothing in return  
 But insolence, affronts and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine,  
 And bravely carry his design ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;  
 That with your breeding teeth begin,  
 And nursing babies that lie in,  
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none ?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows,  
 Against your stratagems t' oppose,  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down ?  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye ;  
 Retire the more, the more we press,  
 To draw us into ambushes.

\* \* \* \* \*

For women first were made for men,  
 Not men for them. It follows, then,  
 That men have right to every one,  
 And they no freedom of their own ;  
 And therefore men have pow'r to choose,  
 But they no charter to refuse.  
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course  
 Soe'er we take to your amours,  
 Though by the indirectest way,  
 'Tis no injustice, nor foul play ;  
 And that you ought to take that course,  
 As we take you, for better or worse,  
 And gratefully submit to those  
 Who you, before another, chose,  
 For why shou'd every savage beast  
 Exceed his great Lord's interest ?  
 Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace  
 And Nature, o'er the creature has ?  
 Because the laws he since has made  
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;

Retrench'd the absolute dominion  
 That Nature gave him over women ;  
 When all his power will not extend,  
 One law of Nature to suspend ;  
 And but to offer to repeal  
 The smallest cause, is to rebel.  
 This, if men rightly understood  
 Their privilege, they wou'd make good ;  
 And not, like sots, permit their wives  
 T' encroach on their prerogatives ;  
 For which sin they deserve to be  
 Kept, as they are, in slavery.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,  
 Believ'd he 'd brought her to his whistle ;  
 And read it, like a jocund lover,  
 With great applause, t' himself, twice over ;  
 Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
 And humble distance, to his wit,  
 And dated it with wond'rous art,  
 Giv'n from the bottom of his heart ;  
 Then seal'd it with his coat of love,  
 A smoking faggot—and above,  
 Upon a scroll—I burn, and weep,  
 And near it—For her Ladyship ;  
 Of all her sex most excellent,  
 These to her gentle hands present ;  
 Then gave it to his faithful Squire,  
 With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first considered which was better,  
 To send it back, or burn the letter :  
 But guessing that it might import,  
 Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
 She open'd it, and read it out,  
 With many a smile and leering flout ;  
 Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
 And thus perform'd what she design'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

RICHARD CRASHAW was born, it is believed, in London, where his father was an eminent divine. The year of his birth has not been ascertained. It was probably about 1615. He was educated at the Charter House, afterwards became a scholar at Pembroke Hall, and was, in 1637, made fellow of Peter-house, Cambridge; from whence he was ejected by the Parliamentary army, in 1644. He had previously taken orders; and was distinguished as a popular and powerful preacher. Soon afterwards, stimulated, perhaps, by dislike of the persons and persecutions of the dominant party, and prepared by the dreamy character of his mind, and his total lack of pecuniary resources, he embraced the Romish faith, and sought a refuge in France. Here he was found in extreme wretchedness by Cowley, who recommended him to the patronage of the exiled Queen Henrietta Maria, by whose advice he sought to better his fortunes in Italy. He took up his abode in Rome, where he became Secretary to Cardinal Palotta; and subsequently obtained the office of a canon in the church of Loreto, where he died in 1650—"of fever," it is said, but according to the interesting account of a fellow collegian, who encountered his old associate in Rome, "it was doubtful whether he was not poisoned."

To his large and numerous attainments, several eminent writers have borne testimony. Wood says that he excelled in five languages, besides his mother-tongue. Selden, in his *Table-Talk*, speaks of him in terms of praise. Winstanley calls him "a religious pourer forth of divine raptures and meditations in smooth and pathetic verse;" Car boasts that "sweet Crashaw was his friend"—and Cowley, in a noble epitaph to his memory, speaks of himself as one whom Crashaw was "so humble to esteem, so good to love." To these tributes of his personal friends and contemporaries we may add one from the pen of Coleridge, who has affixed to a memoir of the Poet the following MS. note. "Who but must regret that the gift of selection, and of course, of rejection, had not been bestowed upon this sweet Poet in some proportion to his power and opulence of invention!" And in allusion to the lines on a Prayer Book—which we have selected—he adds, "with the exception of two lines, ('yet doth not stay to ask the windows leave to pass that way') I recollect few poems of equal length, so perfect in *suo genere*, so passionately supported, and closing with so grand a swell."

Crashaw is by no means free from affectation—the vice of his age. But even his conceits, unlike those of most of his contemporaries, are redeemed by fancy and ingenuity. He is never either tame or dull; his poems are full of tenderness; his descriptive powers are large; and his versification is exceedingly harmonious. If he "trifled for amusement, and never wrote for fame," it is the more wonderful that he has left so rich a legacy to posterity. His compositions are, for the most part, confined to religious subjects—"Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs, and angels." He thought, according to the writer of a singular preface, prefixed to an edition of his poems, in 1670, that "every foot in a high-born verse, might help to measure the soul in a better world;" and he lived, says his devoted friend Car,

"Above in the air  
A very bird of Paradise—no care  
Had he of earthly trash; what might suffice  
To fit his soul for heavenly exercise  
Sufficed him."

His poems were printed in 1646, during his exile. The volume was divided into three parts. 1st. *Steps to the Temple*; so called because they were chiefly penned in the church of St. Mary, Cambridge, where he "made his nest, more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God;" 2d. *Delights of the Muses*; which contains themes of a more general nature; and 3d. *Sacred Poems*, in which he again woos the

"Soft ministers of sweet sad mirth."

It is, however, as a translator that his merit has been chiefly acknowledged. The longest and most important of his translations, the "*Sospetto d' Herode*," from the Italian of Marino, and "*Music's Duel*," from the Latin of Strada, are among the finest specimens of versification in our language.



CRASHAW.

THE HYMN.

O GLORIOSA DOMINA.

HAIL, most high, most humble one !  
Above the world ; below thy Son,  
Whose blush the moon beauteously marres,  
And stains the timorous light of starres.  
He that made all things had not done,  
Till he had made himself thy Son.  
The whole world's host would be thy guest,  
And board himself at thy rich brest ;  
O boundless hospitality !  
The feast of all things feeds on thee.

The first Eve, mother of our fall,  
 E're she bore any one, slew all.  
 Of her unkind gift might we have  
 The inheritance of a hasty grave;  
 Quick buried in the wanton tomb  
     Of one forbidden bitt;  
 Had not a better fruit forbidden it;  
     Had not thy healthfull womb  
     The world's new eastern window bin,  
 And given us heaven again in giving him.  
 Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day,  
 Which renders all the starres she stole away.  
 Let then the aged world be wise, and all  
 Prove nobly, here, unnaturall:  
 'Tis gratitude to forgett that other,  
 And call the maiden Eve their mother.  
     Yee redeem'd nations farr and near,  
 Applaud your happy selves in her,  
 (All you to whom this love belongs)  
 And keep't alive with lasting songs.  
     Let hearts and lippes speak lowd, and say,  
 Hail, door of life, and sourse of day!  
 The door was shutt, the fountain seal'd;  
 Yet light was seen and life reveal'd;  
 The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.  
     Glory to thee, great virgin's Son,  
 In bosom of thy Father's blisse:  
     The same to thee, sweet Spirit be done;  
 As ever shall be, was, and is,  
                                 *Amen.*

---

AN ODE WHICH WAS PREFIXED TO A PRAYER BOOKE GIVEN TO A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

LoE, here a little volume, but great booke,  
     A nest of new-borne sweetes,  
     Whose native fires disdaining  
 To lye thus folded and complaining  
     Of these ignoble sheetes.  
  
 Affect more comely bands  
 (Faire one) from thy kind hands,  
     And confidently looke



To find the rest  
Of a rich binding in your brest.

It is in one choice handfull, heaven, and all  
Heaven's royall hoast, encampt thus small;  
To prove that true, schooles use to tell,  
Ten thousand angells in one point can dwell.

It is Love's great artyllery,  
Which here contracts itself, and comes to ly  
Close couch't in your white bosome, and from thence,  
As from a snowy fortresse of defence,  
Against the ghostly foe to take your part;  
And fortifie the hold of your chast heart.

It is an armory of light;  
Let constant use but keep it bright,  
You'll find it yields  
To holy hands and humble hearts,  
More swords and shields,  
Than sinne hath snares, or hell hath darts,

Onely be sure  
The hands be pure  
That hold these weapons, and the eyes  
Those of turtles, chast, and true,  
Wakefull, and wise;  
Here is a friend shall fight for you;  
Hold but this book before your heart,  
Let prayer alone to play its part.

But O the heart  
That studies this high art,  
Must be a sure house-keeper,  
And yet no sleeper.

Deare soule be strong,  
Mercy will come ere long,  
And bring its bosome full of blessings;  
Flowers of never-fading graces,  
To make immortall dressings  
For worthy soules, whose wise embraces  
Store up themselves for him, who is alone  
The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroome, when he come,  
Shall find the loyt'ring heart from home,

Leaving its chast abode,  
 To gad abroad,  
 Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies ;  
 To take her pleasure, and to play,  
 And keep the devill's holyday ;  
 To dance i' th' sunne-shine of some smiling  
     But beguiling  
 Spheare of sweet, and sugred lies,  
     Some slippery paire,  
     Of false perhaps, as fair,  
 Flattering, but forswearing eyes ;

Doubtlesse some other heart  
     Will get the start,  
     And stepping in before,  
 Will take possession of the sacred store  
     Of hidden sweets, and holy joyes ;  
     Words which are not heard with ears,  
 (Those tumultuous shops of noise),  
 Effectuall whispers, whose still voice,  
 The soul itselfe more feeles than heares.

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,  
 Sights which are not seen with eyes,  
 Spirituall, and soule piercing glances,  
 Whose pure and subtle lightning flies  
 Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,  
 And melts it downe in sweet desire ;  
     Yet doth not stay  
 To aske the windowes leave to passe that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations  
 Of soule, deare and divine annihilations ;  
     A thousand unknowne rites ;  
     O joyes and rarify'd delights !

A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces,  
     And many a mistic thing,  
     Which the divine embraces  
 Of the deare Spouse of Spirits, with them will bring,  
     For which it is no shame,  
 That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this store  
 Of blessings and ten thousand more ;

(If, when he come,  
 He find the heart from home),  
 Doubtlesse he will unload  
 Himselfe some other where,  
 And powre abroad  
 His precious sweets,  
 On the faire soule whom first he meets.

O faire ! O fortunate ! O rich ! O deare !  
 O happy ! and thrice happy shee,  
 Selected dove,  
 Whoe're she bee,  
 Whose early love,  
 With winged vows,  
 Makes hast to meet her morning spouse  
 And close with his immortall kisses.  
 Happie indeed who never misses,  
 To improve that precious howre,  
 And every day  
 Seize her sweet prey ;  
 All fresh and fragrant as he rises,  
 Dropping with a balmy showre  
 A delicious dew of spices.

O let the blisseful heart hold fast  
 Her heav'nly armeiful, she shall tast,  
 At once ten thousand paradices ;  
 She shall have power  
 To rifle and deflower  
 The rich and roseall spring of those rare sweets,  
 Which with a swelling bosome there she meets.  
 Boundlesse and infinite——  
 ——bottomlesse treasures,  
 Of pure inebriating pleasures.  
 Happy prooffe ! she shall discover  
 What joy, what blisse,  
 How many heav'ns at once it is,  
 To have her God become her lover.

---

SIR JOHN DENHAM was born in Dublin, in 1615, his father being then Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer. He left Ireland in his infancy—his father having been appointed to a similar office in England—and received his education in London until he entered a gentleman commoner at Trinity College, Oxford. Here and afterwards at Lincoln's Inn he was looked upon as "a dreaming young man given more to cards and dice than to study." Gaming was his besetting sin, and although to appease the wrath of his father, he wrote and printed an essay to prove its pernicious tendency, he did not relinquish the practice, but irretrievably injured his patrimony as soon as he had the means of resorting to it. But as "the strawberry grows underneath the nettle," the "dreaming young man" had

"obscured his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness."

In 1641, he published "the Sophy," a Tragedy, which came so suddenly to prove his claim to genius of the highest order, that Waller is said to have remarked of the writer "that he had broken out like the Irish rebellion, three score thousand strong when no person suspected it:"—

"The courses of his youth promised it not."

He was soon afterwards made Governor of Farnham Castle, for the king, but resigned his command and joined his Majesty at Oxford, where, in 1643, he published *Cooper's Hill*—the poem by which his fame has been mainly preserved. During the civil wars, he took a very active part—and was an uncompromising loyalist. Having been discovered in secret correspondence with Cowley, he saved his life by flight, joined Charles the Second in exile, and on the restoration—his patrimonial estates having been sequestered by the Parliament—obtained the office of Surveyor of the King's Buildings, and was dignified with the order of the Bath.

The latter days of his life were clouded by an unhappy marriage, which led to a temporary loss of reason. In Grammont's Memoirs, several particulars connected with these unfortunate events are related—and if the scandal-courtier is to be believed, they are but little to the credit of the Poet. He died in March, 1668; and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Denham is deservedly classed among the fathers of English Poetry. His *Cooper's Hill* is one of the earliest attempts to associate local description with historical and reflective matter—to combine reality with fancy—to clothe an ordinary object in the rich garb of imagination. It is to this poem he is indebted for his high rank as an original writer. It may almost be described by the two lines which he himself applies to the Thames:—

"Though deep yet clear; though gentle yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

*Cooper's Hill* was dedicated to Charles the First. And the author relates, in his dedication, that when attending his Majesty, while his person was in the hands of the army, the king saw, by chance, some lines written by the Poet, and advised him to write no more, "alleging that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better!"

*Cooper's Hill* obtained rapid and extensive popularity. It was first printed "on one sheet and a half in 4to.;" several other editions of it appeared during the life-time of the writer. Dryden speaking of it, says, "it is a poem which for majesty of the style, is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing." Denham's "strength" was also lauded by Pope; and he has maintained his popularity even to our own time.

His attempt at a metrical version of the Psalms of David was a total failure. His Lines on the Death of Cowley, written but a short time before his own death, is one of the best of his productions. He published various translations; the most remarkable of which is, "Cato Major of Old Age." His Tragedy of "The Sophy" was originally acted at "the private house in Blackfriars," and was published in 1642.



## DENHAM.

FROM COOPER'S HILL

My eye descending from the Hill, surveys  
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.  
Thames ! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons,  
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life to meet eternity ;  
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,  
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold :  
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,  
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,  
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,  
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring ;  
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
Like mothers which their infants overlay ;

Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,  
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.  
No unexpected inundations spoil  
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil;  
But God-like his unwearied bounty flows;  
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.  
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,  
But free and common as the sea or wind;  
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,  
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs  
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;  
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,  
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.  
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,  
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.  
O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme;  
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.  
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,  
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:  
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,  
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.  
Here Nature, whether more intent to please  
Us or herself with strange varieties,  
(For things of wonder give no less delight  
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;  
Though these delights from several causes move,  
For so our children, thus our friends, we love)  
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,  
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs:  
Such was the discord which did first disperse  
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;  
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,  
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;  
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood  
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,  
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,  
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.  
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,  
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,  
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,  
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.



But his proud head the airy mountain hides  
 Among the clouds ; his shoulders and his sides  
 A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows  
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,  
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat ;  
 The common fate of all that's high or great.  
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,  
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,  
 Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,  
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,  
 And in the mixture of all these appears  
 Variety, which all the rest endears.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

A TABLET stood of that abstersive tree  
 Where Æthiop's swarthy bird did build her nest,  
 Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,  
 Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beast.  
 Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,  
 Their equal armies draw into the field ;  
 Till one take th' other pris'ner they contest ;  
 Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.  
 This game the Persian Magi did invent,  
 The force of Eastern wisdom to express ;  
 From thence to busy Europeans sent,  
 And styl'd by modern Lombards Pensive Chess.  
 Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,  
 Penthesilea Priam did oblige ;  
 Her Amazons his Trojans taught this sport,  
 To pass the tedious hours of ten years' siege.  
 There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers  
 Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights ;  
 Yet maiden modesty her motion steers,  
 Nor rudely skips o'er bishops heads like knights.



ABRAHAM COWLEY, the posthumous son of a grocer in London, was born in 1618. His mother, by her exertions, procured for him a classical education at Westminster School. She lived to see him loved, honoured, and great, and—it is pleasant to add—grateful. Genius in Cowley was of early and rapid growth.\* At the age of fifteen, he published a volume entitled “Poetical Blossoms”—which he afterwards described as “commendable extravagancies” in a boy. He obtained a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1636, and there took his degree; but was ejected thence by the Parliament, and removed to Oxford. Shortly afterwards, he followed Queen Henrietta to Paris, as secretary to the Earl of St. Albans; and was employed at the court of the Exiles in the most confidential capacity. In 1656 he returned to England, and was immediately arrested as a suspected spy. He submitted quietly, however, to the dominion of the Protector; and thus exposed himself to the charge of disloyalty;—a charge which was refuted by the whole tenor of his life. At the restoration, his claims upon the ungrateful monarch were not acknowledged; on applying for the long-promised mastership of the Savoy, he was coolly told that “his pardon was his reward.” “He lost the place,” says Wood, “by certain persons, enemies of the muses.” Certain friends of the muses, however, procured for him the lease of a farm at Chertsey, held under the queen, and the great object of his desires—solitude—was attained. Thus after having “lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees,” he sought and found a more enviable condition, where “some few friends and books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his constant companions.” He died at Chertsey, on the 28th July, 1667, and was interred in Westminster Abbey; a throng of nobles followed him to his grave, and the king, who had deserted him, is reported to have said, that “Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England.”

The poetical works of Cowley consist, for the most part, of short pieces. His only production of any length is “Davideis, or, the Troubles of David.” It is unfinished; and its defects are more numerous and prominent than its merits. “In it he may seem like one of the miracles he there adorns—a boy attempting Goliath.” His “Book of Plants” is but an Essay in verse. The “Mistress” comprises a series of eighty-four poems—in every variety of style. Many of them are of exceeding beauty; yet, however elegant and refined, they leave the reader under the conviction that his love was but lip-service; to obtain for him—according to his own quaint expression—“as a poet the freedom of his company.” His “anacreontics” have far more HEART—and are equally perfect as compositions.

Cowley was one of those fortunate bards who obtain fame and honour during life. His learning was deep, his reading extensive, his acquaintance with mankind large. “To him,” says Denham, in his famous Elegy—

“To him no author was unknown,  
Yet what he wrote was all his own.”

His career was sullied by no vice; he was loyal without being servile, and at once modest, independent, and sincere. His character is thus eloquently drawn by his friend and biographer, Dr. Sprat:—“He governed his passions with great moderation: his virtues were never troublesome or uneasy to any; whatever he disliked in others, he only corrected it by the silent reproof of a better practice.”

The body of Cowley was removed by water, from Chertsey to Westminster, “accompanied,” according to his biographers, “by a great number of persons of the most eminent quality.” Pope, in allusion to it, says—

“What tears the river shed  
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!”

Of this circumstance the Artist has availed himself as forming an interesting subject for his pencil.

\* It is recorded, that Cowley became a poet in consequence of reading the Fairy Queen, which chance threw in his way, while yet a child. In allusion to this circumstance, Dr. Johnson gave his remarkable definition of genius:—“A mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction.”



## COWLEY.

### THE COMPLAINT.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual scene,  
Beneath a bow'r for sorrow made,  
Th' uncomfortable shade  
Of the black yew's unlucky green,  
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,  
Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,  
The melancholy Cowley lay ;  
And, lo ! a Muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,  
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play)  
Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal light :  
A golden harp with silver strings she bore,  
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,

In which all colours and all figures were,  
 That Nature or that fancy can create,  
 That Art can never imitate,  
 And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.  
 In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,  
 She us'd of old near fair Ismenus' stream,  
 Pindar, her Theban favourite to meet;  
 A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the ground;  
 The shaken strings melodiously resound.

“Art thou return'd at last,” said she,

“To this forsaken place and me?”

Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste  
 Of all thy youthful years the good estate;  
 Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,  
 And gather husks of learning up at last,  
 Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,  
 And winter marches on so fast?

But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,  
 And did as learn'd a portion assign  
 As ever any of the mighty Nine

Had to their dearest children done;  
 When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name,  
 Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;  
 Thou, changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,  
 Would'st into courts and cities from me go;  
 Would'st see the world abroad, and have a share  
 In all the follies and the tumults there:  
 Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a state,  
 And business thou would'st find, and would'st create;

Business! the frivolous pretence  
 Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;

Business! the grave impertinence!  
 Business! the thing which I of all things hate;  
 Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

“Go, renegado! cast up thy account  
 And see to what amount

Thy foolish gains by quitting me:  
 The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,  
 The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostacy.  
 Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,  
 All thy remaining life should sunshine be;

Behold ! the public storm is spent at last,  
 The Sovereign's tost at sea no more,  
 And thou, with all the noble company,  
     Art got at last on shore.  
 But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see  
 All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,  
 Thou, still alone, alas ! dost gaping stand  
 Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand !

“ As a fair morning of the blessed spring,  
     After a tedious stormy night,  
 Such was the glorious entry of our king ;  
 Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing :  
 Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light !

    But then, alas ! to thee alone  
 One of old Gideon's miracles was shown ;  
 For every tree and every herb around  
     With pearly dew was crown'd,  
 And upon all the quicken'd ground  
 The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lie,  
 And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.

    It did all other threats surpass,  
 When God to his own people said,  
 (The men whom through long wanderings he had led)  
     That he would give them even a heaven of brass ;  
 They look'd up to that heaven in vain,  
 That bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain  
 Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

“ The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more  
 Thou didst with faith and labour serve,  
 And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,  
     Though she contracted was to thee,  
     Given to another thou didst see,  
     Given to another, who had store  
 Of fairer and of richer wives before,  
 And not a Leah left thy recompense to be !  
 Go on ; twice seven years more thy fortune try ;  
 Twice seven years more God in his bounty may

    Give thee, to fling away  
 Into the Court's deceitful lottery ;  
     But think how likely 'tis that thou,  
 With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,  
 Should'st in a hard and barren season thrive,

Should'st even able be to live;  
 Thou to whose share so little bread did fall,  
 In that miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,  
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile.  
 And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,  
 The melancholy Cowley said:  
 "Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid  
 The ills which thou thyself hast made?  
 When in the cradle innocent I lay,  
 Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,  
 And my abused soul didst bear  
 Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,  
 Thy golden Indies in the air;  
 And ever since I strive in vain  
 My ravish'd freedom to regain;  
 Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;  
 Lo! still in verse against thee I complain.  
 There is a sort of stubborn weeds,  
 Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds;  
 No wholesome herb can near it thrive,  
 No useful plant can keep alive:  
 The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,  
 Make all my art and labour fruitless now;  
 Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow.

"When my new mind had no infusion known,  
 Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,  
 That ever since I vainly try  
 To wash away the inherent dye:  
 Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite;  
 But never will reduce the native white.  
 To all the ports of honour and of gain  
 I often steer my course in vain:  
 Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.  
 Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,  
 By making them so oft to be  
 The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.  
 Whoever this world's happiness would see,  
 Must as entirely cast off thee,  
 As they who only heaven desire  
 Do from the world retire.  
 This was my error, this my gross mistake,

Myself a demi-votary to make.  
 Thus, with Saphira and her husband's fate,  
 (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late,)  
 For all that I gave up I nothing gain,  
 And perish for the part which I retain.

“Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse !

The Court, and better king, t' accuse :  
 The heaven under which I live is fair,  
 The fertile soil will a full harvest bear :  
 Thine, thine is all the barrenness ; if thou  
 Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough.  
 When I but think how many a tedious year

Our patient sovereign did attend  
 His long misfortune's fatal end ;  
 How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,  
 On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend ;  
 I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuse  
 To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !  
 Kings have long hands, they say ; and though I be  
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.

However, of all princes, thou  
 Should'st not reproach rewards for being small or slow ;  
 Thou who rewardest but with popular breath,  
 And that too after death !”

---

RESOLVED TO LOVE.

I WONDER what the grave and wise  
 Think of all us that love ;  
 Whether our pretty fooleries  
 Their mirth or anger move ;  
 They understand not breath that words doe want ;  
 Our sighs to them are insignificant.

One of them saw me th' other day,  
 Touch the dear hand which I admire,  
 My soul was melting strait away,  
 And dropt before the fire.  
 This silly wise man who pretends to know,  
 Ask't why I look'd so pale, and trembled so ?

Another from my mistress' dore  
 Saw me with eyes all watry come.

Nor could the hidden cause explore,  
 But thought some smoak was in the room :  
 Such ign'rance from unwounded Learning came,  
 He knew tears made by smoak, but not by flame.

If learn'd in other things you be,  
 And have in love no skill,  
 For God's sake keep your arts from me,  
 For I'll be ignorant still.  
 Study or action others may embrace ;  
 My love's my business, and my books her face.

These are but trifles, I confess,  
 Which me, weak mortal ! move ;  
 Nor is your busie seriousness  
 Less trifling than my love.  
 The wisest king who from his sacred breast  
 Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

---

ANACREONTICS.

DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again.  
 The plants suck in the earth, and are  
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.  
 The sea itself, which one would think  
 Should have but little need of drink,  
 Drinks ten thousand rivers up,  
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.  
 The busie sun (and one would guess  
 By 's drunken fiery face no less)  
 Drinks up the sea; and when h'as done,  
 The moon and stars drink up the sun.  
 They drink and dance by their own light,  
 They drink and revel all the night.  
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,  
 But an eternal Health goes round.  
 Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,  
 Fill all the glasses there, for why  
 Should every creature drink but I ;  
 Why, men of morals, tell me why ?

---



## THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! what can be  
 In happiness compar'd to thee ?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy Morning's gentle wine !  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant cup does fill ;  
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,  
 Nature's selfe 's thy Ganymede.  
 Thou dost drink, and dance and sing,  
 Happier than the happiest king !  
 All the fields which thou dost see,  
 All the plants belong to thee ;  
 All that summer-hours produce,  
 Fertile made with early juice :  
 Man for thee does sow and plow ;  
 Farmer he, and landlord thou !  
 Thou dost innocently joy,  
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.  
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
 More harmonious than he.  
 Thee country hindes with gladness hear,  
 Prophet of the ripened year !  
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;  
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.  
 To thee of all things upon earth,  
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
 Happy insect ! happy thou,  
 Dost neither age nor winter know :  
 But when thou 'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung  
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,  
 (Voluptuous, and wise withall,  
 Epicurean animal !)  
 Sated with thy summer feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

---

RICHARD LOVELACE, the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, Knt., was born at Woolwich in 1618, received his early education at the Charter House, and in 1634 was entered at Gloucester Hall, Oxford; being at that time, according to Wood, "accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the Great City, much admired and adored by the female sex." On quitting the university, having, though but of two years' standing, received the degree of Master of Arts, he served in the army, and was subsequently chosen by the county of Kent, to present a petition to the House of Commons, for the restoration of the monarch to his hereditary rights. For this "offence," he was imprisoned at the Gate-House; from whence, after a confinement of some months, he was liberated on bail to an enormous amount. "During the time of his confinement to London, he lived beyond the income of his estate, either to keep up the credit and reputation of the King's cause, by furnishing men with horses and arms, or by relieving ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians, soldiers, &c." On the ruin of the King's cause, he entered the French service, commanded a regiment, and was wounded at Dunkirk. In 1648, he returned to England, and was again imprisoned. Wood relates that "after the murder of King Charles the First, Lovelace was set at liberty, and having by that time consumed all his estate, grew very melancholy, (which brought him at length into a consumption;) became very poor in body and purse; was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants." He died in 1658, at a wretched lodging in a miserable alley near Shoe-Lane, and was buried in the church of St. Bride. It is, indeed, asserted by some more recent biographers, that the statements of his exceeding poverty are somewhat exaggerated—but it is certain that his latter days were an unhappy contrast to the sunshine of his youth, when he was the gayest and most brilliant cavalier of the English court, alike distinguished by personal attractions, rare accomplishments, gallantry of conduct, and generosity of mind—surpassing in "all things befitting a gentleman."

Lovelace is a just example of the poets of his time; when the "making of verses" was the chief excellency of a courtier, the most approved of all relaxations; and to the good graces of woman a ready, indeed a necessary, passport. The lover was the laureat of his mistress, whose duty it was to record the most trifling incident that chanced to her, and to labour so that her smallest attraction might obtain immortality. Thus, the compositions of Lovelace are chiefly the productions of happier hours, and tell of joys, begotten by a smile; or easily endured woes, the produce of a short-lived frown. Unfortunately the events they commemorated, were seldom such as have universal interest. The wearing of a glove, the blemish of a pimple, or the infliction of a toothache, were considered topics more fitting to occupy a poet's thoughts and pen, than the noble and endearing ties which bind virtuous man to virtuous woman. An instance of this straining after undesirable effect is to be found in some lines of Lovelace, "on a black patch that covered a bee's sting on a lady's cheek."

"And that black marble tablet there,  
So near her either sphere  
Was plac'd; nor foil nor ornament,  
But the sweet little bee's large monument."

His poems, consisting of numerous short pieces, — Epodes, odes, sonnets, songs, &c. were published under the title of "Lucasta," so called after a Lady "a gentlewoman of great beauty and fortune, named Lucy Sacheverell, to whom he had made his amours, and whom he usually called *LUX CASTA*." Unhappily, his mistress, hearing that her lover had died of his wounds at Dunkirk, married another. During his second imprisonment he collected and printed his poems. They were afterwards, in 1659, republished by his brother with considerable additions. Among them are several of little value; but the volume contains many that will live as long as the language in which they are written. They are full of warm and natural feeling, as well as of lofty thoughts; the versification is graceful and spirited, and there breathes throughout a pure strain of devoted love to his monarch and his mistress—the continual, and frequently associated, themes of his muse.



## LOVELACE.

TO SIR PETER LELY, ON HIS PICTURE OF CHARLES I.

SEE! what an humble bravery doth shine,  
 And grieve triumphant breaking through each line,  
 How it commands the face! so sweet a scorn  
 Never did happy miserie adorn!  
 So sacred a contempt! that others show  
 To this (o'th'height of all the wheel) below;  
 That mightiest monarchs by this shaded booke  
 May copy out their proudest, richest looke.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou sorrow canst design without a teare,  
 And, with the man, his very hope or feare.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO LUCASTA.—GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet minde  
To warre and arms I flie.

True : a new mistresse now I chase,  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,  
As you too shall adore ;  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more.

THE SCRUTINY.

WHY should you sweare I am forsworn ?  
Since thine I vow'd to be ;  
Lady, it is already morn,  
And 'twas last night I swore to thee  
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve hours' space ?  
I must all other beauties wrong,  
And rob thee of a new embrace,  
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy browne haire,  
By others may be found ;  
But I must search the black and fair,  
Like skilful mineralists that sound  
For treasure in unplow'd-up ground.

Then, if when I have lov'd my round,  
Thou prov'st the pleasant she ;  
With spoyles of meaner beauties crown'd,  
I laden will return to thee,  
Ev'n sated with varietie.

## TO ALTHEA.—FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates ;  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates :  
When I lye tangled in her haire,  
And fetter'd to her eye ;  
The gods that wanton in the aire,  
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our carelesse heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyall flames ;  
When thirsty grieve in wine we steepe,  
When healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes that tipple in the deepe,  
Know no such libertie.

When (like committed linnets) I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King ;  
When I shall voyce aloud, how good  
He is, how great should be ;  
Enlarged winds that curle the flood,  
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage ;  
If I have freedome in my love,  
And in my soule am free ;  
Angels alone that soar above  
Injoy such libertie.

---

ANDREW MARVELL was born on the 15th of November, 1620, at Kingston-upon-Hull, where his father was a dissenting minister. At the age of fifteen he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and after a college life of five years, he went through most of the polite parts of Europe. In the course of travel he met with Milton; and Italy not unaptly witnessed the commencement of one of the most illustrious of friendships. In 1645 Marvell returned to England. During the eventful years which then followed, so silent are the records of his life, that we can only *imagine* the under current of his noble thoughts as they worked up into the arena of public action. One thing is certain—that in an age where wealth was never wanting to the unscrupulous, Marvell, a member of the popular and successful party, continued poor. Many of these years are certain to have been passed

“ Under the destiny severe  
Of Fairfax and the Starry Vere,”

as tutor of languages to their daughters. In 1652 the Lord President Bradshaw received a letter from Milton, introducing a gentleman “whose name is Mr. Marvell,” as one of singular desert for the state to make use of, and in which the writer added, with a generous modesty, that in this recommendation he only performed his duty to the public, “laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor.” This application, however, proved for the time unsuccessful; but a coadjutor in service with this illustrious man Marvell shortly afterwards became—two wonderful servants to a master only more wonderful. The burgesses of Hull then turned admiring eyes to their accomplished fellow-citizen, and sent him, as their representative, into the House of Commons. Through the reign of Charles the Second, the most disgusting period of our history, Marvell, enduring unutterable temptations, realized the fables of Roman virtue. He was flattered and threatened, watched by spies, waylaid by ruffians, tempted by women and by gold. In vain! Still his formidable satires rang through the very halls of the court, were roared forth in almost every tavern, and in the remotest quarters of England held up the profligate and heartless crew of power to public scorn. Thus baffled, hate was the only resource of his enemies, and in their “desires” they were at last successful. On the 16th of August, 1678, *without any previous illness or visible decay*, Andrew Marvell died. The personal appearance of Marvell has been thus described by Aubrey:—“He was of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish face, cherry cheeked, hazel eyed, brown haired. In his conversation he was modest and of very few words.”

His genius was as varied as it was remarkable. In this volume he occupies a loved and respected place as an exquisite and tender poet—elsewhere he may stand in the first and very highest rank, *facile princeps*, as an incorruptible patriot, the best of controversialists, and the leading prose wit of England. His are the “first sprightly runnings” of that glorious stream of wit, which will bear upon it down to the latest posterity the names of Swift, Steele, and Addison. Before the time of Marvell, to be witty was to be forced, strained, and concealed. From him wit first came sparkling forth untouched with baser matter. It was like his personal character. Its main feature was an open clearness. Mean detraction or sordid jealousy never for an instant stained it. He turned aside in the midst of an exalted panegyric to Oliver Cromwell, to say the finest things that have ever been said of Charles I.—he left for a while his own wit in the Rehearsal Transposed, to praise the wit of Butler, his rival and political enemy. As a poet Andrew Marvell was true, and this is the grand point in poetry. He was not of the highest order, not perhaps in even a high order, but what he did was genuine. It is sweetness speaking out in sweetness. In the language there is nothing more exquisitely tender than the “Nymph complaining for the loss of her Fawn.” Such poems as this and “the Bermudas” may live, and deserve to live, as long as the longest and the mightiest. Of as real a quality are the majority of the poems of Marvell. In a playful and fantastic expression of tender and voluptuous beauty, they are well nigh unrivalled. His fancy indeed sometimes overmasters him, but it is always a sweet and pleasant mastery. His strong love of the actual at times bursts forth, but his poetry still survives it, and will not be fairly clogged and over-laden with the body corporate.





MARVELL.

THE PICTURE OF T. C. IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.

SEE with what simplicity  
This nymph begins her golden days !  
In the green grass she loves to lye,  
And there with her fair aspect tames  
The wilder flow'rs, and gives them names :  
But only with the roses plays,  
And them does tell  
What colours best become them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause,  
This darling of the Gods was born !  
Yet this is she whose chaster laws  
The wanton Love shall one day fear,



And, under her command severe,  
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.

Happy who can  
Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

O then let me in time compound,  
And parly with those conquering eyes ;  
Ere they have try'd their force to wound,  
Ere with their glancing wheels, they drive  
In triumph over hearts that strive,  
And them that yield but more despise.

Let me be laid,  
Where I may see the glorys from some shade.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing  
Itself does at thy beauty charm,  
Reform the errors of the spring :  
Make that the tulips may have share  
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair ;  
And roses of their thorns disarm :

But most procure,  
That violets may a longer age endure.

But O, young beauty of the woods,  
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,  
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds ;  
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime  
To kill her infants in their prime,  
Should quickly make the example yours ;

And ere we see,  
Nip, in the blossom, all our hopes in thee.

## BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,  
In the ocean's bosom unespied ;  
From a small boat, that row'd along,  
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.

What should we do but sing his praise,  
That led us through the wat'ry maze,  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own ?

Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,  
 That lift the deep upon their backs.  
 He lands us on a grassy stage,  
 Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.  
 He gave us this eternal spring,  
 Which here enamels every thing;  
 And sends the fowls to us in care,  
 On daily visits thro' the air.  
 He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
 Like golden lamps in a green night;  
 And does in the pomegranates close  
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.  
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet;  
 And throws the melons at our feet.  
 But apples plants of such a price,  
 No tree could ever bear them twice.  
 With cedars, chosen by his hand,  
 From Lebanon, he stores the land;  
 And makes the hollow seas, that roar,  
 Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.  
 He cast (of which we rather boast)  
 The gospel's pearl upon our coast;  
 And in these rocks for us did frame  
 A temple, where to sound his name.  
 Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,  
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault:  
 Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may,  
 Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.

Thus sung they, in the English boat,  
 An holy and a chearful note;  
 And all the way, to guide their chime,  
 With falling oars they kept the time.

---

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by,  
 Have shot my fawn, and it will dye.  
 Ungentle men! they cannot thrive  
 Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst alive

Them any harm : alas ! nor cou'd  
 Thy death yet do them any good.  
 I'm sure I never wish'd them ill ;  
 Nor do I for all this ; nor will :  
 But, if my simple pray'rs may yet  
 Prevail with Heaven to forget  
 Thy murder, I will join my tears,  
 Rather than fail. But, O my fears !  
 It cannot dye so. Heaven's King  
 Keeps register of every thing :  
 And nothing may we use in vain,  
 Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain ;  
 Else men are made their deodands.  
 Though they should wash their guilty hands  
 In this warm life-blood, which doth part  
 From thine, and wound me to the heart,  
 Yet could they not be clean : their stain  
 Is dy'd in such a purple grain.  
 There is not such another in  
 The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet  
 I had not found him counterfeit,  
 One morning (I remember well)  
 Ty'd in this silver chain and bell,  
 Gave it to me : nay, and I know  
 What he said then : I'm sure I do.  
 Said he, "Look how your huntsman here  
 Hath taught a Fawn to hunt his Deer."  
 But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd :  
 This waxed tame, while he grew wild,  
 And quite regardless of my smart,  
 Left me his fawn, but took his Heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play  
 My solitary time away,  
 With this : and, very well content,  
 Could so mine idle life have spent.  
 For it was full of sport, and light  
 Of foot and heart, and did invite  
 Me to its game : it seem'd to bless  
 Itself in me. How could I less  
 Than love it ? O I cannot be  
 Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know  
 Whether it too might have done so

As Sylvio did : his gifts might be  
 Perhaps as false, or more, than he.  
 For I am sure, for aught that I  
 Could in so short a time espy,  
 Thy love was far more better than  
 The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar first,  
 I it at mine own fingers nurs'd ;  
 And as it grew, so every day  
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they.  
 It had so sweet a breath ! And oft  
 I blush'd to see its foot more soft,  
 And white, shall I say than my hand ?  
 Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
 'Twas on those little silver feet.  
 With what a pretty skipping grace  
 It oft would challenge me the race ;  
 And when 't had left me far away,  
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.  
 For it was nimbler much than hinds ;  
 And trod, as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,  
 But so with roses overgrown,  
 And lilies, that you would it guess  
 To be a little wilderness :  
 And all the spring time of the year  
 It only loved to be there.  
 Among the beds of lilies I  
 Have sought it oft, where it should lye ;  
 Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
 Find it, although before mine eyes ;  
 For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,  
 It like a bank of lilies laid.  
 Upon the roses it would feed,  
 Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed ;  
 And then to me 't would boldly trip,  
 And print those roses on my lip.  
 But all its chief delight was still  
 On roses thus itself to fill ;  
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold.  
 Had it lived long, it would have been  
 Lilies without, roses within.

O help ! O help ! I see it faint,  
 And dye as calmly as a saint. .  
 See how it weeps ! the tears do come,  
 Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.  
 So weeps the wounded balsam ; so  
 The holy frankincense doth flow.  
 The brotherless Heliades  
 Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will  
 Keep these two crystal tears ; and fill  
 It, till it do o'erflow with mine ;  
 Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet Fawn is vanish'd to  
 Whither the swans and turtles go ;  
 In fair Elisium to endure,  
 With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.  
 O do not run too fast : for I  
 Will but bespeak thy grave, and dye.

First my unhappy statue shall  
 Be cut in marble ; and withal,  
 Let it be weeping too ; but there  
 Th' engraver sure his art may spare,  
 For I so truly thee bemoan,  
 That I shall weep though I be stone ;  
 Until my tears, still dropping, wear  
 My breast, themselves engraving there.  
 There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
 Of purest alabaster made ;  
 For I would have thine image be  
 White as I can, though not as thee.

---

TO HIS COY MISTRESS.

HAD we but world enough, and time,  
 This coyness, Lady, were no crime.  
 We would sit down, and think which way  
 To walk, and pass our long love's day.  
 Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
 Should'st rubies find : I by the tide  
 Of Humber would complain. I wou'd.  
 Love you ten years before the flood :

And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews.  
My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires, and more slow.  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze  
Two hundred to adore each breast :  
But thirty thousand to the rest.  
An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart.  
For, Lady, you deserve this state ;  
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near :  
And yonder all before us lie  
Desarts of vast eternity.  
Thy beauty shall no more be found ;  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing song : then worms shall try  
That long preserv'd virginity :  
And your quaint honour turn to dust ;  
And into ashes all my lust.  
The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may ;  
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour,  
Than languish in his slow chap'd pow'r.  
Let us roll all our strength, and all  
Our sweetness, up into one ball :  
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,  
Thorough the iron gates of life.  
Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

---

JOHN DRYDEN, the son of Erasmus Dryden, of Tichmersh, who was himself the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, of Canons Ashby, was born in 1632, at Aldwinkle, near Oundle. In the early part of his life his circumstances were sufficiently easy. From Westminster School he was elected to one of the scholarships of Cambridge, where he subsequently took his master's degree, but failed in obtaining a fellowship. Some years afterwards, he married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. In 1649 his first poem appeared, full of empty conceits and "mouthing;" in 1658 he made a more successful effort; but it was not till 1663, the thirty-second year of his life, that he embraced writing as a profession. His pecuniary necessities, the source as we must suppose of this resolution, pointed at the same time to the stage as the likeliest means of reward. For seventeen years he continued to write for it, with the interruption only of the *Annus Mirabilis* (which won him the Poet Laureatship), and of his Essay on Dramatic poetry. Had the life of Dryden closed here he would have been recognized only by the regrets of posterity, as a masterly critic of poetry, but a most slovenly and careless poet; as one, who with every indication of a severe power of satire, and of abundant fertility of fancy, wit, and nobleness of verse, had preferred a luxurious flattery of the great, and been fertile only in a growth of weeds. But from the close of this period till the actual close of his life, from 1680 to 1700, he produced the works which have immortalized him as the leader of the second school of poets; as the boldest and most varied of versifiers; and the greatest satirist of his country. This, the latter period of his life, witnessed too what is generally the produce of an earlier time, the energy and rapture of his imagination. *Absalom and Achitophel*, which reaches to the magnificent and beroical in satire, the Medal, and the *Hind and Panther* (so exquisite in its natural touches, and so wonderfully adapted in its versification to the various demands of its subject)—were now written. The Restoration lost him his laureatship—but gave the world one of the most vigorous of satires, *Mac Fleecoe*. The remainder of his life was a continual struggle with poverty. Yet now he wrote the finest of his plays, *Don Sebastian* and others, his glorious *Religio Laici*, his translations of Juvenal, Persius and Virgil, his Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, and his Fables—which last great work was published in consequence of a contract with Tonson, by which his poverty had obliged him, in consideration of three hundred pounds, to agree to finish for the press ten thousand verses. Shortly after, on the 1st of May, 1701, Dryden died in an obscure lodging in Gerard-street, in much poverty and after great suffering.

The world has a peculiar, and very characteristic, mode of compensating for the sufferings of men of genius. Dryden had a public funeral. Doctor Garth pronounced a Latin oration over his body, and "a numerous train of coaches" followed it to the grave. He was laid among the poets in Westminster Abbey, where, some years afterwards, the Duke of Buckinghamshire placed a simple but emphatic tablet, inscribed "DRYDEN." Of the personal habits of the poet few records have been preserved. Spence says, in his pleasant book of anecdotes, that "Addison passed each day alike, and much in the same manner as Dryden did. Dryden employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Wills's; only he came home earlier at nights." This celebrated coffee-house was made, by the patronage of Dryden, the great resort of the wits of his time. Of his personal character, Congreve, who knew him familiarly, has said,—"He was of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, ready to forgive injuries."

We have already touched upon the various characteristics of his genius. He is unquestionably entitled to the rank of a first-rate poet—because, though his school is not first-rate, he was its founder and its greatest master, and accomplished all that lay within the scope of its power. He is incomparably the finest reasoner in verse that ever existed, as he is the most masterly satirist. There is nothing of the meanness of satire about him: he is "magnanimous" in his abuse; vigorous and fearless. He refines nothing, but grapples with the reality of character, and exalts it or overthrows it. Satirist, however, as he was, Dryden was, by all accounts, an indulgent and kind-hearted man, and, if we cannot say much generally for the public independence of his character, let us not forget that it was he who, at a time when it was dangerous even to remember independence, did justice to the character of Milton.





DRYDEN.

FROM ELEONORA.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,  
They but perfume the temple, and expire :  
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence ;  
A short sweet odor, of a vast expence.  
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd ;  
For but a now did heaven and earth divide :  
She pass'd serenely with a single breath ;  
This moment perfect health, the next was death :  
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure ;  
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.  
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue ;  
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new ;

So close they follow, such wild order keep,  
 We think ourselves awake, and are asleep :  
 So softly death succeeded life in her :  
 She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise ;  
 Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice ;  
 As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,  
 And treated like a long familiar guest.  
 He took her as he found, but found her so,  
 As one in hourly readiness to go :  
 Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd ;  
 As early notice she from heaven had heard,  
 And some descending courier from above  
 Had given her timely warning to remove ;  
 Or counsel'd her to dress the nuptial room,  
 For on that night the bridegroom was to come.  
 He kept his hour, and found her where she lay  
 Cloath'd all in white, the livery of the day :  
 Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act ;  
 Unless omissions were to pass for fact :  
 That hardly death a consequence could draw,  
 To make her liable to nature's law.

\* \* \* \* \*

O happy soul ! if thou canst view from high,  
 Where thou art all intelligence, all eye ;  
 If, looking up to God, or down to us,  
 Thou find'st, that any way be pervious,  
 Survey the ruins of thy house, and see  
 Thy widow'd and thy orphan family :  
 Look on thy tender pledges left behind ;  
 And, if thou canst a vacant minute find  
 From heavenly joys, that interval afford  
 To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.  
 See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,  
 And shed a beam of comfort from above ;  
 Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,  
 A transient view of thy full glories there ;  
 That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain  
 And mollify their losses in thy gain.  
 Or else divide the grief ; for such thou wert,  
 That should not all relations bear a part,  
 It were enough to break a single heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM RELIGIO LAICI.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars  
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,  
 Is reason to the soul: and as on high,  
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
 Not light us here: so reason's glimmering ray  
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
 But guide us upward to a better day.  
 And as those nightly tapers disappear,  
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;  
 So pale grows reason at religion's sight;  
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.  
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led  
 From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;  
 And found that one First Principle must be:  
 But what, or who, that universal He;  
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,  
 Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;  
 Or various atoms' interfering dance,  
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;  
 Or this great all was from eternity;  
 Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;  
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he:  
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state;  
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:  
 But least of all could their endeavours find  
 What most concern'd the good of human kind:  
 For happiness was never to be found,  
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.  
 One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;  
 This every little accident destroy'd:  
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil;  
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil:  
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;  
 But found their line too short, the well too deep;  
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.  
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,  
 Without a centre where to fix the soul:  
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:  
 How can the less the greater comprehend?  
 Or finite reason reach Infinity?  
 For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground ;  
 Cries *εὑρεκα*, the mighty secret's found :  
 God is that spring of good ; supreme, and best ;  
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.  
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,  
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven :  
 Else God were partial, and to some deny'd  
 The means his justice should for all provide.  
 This general worship is to praise and pray  
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay :  
 And when frail nature slides into offence,  
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.  
 Yet since the effects of providence, we find,  
 Are variously dispens'd to human kind ;  
 That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,  
 A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear ;  
 Our reason prompts us to a future state,  
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate,  
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd,  
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar,  
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more.  
 Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled  
 To think thy wit these god-like notions bred !  
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,  
 But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.  
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,  
 And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.  
 Hence all thy natural worship takes the source :  
 'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.  
 Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,  
 Which so obscure to heathens did appear ?  
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found :  
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.  
 Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,  
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?  
 Canst thou by reason more of godhead know  
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero ?  
 Those giant wits in happier ages born,  
 When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,  
 Knew no such system : no such piles could raise  
 Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise  
 To one sole God.  
 Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe :

But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe :  
 The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence,  
 And cruelty and blood was penitence.  
 If sheep and oxen could atone for men,  
 Ah ! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin !  
 And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,  
 By offering his own creatures for a spoil !

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity ?  
 And must the terms of peace be given by thee ?  
 Then thou art justice in the last appeal :  
 Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel :  
 And, like a king remote, and weak, must take  
 What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a power too just and strong,  
 To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong ;  
 Look humbly upward, see his will disclose  
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose :  
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay,  
 Had not eternal wisdom found the way ;  
 And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store ;  
 His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM AN EPISTLE TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,  
 And still the sweet idea charms my mind :  
 True, she was dumb ; for nature gaz'd so long,  
 Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue ;  
 But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the prize ;  
 I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.  
 Such are thy pictures, Kneller ; such thy skill,  
 That nature seems obedient to thy will ;  
 Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught ;  
 Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.  
 At least thy pictures look a voice ; and we  
 Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,  
 We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but privations of the light ;  
 Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight ;  
 With us approach, retire, arise, and fall ;  
 Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.

Such are thy pieces, imitating life  
 So near, they almost conquer in the strife;  
 And from their animated canvas came,  
 Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight:  
 With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write;  
 With reverence look on his majestic face;  
 Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.  
 His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,  
 And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight.  
 Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless breast  
 Condemn the bad, and emulate the best.  
 Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost:  
 When most they rail, know then, they envy most.  
 In vain they snarl aloof: a noisy crowd,  
 Like women's anger, impotent and loud.  
 While they their barren industry deplore,  
 Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.  
 Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,  
 Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.  
 Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth:  
 For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:  
 But oh, the painter Muse, though last in place,  
 Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.  
 Apelles' art an Alexander found;  
 And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;  
 But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.  
 Thou hadst thy Charles awhile, and so had I;  
 But pass we that unpleasing image by.  
 Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine;  
 All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.  
 A graceful truth thy pencil can command;  
 The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.  
 Likeness appears in every lineament;  
 But likeness in thy work is eloquent.  
 Though nature there her true resemblance bears,  
 A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.  
 So warm thy work, so glows the gen'rous frame,  
 Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.  
 Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,  
 When on wild nature we ingraft our skill;  
 But not creating beauties at our will.



But poets are confin'd in narrower space,  
To speak the language of their native place :  
The painter widely stretches his command :  
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.  
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,  
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.  
All nations all immunities will give  
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live ;  
And not seven cities, but the world, would strive.

Sure, some propitious planet then did smile,  
When first you were conducted to this isle :  
Our genius brought you here, t' enlarge our fame ;  
For your good stars are every where the same ;  
Thy matchless hand, of every region free,  
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart  
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.  
Those masters, then, but seen, not understood,  
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood :  
For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,  
The youth endeavor'd, and the man acquir'd.

\* \* \* \*

A SONG.

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,  
I would not die, nor dare complain ;  
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,  
Thy words will more prevail than mine.  
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,  
The gods ordain this kind relief ;  
That music should in sounds convey,  
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,  
But love on pity cannot live.  
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,  
And love with love is only paid.  
Tell her my pains so fast increase,  
That soon they will be past redress ;  
But ah ! the wretch that speechless lies,  
Attends but death to close his eyes.



WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was born in Ireland in 1633; he was the god-son of the Earl of Strafford, by whom he was in some measure adopted; and upon whose fall from power, he was sent to a university at Caen, where he received his early education. From thence he set out on his travels through the "fashionable" countries of the continent. At the Restoration, he returned to England, was made Captain of the Band of Pensioners, but unfortunately fell into the dissolute habits of the court, and greatly impaired his patrimony by gambling. Happily, however, the productions of his pen are free from the licentious influence of the scenes to which his youth was made familiar—and it is the high attribute of his muse, that—

" In all Charles's days  
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays."

A fine story is recorded of the generosity of his mind. Having been rescued by the help of a poor disbanded officer from three ruffians who sought to assassinate him in the streets of Dublin, he prevailed upon the Lord Lieutenant to permit him to resign his commission, as a captain of the Guards, in favour of his preserver. Roscommon exerted himself, though without effect—in consequence of the turbulence of the times—to form an institution for refining and fixing the standard of the English language, "in imitation of those learned and polite societies with which he had been made acquainted abroad." Having failed in this plan, and perceiving the gathering of the storm that produced the Revolution, he purposed taking up his abode at Rome, alleging that "it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked." An attack of the gout, however, retarded his departure, and he died in 1684, repeating, it is said, at the very moment of his dissolution, two lines from his own version of *Dies Iræ*:—

" My God, my Father, and my Friend,  
Do not forsake me in the end."

He was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

The poem on which the reputation of Roscommon mainly depends, is the "Essay on Translated Verse." "It was this," says Dryden, "which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice: for many a fair precept in poetry is like a seeming demonstration in mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation." The other productions of Roscommon's pen consist of a few minor pieces, and some translations from Horace:—of which "the Art of Poetry" alone is at all prominent or remarkable. It is written in blank verse; and the writer states, as its best recommendation, that he has adhered so closely to the original as to have done nothing but what he believes Horace would forgive if he were alive. He has consequently given us an English version, which is rather prose than poetry.

He enjoyed the friendship of Dryden, and obtained the praise of Pope, who describes him as—

" Not more learned than good,  
Of manners generous as his noble blood;  
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,  
And every author's merit was his own."

But the praise of being a graceful and elegant writer, of refined taste and correct judgment, is all that the critic can afford to the Earl of Roscommon. Dr. Johnson has qualified the exaggerated compliments of Fenton—who speaks of the writings of Roscommon as "the image of a mind naturally serious and solid; richly furnished and adorned with all the ornaments of learning, unaffectedly disposed in the most regular and elegant order,"—and has more justly set forth the qualities of his mind and the character of his productions. "He is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquisite beauties, and he seldom falls into gross faults. His versification is smooth, but rarely vigorous: and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors to English literature."



ROSCOMMON.

FROM AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

EACH poet with a different talent writes ;  
One praises, one instructs, another bites.  
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,  
Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.  
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,  
And which the ruling passion of your mind ;  
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,  
And choose an author as you choose a friend.  
United by this sympathetic bond,  
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond :

Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree ;  
No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd !  
How nice the reputation of the maid !  
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,  
By chaste instruction of her tender years.  
The first impression in her infant breast  
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.  
Let not austerity breed servile fear ;  
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.  
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,  
And spacious flattery's more pernicious bait,  
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts ;  
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence ;  
For want of decency is want of sense.  
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,  
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose ?  
Variety of such is to be found :  
Take then a subject proper to expound ;  
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice ;  
For men of sense despise a trivial choice :  
And such applause it must expect to meet,  
As would some painter busy in a street,  
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign  
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

\* \* \* \* \*

What I have instanc'd only in the best,  
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.  
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore ;  
There sweat, there strain ; tug the laborious oar ;  
Search every comment that your care can find ;  
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind :  
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng :  
The multitude is always in the wrong.  
When things appear unnatural or hard,  
Consult your author, with himself compar'd.  
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,  
And future ages to your labour owe ?  
Such secrets are not easily found out ;  
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.

\* \* \* \* \*

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,  
 Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen ;  
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,  
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead !  
 But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,  
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,  
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,  
 For rich ill poets are without excuse,  
 'Tis very dangerous, tampering with the Muse,  
 The profit's small, and you have much to lose ;  
 For though true wit adorns your birth or place,  
 Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.  
 No poet any passion can excite,  
 But what they feel transport them when they write.  
 Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,  
 And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave ?  
 I hear her now ; I see her rolling eyes :  
 And panting, Lo ! the God, the God, she cries ;  
 With words not her's, and more than human sound  
 She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through the  
 ground.

But, though we must obey when heaven commands,  
 And man in vain the sacred call withstands,  
 Beware what spirit rages in your breast ;  
 For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.  
 Thus make the proper use of each extreme,  
 And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.  
 As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,  
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,  
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat  
 Through every swelling vein a loud retreat :  
 So when a Muse propitiously invites,  
 Improve her favours, and indulge her flights ;  
 But when you find that vigorous heat abate,  
 Leave off, and for another summons wait.  
 Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,  
 Adulterate measures to the sterling stamp,  
 Appear not meaner than mere human lines,  
 Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines :  
 These nervous, bold ; those languid and remiss ;  
 There cold salutes ; but here a lover's kiss.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, was born in 1637. Having spent the earlier years of his life in travel, he returned to England on the Restoration, and was soon afterwards sent to Parliament, where it is said he "made a good figure." During the Dutch war, in 1665, he served as a volunteer under the Duke of York; and composed, it is said, the night before an engagement, the "song" on which his poetical reputation almost singly rests. In his youth, however, "he had no turn for business;" caring more to obtain a character for feats of gallantry, which sometimes carried him to inexcusable excesses. His associates were such as the profligate Sedley; and it is certain he became a sailor only in compliance with a fashion of the time, quitting the service shortly after he entered it, yet continuing there long enough to take part in one of the most brilliant achievements of the age—the sea-fight of June the 3d, 1665, when the "Foggy navy of Opdam" was destroyed by the fleet of England under the command of the Duke of York. In after life, however, Dorset appears to have had a decided "turn for business." In the struggle between James the Second and the Prince of Orange, he upheld the Protestant cause, contributed largely towards its ultimate success, and was raised to high honours by William the Third, during whose reign he took a leading part in all the public affairs of the time; "acting like an able pilot on a long voyage, contented to sit quiet in the cabin when the winds were allayed and the waters smooth, but vigilant when the storm arose and the sea grew tumultuous." He died at Bath, in January, 1706.

The Earl of Dorset was a generous and liberal friend to men of letters;—and to his judicious patronage the world is indebted for much that is of rare value. Prior he rescued from a vintner's tap; and Butler "owed to him that the court tasted his *Hudibras*."

The Poets of his time were loud in his praise; Waller, Dryden, and Pope hailed and greeted him as "the Muse's Pride;" and "the brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper, distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning." Such, at least, is the character drawn of him by his personal friend and admirer, Mathew Prior, who adds that "the most eminent masters in their several ways appealed to his determination;" that Waller consulted him as to the softness and harmony of verse, and Dr. Sprat on the delicacy and turn of his prose; and that the compliments of his own countrymen were echoed by foreign writers; that La Fontaine and St. Euvremont acknowledged him as a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language. Such lofty commendations startle us when applied to one whose reputation rests upon a poem of eleven stanzas.

It is pleasant to class such a man among the Poets; although his claim to the distinction is by no means one that will be readily acknowledged. The few productions of his pen, with the one exception, are—strange to say—satirical; the most remarkable of them being "a faithful catalogue of our most eminent mimics;" and verses addressed to the author of "an incomprehensible Poem."

"Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,  
His anger moral and his wisdom gay."

It is recorded of "the satirist" that when in a passion, his servants were sure to put themselves in his way, knowing that he who had the good fortune to be chid during the wrath of their master, was sure to be rewarded for it, when his naturally kind and amiable temper was restored.

His song "to all ye ladies now on land," is perhaps one of the happiest in the language. It is an easy and graceful piece of gallantry; and although written in the very midst of personal peril, manifests a perfect self-possession and a "heedlesse indifference to danger."

If it be condemned as exhibiting a degree of levity unbecoming the occasion, it should be considered as the production of a young man, naturally gay and careless of consequences, who sees only the chance of honour and the certainty of excitement in the coming conflict. Dr. Johnson contradicts, on the authority of the Earl of Orrery, the generally credited assertion that this poem was *composed* on the eve before the battle, and states that Dorset had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening. "But even this," adds the doctor, "whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage."



DORSET.

SONG.

To all you ladies now at land,  
We men, at sea, indite ;  
But first would have you understand  
How hard it is to write ;  
The Muses now, and Neptune too,  
We must implore to write to you.  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,  
And fill our empty brain ;  
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind  
To wave the azure main,



Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,  
Roll up and down our ships at sea.  
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,  
Think not we are unkind ;  
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost  
By Dutchmen, or by wind ;  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.  
With a fa, &c.

The king with wonder and surprise,  
Will swear the seas grow bold ;  
Because the tides will higher rise  
Than e'er they used of old :  
But let him know, it is our tears  
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.  
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
Our sad and dismal story ;  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,  
And quit their fort at Goree :  
For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts behind !  
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind ;  
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find :  
'Tis then no matter how things go,  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.  
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,  
We throw a merry main ;  
Or else at serious ombre play ;  
But, why should we in vain  
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?  
We were undone when we left you.  
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,  
And cast our hopes away ;



Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
Sit careless at a play :  
Perhaps permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.  
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,  
That dies in every note ;  
As if it sigh'd with each man's care  
For being so remote ;  
Think how often love we've made  
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.  
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse  
To think of our distress ;  
When we for hopes of honour lose  
Our certain happiness ;  
All those designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your love.  
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,  
And likewise all our fears ;  
In hopes this declaration moves  
Some pity from your tears ;  
Let's hear of no inconstancy,  
We have too much of that at sea.  
With a fa, &c.

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SONG.

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes,  
United, cast too fierce a light,  
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,  
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,  
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;  
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,  
That runs his link full in your face.

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SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, the son of Sir John Sedley, of Aylesford, in Kent, was born about 1639. The first four-and-twenty years of his life were passed in the country. It was not until 1663 that he joined the court of Charles the Second, and became a man of wit and pleasure upon town. His singular advantages of personal address, and his inimitable conversational talent, speedily won for him the most unenvious admiration of his companions, as well as the highest favour from the king. A poem was never thought complete till Sedley had approved. Rochester, Wycherley, Butler, and Buckingham all solicited his judgment; and Charles, laughing, asked him whether nature had not given him a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. He afterwards wrote verses of his own. It is an excellent test of their merit that the author's judgment continued to be looked up to. Sedley's fortune, mean time, while his life thus passed carelessly and not unpleasantly away, passed away also. He had not lost his independence with his morals, in the sink of Charles the Second's court. He never solicited money from that prince, who was consequently, after the fashion of all mean natures, so much the less inclined to give it. In the early part of James the Second's reign, however, Sedley's struggles with poverty, and his abandoned tendency to pleasure, had both found an end. A member of the House of Commons, he was exerting himself strenuously against the encroachments of the monarchy, in fast league with the Whig patriots of the time. His services were justly held in repute, and he was an excellent as well as frequent speaker. He lived many years after this in a country retirement. At the commencement of the reign of Anne, having reached his ninetieth year, and outlived all the associates of his youth, except his own wit and humour, Sir Charles Sedley died. He had latterly, redeeming the licentiousness of his youth, commanded universal respect and esteem. "He was a man," says one of his friends, "of the first class of wit and gallantry. His friendship was courted by every body, and nobody went out of his company but pleased and improved. He was every thing that an English gentleman could be."

Sedley deserves a place in this collection, not less for his own sake than to mark the progress of poetical literature in its ascents and descendings. He gave expression to certain feelings which the wits of his day could not conceal from themselves, though they seldom confessed them in their verses, and has thus, while joining in other respects the general fashion of the age, supplied us with the means of better understanding it. He professed to be as gay as others; he fell easily in love, and as easily out of it; he inculcated feeling as a farce, yet as frequently betrayed that it was not so. Without the brilliancy of Rochester's genius, he had a tenderness which gave peculiar and inimitable grace to the loosest and most amorous solicitations. His poetry, therefore, generally carried with it its own antidote, for there was something in the soft tenderness of his style which bore off the noxious particles of his professed design. If he succeeded, we may suppose that his success had something of virtue in it. It is certain that, when in his poem to Phillis we read that delightful stanza—

" Were I of all the woods the lord,  
One berry from Thy hand,  
More solid pleasure would afford,  
Than all my large command ! "

it is no longer difficult to understand the Duke of Buckingham when he talks of "Sedley's witchcraft," or those lines by the Earl of Rochester, commencing—"Sedley has that prevailing gentle art." His art was truly gentle while it prevailed. In his poem of the Happy Pair, which is one of his longest and best performances, there are abundant evidences of truth and tenderness, and of that manly and delicate sense of honour which more particularly distinguished the close of the life of Sedley. Few pictures have exceeded that of the rustic bride and bridegroom as the storm arises—

" When clamorous storms, and pitchy tempests rise,  
Cheek clings to cheek, and swimming eyes to eyes !  
When jarring winds and dreadful thunders roar,  
It serves to make them press and love the more ! "

Sedley was a very accomplished scholar, and made some capital translations; he wrote for the stage, also, but though his dramatic pieces have passages of great tenderness and undoubted wit, they are not generally successful.



## SEDLEY.

SONG.

LOVE still has something of the sea,  
From whence his mother rose ;  
No time his slaves from doubt can free,  
Nor give their thoughts repose :

They are becalm'd in clearest days,  
And in rough weather tost ;  
They wither under cold delays,  
Or are in tempests lost.

P P

One while they seem to touch the port,  
 Then straight into the main,  
 Some angry wind in cruel sport  
 The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,  
 Which if they chance to 'scape,  
 Rivals and falsehood soon appear  
 In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,  
 And are so long withstood,  
 So slowly they receive the sum,  
 It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,  
 And to defer a joy ;  
 Believe me, gentle Celemene  
 Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears  
 Perhaps would not remove ;  
 And if I gaz'd a thousand years  
 I could no deeper love.

THE INDIFFERENCE.

THANKS, fair Urania, to your scorn,  
 I now am free as I was born ;  
 Of all the pain that I endur'd,  
 By your late coldness, I am cur'd.

In losing me, proud nymph, you lose  
 The humblest slave your beauty knows ;  
 In losing you, I but throw down  
 A cruel tyrant from her throne.

My ranging love did never find  
 Such charms of person and of mind ;  
 Y'ave beauty, wit, and all things know,  
 But where you should your love bestow.

I unawares my freedom gave,  
 And to those tyrants grew a slave ;  
 Wou'd you have kept what you had won,  
 You should have more compassion shewn.

Love is a burthen, which two hearts,  
When equally they bear their parts,  
With pleasure carry ; but no one,  
Alas, can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those who court their pain,  
And make an idol of disdain ;  
My hope in love does ne'er expire,  
But it extinguishes desire.

Nor yet of those who ill receiv'd,  
Wou'd have it otherwise believ'd ;  
And, where their love could not prevail,  
Take the vain liberty to rail.

Whoe'er wou'd make his victor less,  
Must his own weak defence confess,  
And while her power he does defame,  
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that malice does betray,  
And speak concern another way ;  
And all such scorn in men is but  
The smoke of fires ill put out.

He's still in torment, whom the rage  
To detraction does engage ;  
In love indifference is sure  
The only sign of perfect cure.

## SONG.

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows  
Are to thy fortune paid ;  
Alas, my heart he little knows  
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I, of all these woods, the lord,  
One berry from thy hand  
More real pleasure would afford,  
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learnt to live,  
On what the nicest maid,  
Without a conscious blush, may give  
Beneath the mirtle-shade.

JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester, was born at Ditchley, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, on the 10th April, 1647. He inherited from his father little except the title, and such claims as were grounded upon his unshaken adherence to the unhappy fortunes of Charles the First. In 1659, when only twelve years old, he was entered at Wadham College, Oxford, having, even at that early age, afforded proofs of the vivacity of his wit and the vigour of his understanding. Two years afterwards he was, with several other young noblemen, made a master of arts by Lord Clarendon, then Chancellor of the University, and at once set out on his travels through France and Italy. In his eighteenth year he returned to England, possessing all the advantages that high rank, cultivated taste, refined manners, and a graceful person could bestow. Such recommendations were certain to make their way in that age of externals. The young Earl speedily rose in favour with Charles the Second; and his early predisposition for gaiety and intemperance was encouraged by the dissipated associates of a court, where wit occupied the places of all the virtues. We find, however, that Rochester did not continue long in this inglorious ease. His active and energetic mind wearied of repose; and, in the years 1665 and 1666, he established a reputation for courage and intrepidity in the sea service of his country. On his reappearance in London, he abandoned himself to an uninterrupted career of unredeemed debauchery; surpassing all the satellites of a dissolute court in grossness of conduct, inasmuch that, as he himself declared to Bishop Burnet, "for five years together he was continually either drunk, or so much inflamed by inebriety, as at no interval to be master of himself." While in this state, he openly outraged all the laws of decency, playing the most extravagant pranks, engaging in the lowest amours, and avowing contempt for every moral and religious principle or obligation. Thus passed his life,—a continued course of dissipation and sensuality, "with intervals of study perhaps yet more criminal," until nature exacted the penalty of premature decay. He died on the 26th of July, 1680, having previously made some atonement to society by the declaration of a total change in his opinions, publicity to which was given by Bishop Burnet, in a little work printed after the death of the wretched subject of it. It has passed through many editions, and is recommended by Dr. Johnson as one "which the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

The poems of Rochester are, for the most part, in keeping with his life,—gay, easy, and graceful, the produce of moments of excitement, but rarely of reflection or matured thought. They are such as give us glimpses of the natural vigour of his mind and the fertility of his imagination, and make us the more lament that his talents should have been enlisted on the side of vice. Few men might with greater certainty have calculated on "achieving greatness;" but as his life was, to say the least, useless, so the productions of his pen are of small value, even if we put aside those that are, in the strongest sense, deleterious. The first edition of his poetry was issued as if shame attached to its publicity. It professed to have been printed at Antwerp, and doubtless contained many pieces of which he was not the author. Those that are known to be his relate chiefly to the common-place topics of artificial courtship, and are altogether without sentiment. They consist, for the most part, of a few lines, "such as one fit of resolution would produce."

Rochester presents to us a striking example of the wretchedness which dissipation never fails to bring. Good men loathed him, and he was despised even by his brother wits who trod in the same perilous path to notoriety. The character he had obtained for courage, he afterwards lost by meanly skulking out of broils,—

"Pushing into a midnight fray  
His brave companions, and then run away:"

and his bitter satire against one of them is scarcely a sufficient set-off to the biting couplet that was written in reply:—

"Thou canst hurt no man's fame with thy ill word,  
Thy pen is full as harmless as thy sword."

The life of Rochester, however, "points a moral,"—exhibits large talents rendered useless, or, rather, prejudicial, by dissipation,—and shows how baneful they may be rendered by vice, both to the possessor and to society.





## ROCHESTER.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup  
As Nestor us'd of old ;  
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,  
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack  
Up to the swelling brim,  
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,  
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek ;  
With war I've nought to do ;



I'm none of those that took Mæstrick,  
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,  
Fix'd stars, or constellations :  
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,  
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine ;  
Then add two lovely boys ;  
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,  
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,  
May drink and love still reign !  
With wine I wash away my cares,  
And then to love again.

## A SONG.

My dear mistress has a heart  
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,  
When, with love's resistless art,  
And her eyes, she did enslave me.  
But her constancy's so weak,  
She's so wild and apt to wander,  
That my jealous heart would break,  
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,  
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses :  
She can dress her eyes in love,  
And her lips can warm with kisses.  
Angels listen when she speaks,  
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;  
But my jealous heart would break,  
Should we live one day asunder.

## CONSTANCY.

I CANNOT change, as others do,  
Though you unjustly scorn ;  
Since the poor swain that sighs for you,  
For you alone was born.

No, Phillis, no, your heart to move  
 A surer way I'll try ;  
 And, to revenge my slighted love,  
 Will still love on, will still love on and die.  
 When, kill'd with grief, Anyntas lies,  
 And you to mind shall call  
 The sighs that now unpity'd rise,  
 The tears that vainly fall :  
 That welcome hour that ends this smart,  
 Will then begin your pain ;  
 For such a faithful tender heart  
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

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## LOVE AND LIFE.

ALL my past life is mine no more,  
 The flying hours are gone:  
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,  
 Whose images are kept in store  
 By memory alone.  
 The time that is to come is not ;  
 How can it then be mine ?  
 The present moment's all my lot ;  
 And that, as fast as it is got,  
 Phillis, is only thine.  
 Then talk not of inconstancy,  
 False hearts, and broken vows ;  
 If I, by miracle, can be  
 This live-long minute true to thee,  
 'Tis all that heaven allows.

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## A SONG.

Too late, alas ! I must confess  
 You need not arts to move me ;  
 Such charms by nature you possess  
 'Twere madness not to love ye.  
 Then spare a heart you may surprise,  
 And give my tongue the glory  
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes  
 Betray a tender story.

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JOHN SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckinghamshire, was born in 1649; and succeeded his father as Earl of Mulgrave in 1658. The natural strength of his character was manifested at a very early age by a resolution which he formed to educate himself:—and in which he persevered notwithstanding all the allurements to idleness he inherited with wealth and rank. In 1666, he entered the navy as a volunteer, and after serving against the Dutch, was during the following year appointed to command a troop of horse raised to defend the coast from incursions of the enemy; but subsequently he engaged “with too much eagerness” in affairs of love and gallantry—“employing his Muse to heighten the relish of his pleasures.”

For several years afterwards, he was employed in the sea service of his country, and was from time to time promoted to the highest honours by his sovereigns Charles the Second and James the Second; although he acquiesced in the call of William and Mary to the Crown, he only “yielded to the exigency of the occasion,” and was “never in the least taunted with being false or factious.” By this monarch he was created first Marquis of Normandy, and by Queen Anne, in 1702, Duke of Buckinghamshire. He died on the 24th of February, 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; having written his own epitaph, to which some objection was raised, and which was subjected to revision by the Dean and Chapter, on the ground that it contained an expression derogatory to Christianity. It is evident from his works that his religious sentiments were those of a Theist. “We see him,” says one of his biographers, “rambling to overturn Revelation by the superior strength of Reason, and yet desecrating this Reason as a narrow, misleading, uncertain guide, and so unworthy to give us dominion over our fellow-creatures who are also endowed with it.” It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that his character is “unworthy of imitation,”—that “his morality was such as naturally proceeds from loose opinions,”—that his sentiments with respect to women were such as he “picked up in the Court of Charles,”—and that his “principles concerning property were such as a gambling table supplies.” His personal appearance is described as unusually handsome; his countenance had an extraordinary sweetness joined with a lively and penetrating look, and “it was generally allowed that as nobody exceeded him in person when young, so few, if any, were ever so agreeable when old.”

His works were first collected and published, by his widow, in 1723, with the following dedication: “To the memory of John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire, these his more lasting remains, the monument of his mind and more perfect image of himself, are here collected by the direction of Katherine his Duchess; desiring that his ashes may be honoured and his fame and merit committed to the test of time, truth, and posterity.”

The fame of Sheffield has not, however, stood the test of time, so as to be “a lasting monument.” His principal prose composition is “the Character of a Tory,” and although among his poems there are many smart and sparkling, there are none that bear the undoubted stamp of genius, and few that may be classed among the nobler productions of our British Bards; his Tragedies, “Julius Cæsar,” and “the Death of Brutus,” possess but little merit; and perhaps the world is more indebted to him for his patronage of Dryden than for his contributions to the national store of poetical wealth. It is said, indeed, that the obligation was amply repaid; that the lesser had the help of the greater poet in composing the Essay on Satire—the work to which Sheffield is mainly indebted for the limited portion of fame that posterity is satisfied to allow him.

If Sheffield enjoyed a high reputation, while alive, “favour and flattery are now at an end; criticism is no longer softened by his bounties or awed by his splendour, and, being able to take a more steady view, discovers him to be a writer that sometimes glimmers but rarely shines, feebly laborious, and at best but pretty.” Dr. Johnson adds to this remark—“His songs are upon common topics; he hopes, and grieves, and repents, and despairs, and rejoices, like any other maker of little stanzas; to be great, he hardly tries; to be gay, is hardly in his power.”

The Poets, contemporary with Sheffield, are ingenious and eloquent in his praise; but unhappily, in those days, wealth and rank were certain to attract the heirs of Parnassus. Independence—of mind at least—was rarely the high privilege of the Bard.



## SHEFFIELD.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY.

FROM wars and plagues come no such harms,  
As from a nymph so full of charms,  
So much sweetness in her face,  
In her motions such a grace,  
In her kind inviting eyes  
Such a soft enchantment lies ;  
That we please ourselves too soon,  
And are with empty hopes undone.

After all her softness, we  
Are but slaves, while she is free ;  
Free, alas ! from all desire,  
Except to set the world on fire.

Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus  
 Deceive thyself, as well as us.  
 Like a restless monarch, thou  
 Would'st rather force mankind to bow,  
 And venture round the world to roam,  
 Than govern peaceably at home.  
 But trust me, Celia, trust me when  
 Apollo's self inspires my pen,  
 One hour of love's delight outweighs  
 Whole years of universal praise;  
 And one adorer, kindly us'd,  
 Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.  
 For what does youth and beauty serve?  
 Why more than all your sex deserve?  
 Why such soft alluring arts  
 To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?  
 By our loss you nothing gain;  
 Unless you love, you please in vain.

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ON THE TIMES.

SINCE in vain our parsons teach,  
 Hear, for once, a poet preach.  
 Vice has lost its very name,  
 Skill and cozenage thought the same;  
 Only playing well the game.  
 Foul contrivances we see  
 Call'd but ingenuity:  
 Ample fortunes often made  
 Out of frauds in every trade,  
 Which an aukward child afford  
 Enough to wed the greatest lord.  
 The miser starves to raise a son,  
 But, if once the fool is gone,  
 Years of thrift scarce serve a day,  
 Rake-hell squanders all away.  
 Husbands seeking for a place,  
 Or toiling for their pay;  
 While the wives undo their race  
 By petticoats and play;  
 Breeding boys to drink and dice,  
 Carrying girls to comedies,

Where mama's intrigues are shown,  
 Which ere long will be their own.  
 Having first at sermon slept,  
 Tedious day is weekly kept  
 By worse hypocrites than men,  
 Till Monday comes to cheat again.  
 Ev'n among the noblest-born,  
 Moral virtue is a scorn ;  
 Gratitude, but rare at best,  
 And fidelity a jest.  
 All our wit but party-mocks,  
 All our wisdom raising stocks :  
 Counted folly to defend  
 Sinking side, or falling friend.  
 Long an officer may serve,  
 Prais'd and wounded, he may starve :  
 No receipt, to make him rise,  
 Like inventing loyal lies.  
 We, whose ancestors have shin'd  
     In arts of peace, and fields of fame,  
 To ill and idleness inclin'd,  
     Now are grown a public shame.  
 Fatal that intestine jar,  
 Which produc'd our civil war !  
 Ever since, how sad a race !  
 Senseless, violent, and base !

## SONG.

FROM all uneasy passions free,  
 Revenge, ambition, jealousy,  
 Contented I had been too blest,  
 If love and you had let me rest ;  
 Yet that dull life I now despise ;  
     Safe from your eyes,  
 I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.  
 Amidst a thousand kind desires,  
 Which beauty moves, and love inspires ;  
 Such pangs I feel of tender fear,  
 No heart so soft as mine can bear.  
 Yet I'll defy the worst of harms ;  
     Such are your charms,  
 Tis worth a life to die within your arms.



MATHEW PRIOR was born in 1664; the place of his birth is disputed; the honour having been given to London, and also to Winbourne in Dorsetshire. His parents were of humble condition; but on the death of his father, he was adopted by an uncle, a vintner in Charing Cross, who, although he designed his nephew for his own business, sent him to Westminster School. While residing with this uncle, there chanced one of those singular incidents which determine the fate of genius; great minds will, it is true, almost invariably work their way to distinction; but how many obstacles may be removed by a single favourable circumstance. The Earl of Dorset being with other gentlemen sitting in the house, a dispute arose relative to a passage in Horace, when one of the party affirmed that "there was a young fellow there who could set them all right." The lad was sent for, and Mathew Prior explained away the difficulty so easily and with so much modesty, that the earl became his patron, and soon afterwards sent him to St. John's College, Cambridge; where he was admitted to a fellowship in 1686.

He was first known publicly by his poem of the Country Mouse and City Mouse;—a poem avowedly written in ridicule of Dryden's Hind and Panther. It was printed in 1687. But he soon became distinguished as a Diplomatist, was Under Secretary of State, and took an active part in all the events of the time. About the year 1701, however, he deserted the Whigs, with whom he had previously acted; on their return to power in 1714, they punished him for his defection; Walpole moved an impeachment against him on a charge of High Treason, grounded upon the part he had taken at the congress at Utrecht, and after remaining two years in close custody, he was discharged without having been brought to trial.

He died at Wimpole, the seat of Lord Oxford, on the 18th of September, 1721;—and was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory,—the Poet having left by will the sum of five hundred pounds to defray the expenditure which human vanity suggested.

Prior, though he had held several lucrative appointments, found himself compelled, after his disgrace, to print his poems by subscription—his friends, however, having undertaken to conduct the publication in such a manner that "the dignity of a minister in disgrace should not be injured by it." The sum thus procured, together with the income derived from his fellowship, which he had prudently retained, "every thing he had besides being precarious," enabled him to pass the later portion of his life in ease and comfort.

His principal poems are "Solomon," "Alma, or the Progress of the Mind," and "Henry and Emma." Solomon is doubtless the most meritorious; it is full of fine thoughts, easy and correct in its versification and abundant in imagery—but it is tedious. "Alma" he has himself described as "a loose and hasty scribble, written to relieve the tedious hours of imprisonment." Henry and Emma, the most popular of his works, is but the remodelling of an ancient Ballad—the Not-browne Mayde. The subject is one of an unpleasing nature. It describes a lover as making trial of his mistress's affections, by declaring himself guilty of every vice—and finding her cling to him though she believes him leprous with sin. His minor poems are very numerous; some of them are full of grace and wit. They consist of "public panegyrics, amorous odes, serious reflections or idle tales," and embrace every species of composition from the grotesque to the solemn—in none of which, according to the faint praise of Johnson, has the Poet "failed so as to incur derision or disgrace." Such restrained commendation is not justice to the memory of Mathew Prior. We are not disposed to place him very high in the list of British Poets; but his works abound in humour; many of his "Tales" are admirably and gracefully told; and the more ambitious of his compositions contain passages that startle by their point and beauty; while the language is always polished, and the descriptions natural and fine. His muse however must bear the stigma that

"Want of decency is want of sense,"

and according to the accounts of some of his contemporaries his habits as well as his thoughts were debased by low dissipation. He was a sensualist, who knew not the true passion of love:—his poems afford abundant proof that he had never felt its elevating nature.





## PRIOR.

FROM HENRY AND EMMA.

A FALCONER Henry is, when Emma hawks :  
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.  
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,  
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.  
And when superior now the bird has flown,  
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down ;  
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,  
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.  
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,  
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;  
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,  
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves ;  
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.

The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,  
 Or to admire, or emulate his song :  
 While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,  
 Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.  
 But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,  
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain,  
 With dutiful respect, and studious fear ;  
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now, the house he haunts,  
 And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.

\* \* \* \* \*

But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,  
 A softer look unbends his opening brow ;  
 With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,  
 And in soft accents forms the kind reply ;  
 That she shall prove as fortunate as fair ;  
 And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,  
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes ;  
 Oft' had found means alone to see the dame,  
 And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame ;  
 And oft' the pangs of absence to remove  
 By letters, soft interpreters of love :  
 Till Time and Industry (the mighty two  
 That bring our wishes nearer to our view)  
 Made him perceive, that the inclining fair  
 Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear ;  
 That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,  
 And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

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FROM SOLOMON.

THIS Abra then ———  
 I saw her ; 'twas humanity ; it gave  
 Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.  
 Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true ;  
 And generous pity to that truth was due.  
 Well I entreated her, who well deserved ;  
 I call'd her often ; for she often served.  
 Use made her person easy to my sight ;  
 And ease insensibly produced delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers  
 (For first I sought her but at looser hours)

The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet :  
 The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat :  
 But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,  
 If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.  
 Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,  
 Unless received from gentle Abra's hand :  
 And, when the Virgins form'd the evening choir,  
 Raising their voices to the Master-lyre,  
 Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill :  
 One show'd too much, and one too little skill ;  
 Nor could my soul approve the Music's tone ;  
 'Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.  
 Fairer she seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest,  
 And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.  
 A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,  
 To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride ;  
 The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,  
 Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd :  
 Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm ;  
 And every gem augmented every charm.  
 His senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd ;  
 And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

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A SONG.

IF wine and music have the power,  
 To ease the sickness of the soul ;  
 Let Phœbus every string explore ;  
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.  
 Let them their friendly aid employ,  
 To make my Cloe's absence light ;  
 And seek for pleasure to destroy  
 The sorrows of this live-long night.  
 But she to-morrow will return ;  
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;  
 Thy myrtles strow, thy odors burn ;  
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.  
 Kind goddess, to no other powers  
 Let us to-morrow's blessing own :  
 Thy darling loves shall guide the hours :  
 And all the day be thine alone.

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## A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,  
You wish fair winds may waft him over.  
Alas! what winds can happy prove,  
That bear me far from what I love?  
Alas! what dangers on the main  
Can equal those that I sustain,  
From slighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose  
To wish the wildest tempest loose:  
That, thrown again upon the coast,  
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,  
I may once more repeat my pain;  
Once more in dying notes complain  
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.



Geoffrey Chaucer.  
John Lydgate,  
James Kyng of Scottis.

Tho Wiat.

L SURRY ie  
Stephen Barre.

Rl: Dorke

L'wap<sup>iii</sup> Desford  
|||||

Gascogne.  
L'wap<sup>i</sup> Desford

Dr. Hyslop

Ed. Hyslop

Philip Sidney.  
South Green.

Southwell Samuel Dangel.

Mr. Parker

William Hyslop

H. Wotton Jo. Dancy

J. D. M. & L.

Ben: Lonsom.

Rich: Corbett.

P. Fletcher Giles Fletcher

Gir. Drummond Geo: Wither

Thomas Carew Wm Browne

R. Harick Francis Quarles

G. Herbert James Shirley

Wm: Darnall, Edm: Waller.

William Habington John Milton

J. Puckling



Butler.

W. Crashawe.

J. S. Denham A. Cowley.

Richard Lovelace Andre Marvell

John Dryden. ~~Edmund~~

Dorset. Charles Sedley.

~~W. M. M.~~

Buckingham & Normanby

Th. Prior

















